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THE NEW YORKER

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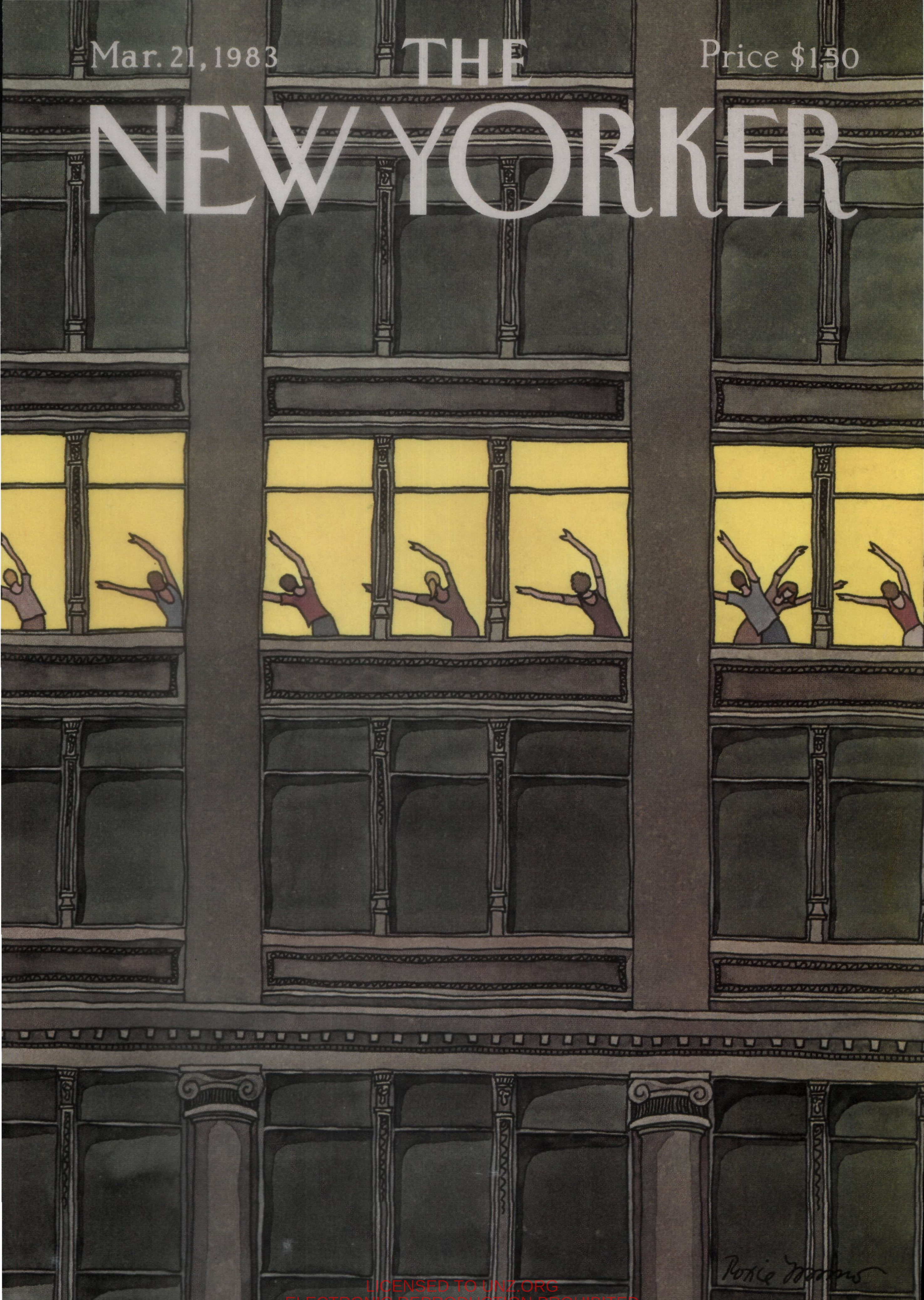
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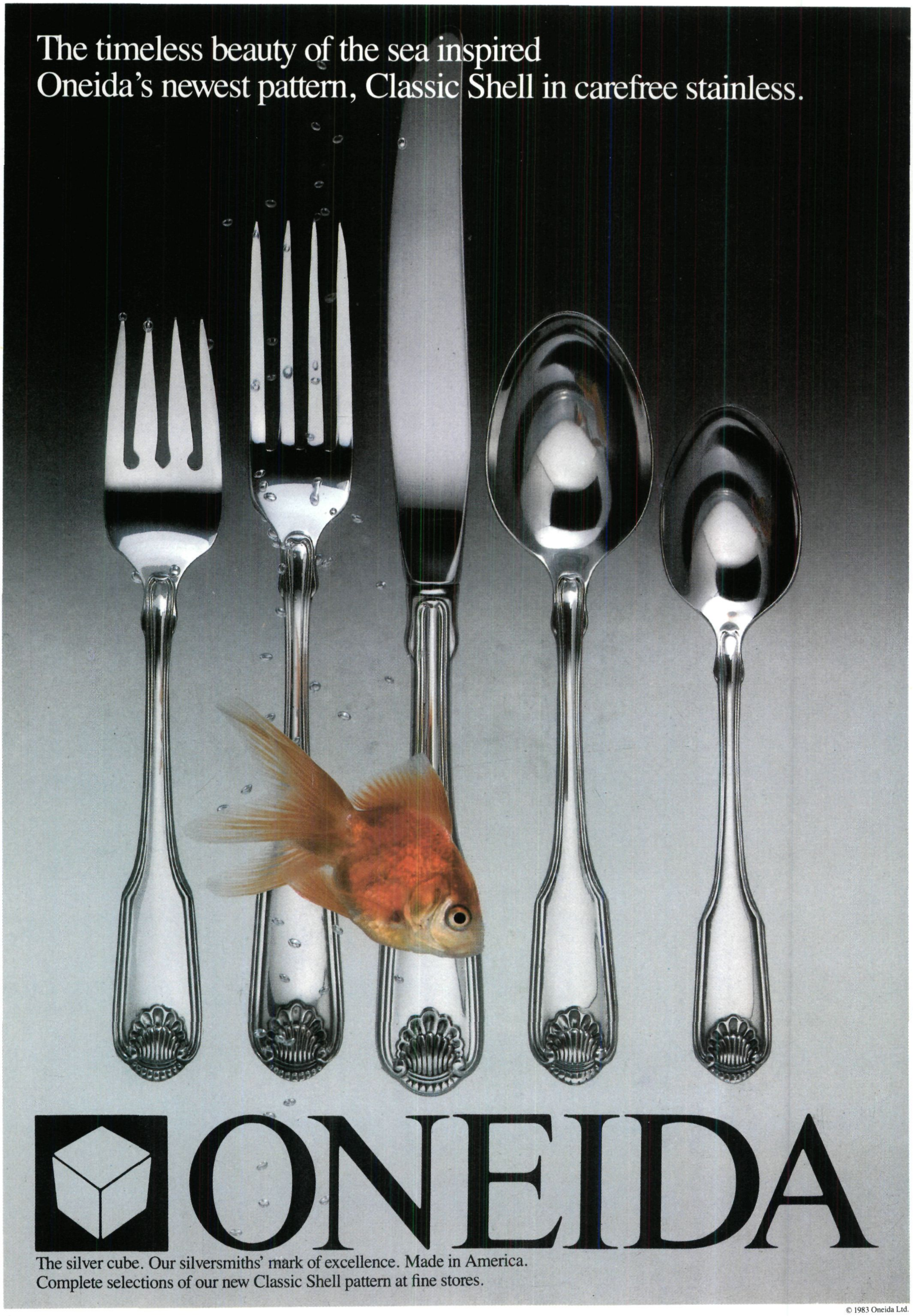

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A Bundle of Nerves—A revue with music by Brian Lasser and lyrics by Geoff Leon and Edward Dunn. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cats—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/18/82.) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Champeeen!—A musical about Bessie Smith by Melvin Van Peebles. Opens Friday, March 18, and will run through Sunday, April 17. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. For information about tickets, call 598-0400.)

Circle Repertory Company—An unconvincing play entitled **DOMESTIC ISSUES**, about a terrorist who returns from the underground to his family in Chicago, is the fourth in this season's series. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 3.)

Cold Harbor—Ulysses S. Grant is the subject of this play by Dale Worsley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the George Abbott–Frank Loesser musical **WHERE'S CHARLEY?** is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 3. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Extremities—Susan Sarandon in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Foxfire—In the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia, an elderly widow and the exceptionally lively ghost of her husband talk about their life together, their children, and the fate of the farm to which they came in the promise of youth. Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are splendid as the widow and ghost. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Greater Tuna—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of nimble, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Ramon Iglesia—A play by José Rivera. Opens Wednesday, March 16, and will run through Sunday, April 10. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-4982. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Two Gilbert and Sullivan productions. Through Sunday, March 20: **PATIENCE.** . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, March 23: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Little Shop of Horrors—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company are a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. Starting Saturday, March 19, Brad Moranz and Faith Prince will replace Mr. Wilkof and Miss Greene. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Marcel Marceau—The French mime in a limited engagement. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Merlin—Doug Henning, a superb magician, has wandered as if by chance into a musical comedy totally unsuited to his nature. One of the members of the cast plays a unicorn, unconvincingly. (2/28/83) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Misanthrope—Stephen McHattie plays the leading role in Richard Wilbur's admirable translation of the Molière classic; alas, the production is oddly thin. (2/14/83) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 27.)

Miss Waters, to You—A musical loosely based on the career of Ethel Waters. The script and some of the casting could be stronger, but the singing and dancing and especially the music, from Miss W.'s songs, as arranged by Luther Henderson, are a treat indeed. Mr. Henderson also triples as musical director and as pianist in a three-piece combo. Billie Allen directed the show. (AMAS Repertory Theatre, 1 E. 104th St. 369-8000. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 20.)

On Your Toes—The Rodgers and Hart musical, with choreography by George Balanchine,

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THE NEW YORKER

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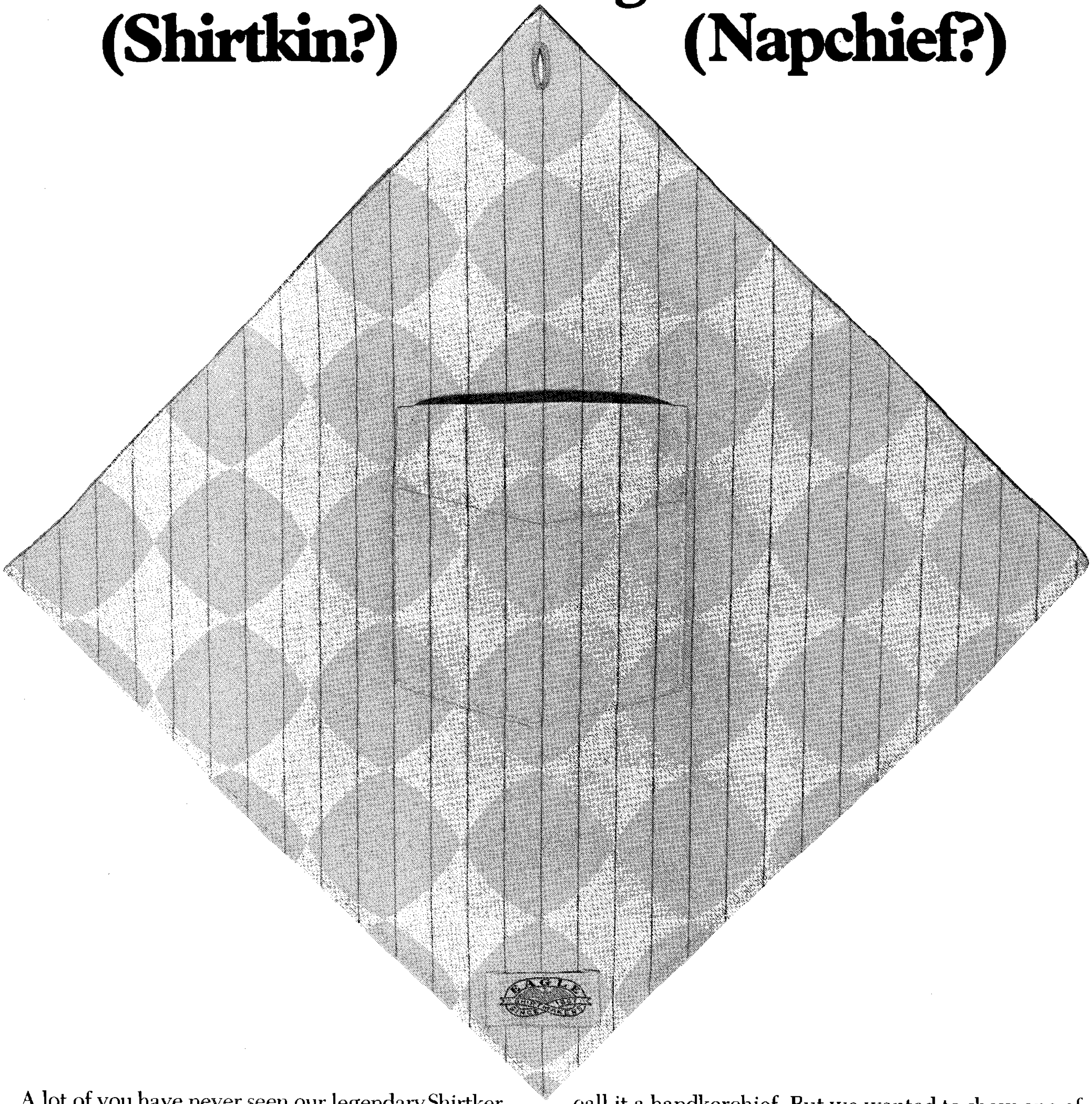
The Return of the Eagle Shirtkerchief (Shirtkin?) (Napchief?)



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has survived wonderfully undiminished after the wear and tear of almost fifty years. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Plenty—The fascinating heroine of this play by the English dramatist David Hare is a woman who, after her experiences with the French underground during the Second World War, conducts her own private war against every aspect of English life. Most of Mr. Hare's post-John Osborne targets are familiar by now, but his characters and scenes and lines are original and strong, and the performances, under his direction, are first-rate. Kate Nelligan is his driven heroine and Edward Herrmann is her stalwart, victimized husband; among the supporting actors are Ellen Parker, Daniel Gerroll, and George N. Martin. (11/1/82) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 27.)

Poppie Nongena—A demonstration—narrative, song, dance—of South Africa's brutality to its nonwhite citizens. The action covers forty years in the life of one woman. The performance of the South African company is very good indeed. Sophie Mgcina composed most of the beautiful music. (1/31/83) Reopens Thursday, March 17. (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Quartermaine's Terms—The title character of Simon Gray's very funny yet sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Remak Ramsay gives a fine performance in the leading role, and Roy Poole, Caroline Lagerfelt, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey are good, too. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Slab Boys—A comedy about some young Scottish roughnecks who work at breaking up pigment for the design studio of a carpet factory near Paisley. Plainly, the author, John Byrne, is getting something off his chest. The director, Robert Allan Ackerman, has unluckily encouraged members of the cast to shout their heads off. (3/14/83) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 586-7670. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Snoopy—A musical based on Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, "Peanuts." The music is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics by Hal Hackady, and the book by Warren Lockhart, Arthur Whitelaw, and Michael L. Grace. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Tooth of Crime—A revival of Sam Shepard's strong and stunning play about (among many other things) a contest for supremacy between an older man who is trying to hang on and a young punk on his way up. The large band at times drowns out much of the dialogue, and most of the comedy goes by the board as well. Even so, what remains is riveting. The acting is only so-so, but Ray Wise and Jodi Long do quite well. (3/7/83) (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 27.)

Top Girls—A spirited revival, after a brief hiatus, with a fresh company. The girls of the title either work in or apply for jobs at a London employment agency, and the principal character whose career we examine has just been promoted to top top girl. Linda Hunt, Valerie Mahaffey, Lise Hilboldt, Kathryn Grody, Freda Foh Shen, Donna Bullock, and Sara Botsford are the splendid actresses. (1/10/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

True West—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last season, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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A View from the Bridge—From the Long Wharf, in New Haven, comes this admirable production of the Arthur Miller thriller. Tony Lo Bianco and Rose Gregorio make the most of their opportunities as an Italian husband and wife in the gray depths of Brooklyn. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Whodunnit—A disastrous mock-thriller by Anthony Shaffer, who wrote the classic "Sleuth" and has here unaccountably lost his way. (1/10/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AGNES OF GOD:** A flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the child's father, and her Mother Superior is inclined to agree, but a court-appointed psychiatrist has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Carrie Fisher. The author is John Pielmeier. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Dukes, John Pankow, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE DINING ROOM:** The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,520 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT:** A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE:** A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Raul Julia plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES:** A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU** and **THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE:** "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY:** Three plays —humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Donald Corren substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinée performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Martin Charnin's Upstairs at O'Neals'—A lively

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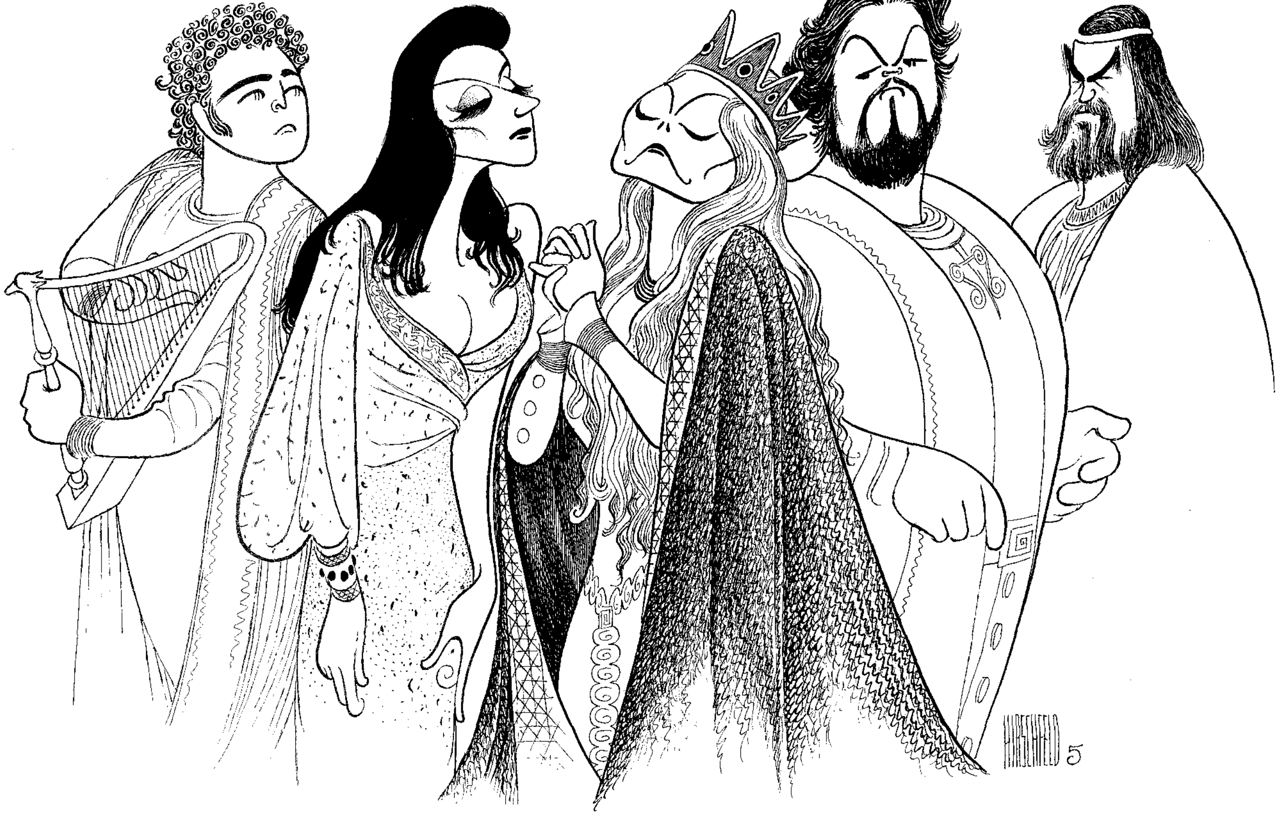

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals', 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8 and 10:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; and Saturdays at 7, 9:30, and midnight.)

DANCE

Merce Cunningham Dance Company—Wednesday evening, March 16; Saturday evening, March 19; Sunday matinée, March 20; and Saturday evening, March 26: "Trails," "Quartet" (New York première), and "Locale." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 17: "Event 1." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 18; Saturday matinée, March 19; Friday evening, March 25; and Saturday matinée, March 26: "Coast Zone" (première), "Channels/Inserts," and "Duets." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, March 22-23: "Rune," "10's with Shoes," "Duets," and "Gallopade." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 24: "Event 2." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Closes Sunday, March 27.)

Hamburg Ballet—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, March 16-17, and Saturday matinée and evening, March 26: "Legend of Joseph" (with guest artist Judith Jamison), "Vaslav," and "Bach Suite No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 18, and Wednesday through Friday evenings, March 23-25: "Mahler's Third Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, March 19; Sunday matinée, March 20; and Tuesday evening, March 22: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7, and Thursdays through Saturdays, at 8. Matinees at 2. Closes Sunday, March 27.)

Annabelle Gamson, Phyllis Lamhut, and Don Redlich—A one-week joint engagement—Program I: Wednesday, March 16, at 7; Friday, March 18, at 8; Saturday, March 19, at 2; and Sunday, March 20, at 8. . . . ¶ Program II: Thursday, March 17, and Saturday, March 19, at 8, and Sunday, March 20, at 2. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Avenue, at 19th St. 242-0800.)

May O'Donnell Dance Company—Six performances, all with guest artist Ben Vereen. Program I: Tuesday, March 22, at 7:30, and Thursday, March 24, and Saturday, March 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Program II: Wednesday, March 23, and Friday, March 25, at 8. . . . ¶ Program III: Sunday, March 27, at 2. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Avenue, at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Pilar Rioja—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 17. (Reportorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Wednesday and Thursday, March 23-24, at 8, and Saturday, March 26, at 3.)

Juilliard Dance Ensemble—Benefit performances of new and repertory works. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday and Friday, March 17-18, at 8; Sunday, March 20, at 3; and Monday, March 21, at 8. For tickets, call 874-7515, Wednesday through Friday and Monday.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, will be devoted to the music of pianist **HUGH LAWSON** and bassist **CALVIN HILL,** and Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, to the simultaneously free and stride piano solos of **JAKI BYARD.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. The thirty-year-old portable institution, the **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET,** has reassembled itself for its gig here, which will end Sunday, March 20; on Monday, March 21, trombonist Angel Rangelov

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and drummer Jimmy Madison will co-pilot their big band; and on Tuesday, March 22, **ABBEY LINCOLN** will arrive to sing with her backup combo. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday and Thursday, March 16-17, Bryan Adams; Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, vibraharpist **GARY BURTON'S** quartet and tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN'S** quartet; Monday and Tuesday, March 21-22, **JORMA KAUKONEN;** Wednesday and Thursday, March 23-24, an evening of sublime R. & B. with **STUFF,** featuring pianist **RICHARD TEE,** guitarists **ERIC GALE** and **CORNELL DUPREE,** and bassist **GORDON EDWARDS;** Friday, March 25, Doug & the Slugs; and Saturday and Sunday March 26-27, Paul Barrere & Friends. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Bassist **RED MITCHELL** supports pianist **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** through Saturday, March 19; on Monday, March 21, pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH** will arrive to perform with two very fine bassists—**BUSTER WILLIAMS** (through Thursday, March 24) and **EDDIE GOMEZ** (on Friday and Saturday, March 25-26). Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine to two, **BOB DOROUGH** claims the keyboard and furnishes vocals in his easy, salty Arkansas voice. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—At the Café Carlyle, the music is currently provided by **BARBARA COOK,** who sings in a satisfyingly clear, ringing soprano at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL** plays the piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS,** the demure, elegant pianist, is the star at this dark-brown room just in back of Carnegie Hall. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. Wednesday, March 16, Steven Kramer & the Wallets, Foreign Legion, and PI. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**OSCAR BRAND,** a veteran folk strummer and singer of "bawdy," seagoing, and terra-firma songs, is here Tuesdays through Saturdays. The Sunday-and-Monday entertainment is in the form of a more than creditable Bessie Smith interpreter, **CARRIE SMITH,** who also does some gospel, jazz, and vaudeville numbers. Shows begin at nine-fifteen and eleven. Dining.

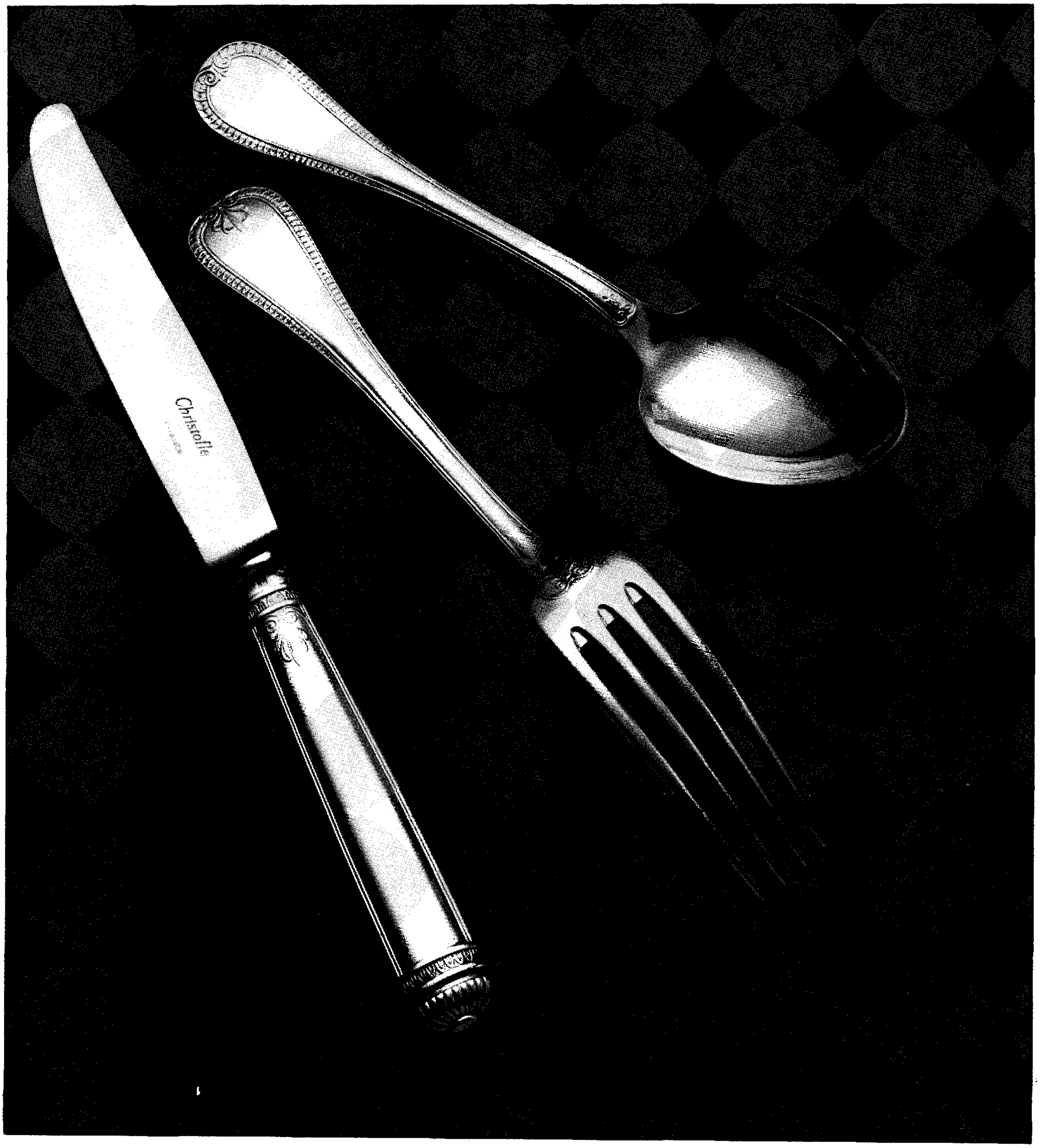
Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, March 16, Joe and Antoinette McKenna; Thursday, March 17, Kincora, Gina McMather & Matthew Amson, and Tom McKenzie; Wednesday, March 23, Zenska Pesna; Thursday, March 24, Leo Kretzner and Ken Pearlman; and Saturday, March 26, the Critton Hollow String Band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, March 20, the Turk Mauro-Ron Turso quintet will occupy the bandstand from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, soprano saxophonist **BOB WILBER** and his outfit, the Bechet Legacy, work from eight-thirty, and on Wednesdays Bill and George Simon's quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. When you think of Kansas City jazz, these two guys come to mind right away: **JAY MC SHANN** and **BIG JOE TURNER.** Through Sunday, March 20. On Tuesday, March 22, Brazilian jazz-rock singer **FLORA PURIM** will arrive. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, March 16, Mofungo and Mudmen; Thursday, March 17, **TOUCHSTONE,** featuring **TRIONA NI DHOMHNAILL;** Friday, March 18, **JACK ELLIOTT,** the Verrazano Narrows singing cowpoke and alpha-wave monologist; Saturday, March 19, folk rockers **MARY MC CASLIN** and **JIM RINGER;** Tuesday, March 22, Mary Jean Batten; Thursday, March 24, Guy Van Duser and Billy Novick; and Saturday and Sunday, March 25-26, **RICK DANKO** and **LEVON HELM,** the two distinctive vocalists and the bassist and drummer, respectively, for the group, the Band. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday, March 16, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN;** Thursday through Saturday, March 17-19, singer Marion Cowings; Sunday, March 20, singer and pianist **ANDY BEY;** Monday, March 21, Tony Goldman; Tuesday through Thursday, March 22-24, pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS;** and Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, Jerome Olds and Tom Grose. Music Sundays



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist Fred Fried's trio is present Wednesdays through Sundays; on Tuesdays a trio led by speedy bebop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** has the floor. On Monday, March 21, singer Judy Niemack will drop by. All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, Ellingtonia expert and singer and pianist **BROOKS KERR** lays claim to the piano bench, and Loumell Morgan plays piano the same hours Mondays through Fridays.

Griff's, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up. Jim Roberts and Brian Torff perform piano-bass duets through Saturday, March 19; on Tuesday, March 22, pianist **PHIL MARKOWITZ** will arrive with his bassist. Music from nine. On Sundays and Mondays from seven to eleven, the **NINA SHELDON** duo can be found at work.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—Cornettist **DICK SUDHATLER** is aided by pianist **MIKE RENZI** until Saturday, March 19, and by pianist **MIKE ABENE** beginning Tuesday, March 22. Traditionalist pianist, Terry Waldo, works here on Sundays and Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, Janet Grice and Tropicale, a Brazilian-jazz band; Sunday, March 20, at eight and ten, **PERRY ROBINSON'S** Licorice Factory, an all-clarinet septet; and Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, **THIAGO DE MELLO** and **AMAZON,** a lively, ten-piece Brazilian band. Sets usually from about eight-thirty.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons. **FRED HERSCH** has settled in at the piano here; he's got **BUSTER WILLIAMS** for bass-playing support through Saturday, March 19, and **RATSO HARRIS** as his bassist from Tuesday, March 22. Sundays and Mondays are given over to **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA.** Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, March 16, Marshall Chapman; Thursday, March 17, **COMMANDER CODY;** Monday, March 21, **STEVE FORBERT;** Tuesday, March 22, Chicago-blues singer and blues-harp wizard **JAMES COTTON;** and Thursday, March 24, wicked (as in raunchy and bluesy) **WILSON PICKETT.** Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. Tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** leads his quartet through Sunday, March 20; on Tuesday and Wednesday, March 22-23, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER'S** sextet will be on hand; and on Thursday, March 24, percussionist **RAY MANTILLA'S** band, **SPACE STATION,** will begin a four-night stint. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

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Marty's, 1265 Third Ave. at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singer's room has a view of **CARMEN MC RAE** until Saturday, March 19. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A program entitled "Julius La Rosa Sings the Dream Lyrics of Oscar Hammerstein" is the musical attraction Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Mondays from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band has the floor. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—For more than a decade, rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, March 16, Billy Scott; Thursday, March 17, Henry Mitchell; Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, a tribute to the late Mike Lawrence by **JON FADDIS, LARRY CORYELL,** and others; Tuesday, March 22, Thom Rotella; Wednesday, March 23, Connie James; Thursday, March 24, Joe Cool; and Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, **STUFF.** Music from about ten until two.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, March 16, Dana & the Tribe, featuring flutist **JEREMY STEIG;** Thursday, March 17, the Strangers and Erik Frandsen; Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, **STUFF;** Wednesday and Thursday, March 23-24, blues player **BROWNIE MC GHEE;** Friday, March 25, Bill Chinnock; and Saturday, March 26, Brazilian-jazz singer and pianist **TANIA MARIA.** Shows start at nine-thirty and midnight. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** bouncy dance septet performs Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, March 16, Steel Breeze; Friday, March 18, Tin Tin; Saturday and Sunday, March 19-20, **LENE LOVICH;** Tuesday and Wednesday, March 22-23, the **ENGLISH BEAT;** Thursday, March 24, Dépêche Mode; and Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, Wall of Voodoo. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, March 16, Carmen Lundy; Thursday, March 17, **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON;** Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, Joe Cool; Sunday, March 20, Robert Kraft; Tuesday, March 22, the Internationals; Wednesday and Thursday, March 23-24, **BOB MINTZER;** and Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, Latin-jazz flutist **DAVE VALENTIN.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule: Wednesdays, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** with a Brazilian outfit; Thursdays, the Samba Spaceship; Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Sunday, March 20, Clarice Taylor; and Friday and Saturday, March 25-26, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, the wonderful **TEDDY WILSON** will be at the piano, supported on bass by his son **THEODORE WILSON.** Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET** holds forth through Saturday, March 19; Sunday and Monday, March 20-21, will belong to saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL'S** all-star sextet, with **OLU DARA, CRAIG HARRIS, FRED HOPKINS, BRIAN SMITH, JOHN BETSCH,** and **PHEEROAN AKLAFF;** and starting Tuesday, March 22, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will bring in his amplified quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, March 16, the Individuals and the Swing; Thursday, March 17, Black Lace and Carmen Vorvairs; Friday, March 18, Fine Line and Ernie & the Imports; Tuesday, March 22, Art Halperin; Wednesday, March 23, Erin Dickson and Mr. Lucky; Thursday, March 24, Untold Glory; Friday, March 25, Easy Money and Uptown; and Saturday, March 26, **LESTER CHAMBERS** and the Loners. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room; on March 21, **TITO PUENTE** and **MANNY OQUENDO** will guide their bands, and tenor saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** will be the guest jazz soloist. And meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on Tuesdays. Music from nine or so.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Altoist **PHIL WOODS** leads his quartet through Sunday, March 20; on Monday, March 21, drummer **CHARLI PERSIP** will drop by with his real lively big band; and on Tuesday, March 22, tenor saxophonist, flutist, composer, and wag **JAMES MOODY** will descend the stairs with his quartet. Music from ten.

Village West, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. **JACKIE CAIN & ROY KRAL,** those smooth, swinging vocalists, and their combo are present Tuesdays through Sundays. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Carl Burelli is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Kuni Mikami has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. The lineup: saxophonist Don Lamphere through Saturday, March 19; Monday, March 21, a benefit jam for the house piano; and beginning Tuesday, March 22, saxophonist Haywood Henry. Sunday nights belong to altoist **LEE KONITZ.** Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and

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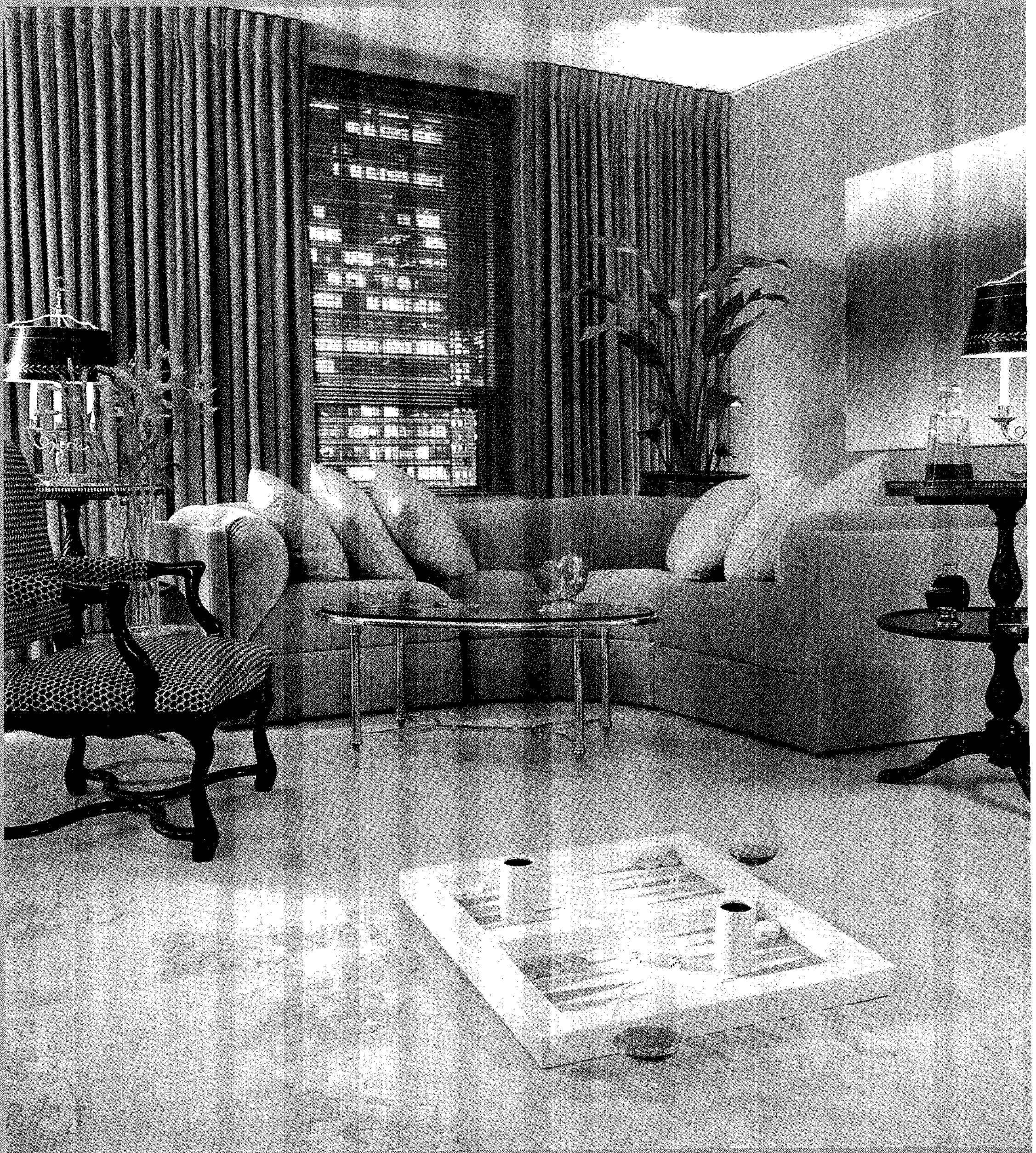

Rising directly above The Museum of Modern Art, Museum Tower designer-furnished apartments are now available for private showings. Apartments from $258,500 to $1,815,000 plus terraced penthouses. Douglas Elliman-Gibbons & Ives, Inc., Selling and Managing Agent. Complete offering terms are in an offering plan available from sponsor.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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restaurant with chamber jazz. Pianist **RONNIE MATHEWS** finishes up on Saturday, March 19, and starting Monday, March 21, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will begin collaborating. Music from nine. The Sunday men, **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN**, are present from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

CHARLES AZNAVOUR—Lunt-Fontanne, 205 46th St. 575-9200. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Through Saturday, April 2.

KIRK NUROCK—With Harvie Swartz and Jon DeRobertis. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, March 16, at 8.)

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Billy Taylor, Jimmy Heath, Slide Hampton, Ray Barretto, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, March 17, at 8.)

TERESA TRULL AND DEUCE—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, March 18, at 8.

DAVID BARGERON AND HOWARD JOHNSON—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, March 18, at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.

DAVID (HONEYBOY) EDWARDS—Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Friday, March 18, at 8.

CHRIS ANDERSON TRIO—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

WEATHER REPORT—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, March 19, at 8.

JAZZ SHOWCASE IV—Cecil Payne, Peck Morrison, Walter Bishop, Jr., and others. (Jazz Cultural Theatre. Sunday, March 20, from 5 to 9.)

DARYL HALL AND JOHN OATES—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday, March 21, at 8.

PRINCE—With Vanity 6. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Monday, March 21, at 8.)

NED ROTHENBERG—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Tuesday, March 22, at 8:30.

ROBERT KLEIN—Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Thursday, March 24, at 8.

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, March 25, at 8.

JAMES JABBO WARE & THE ME WE & THEM ORCHESTRA—Jazz Gallery, 55 W. 19th St. Saturday, March 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. World Bass Festival—Wednesday, March 16, at 10 and midnight: Curtis Lundy quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 17, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Milt Hinton, Derek Smith, and Bobby Rosengarden. . . . ¶ Friday, March 18, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Art Davis quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Eddie Gomez & Jeremy Steig and Reggie Workman & Top Shelf. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 20, at 10 and midnight: Mickey Bass & the Co-Operation. . . . ¶ Monday, March 21, at 10 and midnight: Jazz Forum All-Stars. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 23, at 10 and midnight: Bob Cunningham quintet. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 24, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Peter Warren quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, March 25, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Buster Williams quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Ron Carter quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

JAZZ INTERVIEWS—Dolly Dawn (with pianist Tony Monte) being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Monday, March 21, at 8. Tickets at the box office one hour before the interview.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BILL BARRETT—Small bronze maquettes and several monumental sculptures in brushed aluminum. Through April 5. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

ELOY BLANCO—A show covering thirty years, ranging from a painting of a Puerto Rican newly arrived in New York (1955) to recent solid-color canvases crowded with literally thousands of tiny stick figures. Through May 27. (El Museo del Barrio, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

RICHARD BOGART—Landscape paintings of the Connecticut countryside by an Impressionist. Through March 31. (Poindexter, 1160 Fifth Ave., at 97th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

DAN CHRISTENSEN / ALVARO GUEVARA (1874-1951) **AND MERAUD GUEVARA**—Whiplashes of acrylic paint on contrasting backgrounds. / Paintings of circus people and other performers by a Chilean-born artist who was a noted London portraitist, and paintings by his widow, who is still active. Through Saturday, March 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

VOY FANGOR—Turned-on television sets are the basis for a group of Pointillist paintings further emphasized by grid patterns. Through Saturday, March 26. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HERBERT FERBER—Two concurrent shows by the abstract artist: New acrylics entitled Harlequin Series at Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. . . . ¶ Metal sculptures and paintings, all dating from the fifties through the seventies, at Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Both shows through March 31.

SEYMOUR FOGEL—Abstract drawings in black Conté crayon. Through April 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

KLAUS FUSSMANN—Loosely executed paintings of interiors and landscapes (some with figures), and still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

IGOR GALANIN—Sleek fantasy paintings. Through April 2. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

JOSEPH GLASCO—Recent paintings: Large canvases in black and white, and a number of eight-foot-high canvas-collage screens. Through Saturday, March 26. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WILLIAM STANLEY HASELTINE (1835-1900)—Pencil-and-wash drawings of Mount Desert Island, Massachusetts landscapes, and Italian vistas, by an American artist trained by German academicians. Through April 2. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

LEON KOSSOFF—Paintings and drawings by a London artist new to the local scene, who works in exceptionally thick brushstrokes to portray his neighborhood, the Underground, his friends. Through Saturday, March 26. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

HERMAN MARIL—New paintings of the land and sea evoked in simple lines and blocks of color. Also still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOAN MITCHELL—Huge abstract paintings offering a profusion of springlike colors. Through Saturday, March 26. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

GUNNAR NORRMAN—A joint exhibition of works by a contemporary Swedish artist who takes his themes from nature, often from trees. Drawings in pencil and charcoal. Through April 9. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.) . . . ¶ Drypoints. Through April 30. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

MAURICE SIEVAN (1898-1981)—Figurative paintings, most of them spectral, misty forms, done in the fifties and sixties. Through April 2. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

SYLVIA SLEIGH—Portraits—both formal and informal—of Lawrence Alloway (sometimes in the company of Betty Parsons or with Scott Burton) from the past thirty years. Through Saturday, March 26. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

JOSEPH SOLMAN—A two-gallery exhibit of works from the thirties: Paintings in oil, at the ACA, 21 E. 67th St., and gouaches at A. M. Adler, located upstairs at the same address. Through Saturday, March 26.

ALAN UGLOW—Severely restrained Minimalist paintings and drawings from the past three years. Through Saturday, March 26. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **COE KERR**, 49 E. 82nd St.: Twenty-five paintings make up "American Realism," including a Photo-Realist treatment, by Robert Cottingham, of a storefront whose metal signs cast deep shadows, and a representational work on paper, by Jamie Wyeth, in which a rooster peers out from a battered carton. Through April 15. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: Figurative paintings by veteran Expressionists include a de Kooning (plus several of his drawings), an Alice Neel, and a comic Europa by Red Grooms. Through Saturday, March 26. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A score of paintings and works on paper by Bauhaus associate Herbert Bayer and a scattering of works by other members of that period, among them Kandinsky, Klee, and Schwitters. Through April 15. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

SIAH ARMAJANI—New sculptures in wood, glass, and metal; two of the descriptive titles are "Window in a Door" and "Fireplace Mantels." Through April 2. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD BOSMAN—Twelve oils: One canvas is three-quarters a depiction of a trousered leg and one-quarter a shoe at the end of that leg, about to squash a lighted cigarette. Through April 16. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

BARTON LIDICÉ BENEŠ—Assemblages using international paper currency to make visual jokes—a stroke of gold paint issues from a paintbrush wrapped in dollar bills, red paint from one in rubles, and so on. Through April 2. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

GANDY BRODIE (1925-75)—Expressionist oils from all phases of his career. Through April 2. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

CAROL BROWN—Small colored-pencil drawings of brilliantly hued desert scenery—wind-carved rocks and cactus formations. Through April 9. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

EDITH CARLSON / JOSHUA SCHREIER—Color-field drawings in pencil. / Nonobjective drawings in oil stick on paper. Through Saturday, March 19. (Hadler-Rodriguez, 38 E. 57th St.)

VIJA CELMINS—Graphite drawings, painted bronzes, and etchings. Through April 9. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

CHUCK CLOSE / DAVID VON SCHLEGELL—New portraits in a variety of mediums: Watercolors, fingerprint drawings done with stamp-pad ink, and collages made with paper-pulp chips. / Very large abstract sculptures made of rough-cut mahogany timbers pegged together. Through Saturday, March 26. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

CHARLES CLOUGH—Expressionist works by an artist who applies enamel to reproductions of Old Master paintings with his fingertips and then takes enlarged photographs of the results, which he either works into collages or starts painting on all over again. Through

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Saturday, March 26. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

Marcia Dalby—A hundred-odd lighthearted sculptures of farm animals and implements, made of chicken wire covered with cheesecloth and acrylic, by a twenty-five-year-old artist. Through April 2. (Wolf, a gallery mostly known for photography shows, at 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Mary Frank—New works, including her familiar ceramic sculptures and a large series of monotypes, plus two five-foot figures put together with lakeside driftwood and partially coated with plaster. Through Saturday, March 19. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Oils showing broad landscape views from the windows of the artist's home in Water Mill, Long Island, and cityscapes from her studio windows in town. Through April 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lorrie Goulet—Figure sculptures in peach alabaster, Pyrenees marble, green serpentine stone, white Vermont marble, and wood. Through Saturday, March 26. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Red Grooms and Peter Saul—Works from the early sixties by these two artists, including paintings of New York and Italy by the former, and paintings inspired by the movie "Psycho" by the latter. Through Friday, March 25. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Susan Hall—New paintings employing this artist's familiar images (among them trains and ships seen in the moonlight), but altered this time by heavily drawn lines of black oil stick. Through Saturday, March 26. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Theo Hios—Landscapes of Greece in acrylics on canvas. Through Saturday, March 19. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 11:30.)

Richard Hunt—Drawings on copper plates and in craypas and prints by an artist known primarily as a sculptor. Through Thursday, March 24. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Stuart Ingle—Large-scale watercolor still-lifes and interiors that have a Photo-Realist exactitude without the glare. Through March 31. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Patricia Johanson—Drawings by a landscape architect. Through April 9. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Oliver Johnson—Still-lifes in oil. Through April 2. (Felicie, 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays.)

Wolf Kahn—Landscape paintings and pastels by a veteran colorist. Through April 2. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Paintings of John and Rollins, Julia and Alexandra, Ada and Alex (the latter Katz himself), and so on. Through April 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Harry Koursaros—Recent paintings with recurring floral, mythological, and allegorical motifs. Through April 2. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Magistro—Abstract paintings. Through April 7. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Robert Moskowitz—Big dark paintings and drawings of imposing subjects—a windmill, for instance, the Flatiron Building, the silhouette of Rodin's "The Thinker." Through Saturday, March 19. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Acrylic canvases in polygonal shapes. Through April 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Milton Resnick—Abstract oils from the past twenty years. Through April 9. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jon Schueler—Mists in the Scottish Highlands and cloud formations in this country inspired these abstract paintings. Through March 31. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Todd Stone—Abstract paintings and a huge, semi-abstract work influenced by the altar of the Ghent cathedral. Through Tuesday, March 22. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paul Thek—Paintings on newspaper in acrylic; some have their titles painted right on them. Through Saturday, March 19. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Stephen Woodburn—Big realistic paintings of imaginary places, mostly rocky, weatherbeaten mountaintops. Through Saturday, March 26. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carl Andre / Peter Campus—Diamond-shaped plastic honeycombs, one red, one blue, one yellow, and one white, laid out like rugs in corners of the gallery, are a memorial to the sculptor's friend Eva Hesse. Through Saturday, March 26. / Silverprints. Through April 2. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Richard Artschwager—Grisaille paintings of interiors, architecture, and groups of figures done on a nubbly industrial material. Through Saturday, March 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Donald Baechler—New paintings, mostly deliberately childlike drawings of heads scrawled in black paint on mottled gray backgrounds. Through April 2. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Robert Bidner—Paintings of buildings in the SoHo district and other works. Through April 6. (Henoch, 80 Wooster St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

James Buchman—Sculptural works in which large slivers of rough granite are set into rust-brown frameworks of Corten steel. Through Saturday, March 26. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Dickson Carroll—Zany carpentered-wood architectural sculptures. Through Thursday, March 24. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Arthur Cohen—Paintings and etchings of New York and Provincetown. Through Wednesday, March 23. (Blue Mountain, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Enzo Cucchi—Huge, raw-looking paintings, one of them a landscape with a plucked, squawking rooster spread-eagled across the foreground, by an Italian Neo-Expressionist. Through Saturday, March 26. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Nassos Daphnis / Sandy Skoglund—Paintings. / An installation consisting of epoxy-and-resin figures symbolizing, according to the artist, babies as an "evil presence of mankind on earth," together with two tons of black sand, a house façade, and a huge photograph. Through Saturday, March 26. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ The Andre Zarre Gallery, 41 E. 57th St., will mount a group of Daphnis's paintings from the fifties not previously shown. Starts Saturday, March 19.

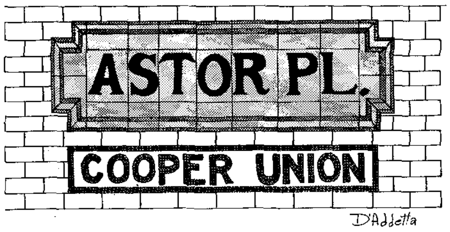
Joan Gardner / Marilyn Giersbach—Paintings. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 19. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Douglas Huebler—Conceptual works plotted with photographs. Through Saturday, March 26. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Penny Kronengold—Impressionist paintings and drawings of babies and fish, and of family groups related to the artist. Through Wednesday, March 23. (First Street Gallery, 386 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Barbara Kruger—Large-scale photomontages combining magazine pictures and texts by a conceptual artist. Through Saturday, March 26. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Cheryl Laemmle—A forest of fir trees cut out of Masonite occupies half the show (and one wall) while symbolic works in which a central canvas is flanked by a pair of complementary Masonite cutouts take care of the rest. Through Saturday, March 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)



Ellen Lanyon—Realist paintings of birds and reptiles in an exhibit dominated by a sixteen-panel screen, six feet high and over sixty-six feet long, depicting alligators, scissors, cigars, dragonflies, sparrows, and frogs, among other items. Through Saturday, March 26. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Helmut Middendorf—Large strident paintings of figures, architecture, and interiors by a German associated with the Heftig Malerei—"vehement painters"—group. Through April 5. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St.)

Michael Mogavero/ Mark Milloff—Outsize paintings, freighted with social consciousness, of people in a line, often up against a wall, by a Neo-Expressionist. / Large paintings in which Bunyanesque figures made of Rhoplex and foamboard stand out in deep relief. Through Saturday, March 19. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Jud Nelson / Charles Bell—Sculptures: "The Toilet Paper Series" speaks for itself (the medium is Carrara marble); also, two life-size figures, one cast in bronze and the other carved in marble. / Photo-Realist paintings of oversize tin ducks and other tin toys. Through Saturday, March 26. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

William Nichols / Daniel Douke—Detailed, lifelike paintings of underbrush on the banks of Minnesota creeks. / Shaped canvases made to look like slabs of steel. Through Saturday, March 26. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ In the back room, Randy Dudley is showing small Magic Realist drawings and paintings of imaginary laboratories, with plausible-looking scientists and equipment.

Roman Opalka—A continuation of the series of paintings and drawings of numbers in sequence that the artist started in 1965; taped recordings, of Mr. Opalka executing same, accompany the works. Through Saturday, March 26. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Joseph Raffael—Masses of flowers crowd these very large new watercolors, devoted to the Luxembourg Gardens. There are also a couple of studies of carp seen underwater. Through April 6. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Edith Schloss—New paintings. Through April 9. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Frances Siegel—Chalk drawings; the emphasis is on portraits. Through Wednesday, March 23. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

Martin Silverman—Polychrome bronze figures in heroic poses—Eve confronting the Serpent, for one. Through April 9. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Robert Ryman—Solid-white paintings, some done on linen and others on fibre glass. Through April 9. (Bonnier, a new gallery at 420 West Broadway.)

Michael Todd / Patrick Ireland—Steel sculptures based on rings, the largest eleven and a half feet high. / An installation, titled "Rimbaud's Cradle," made of multicolored string zigzagging around a small gray room. Through Saturday, March 26. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Karl Wirsum—Paintings and sculptures of robotlike creatures by a veteran of the Hairy Who group. Through Saturday, March 26. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Group Show—Among the dozen emerging artists in this exhibit are Domenic Cretara, whose oils on paper update Old Master religious paintings, and Minnie Maude May Schuyler, whose pencilled sketches are a primitive kind of conceptual art. Through March 30. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Peter Agostini—Drawings, watercolors, and sculptures. Through April 4. (New York

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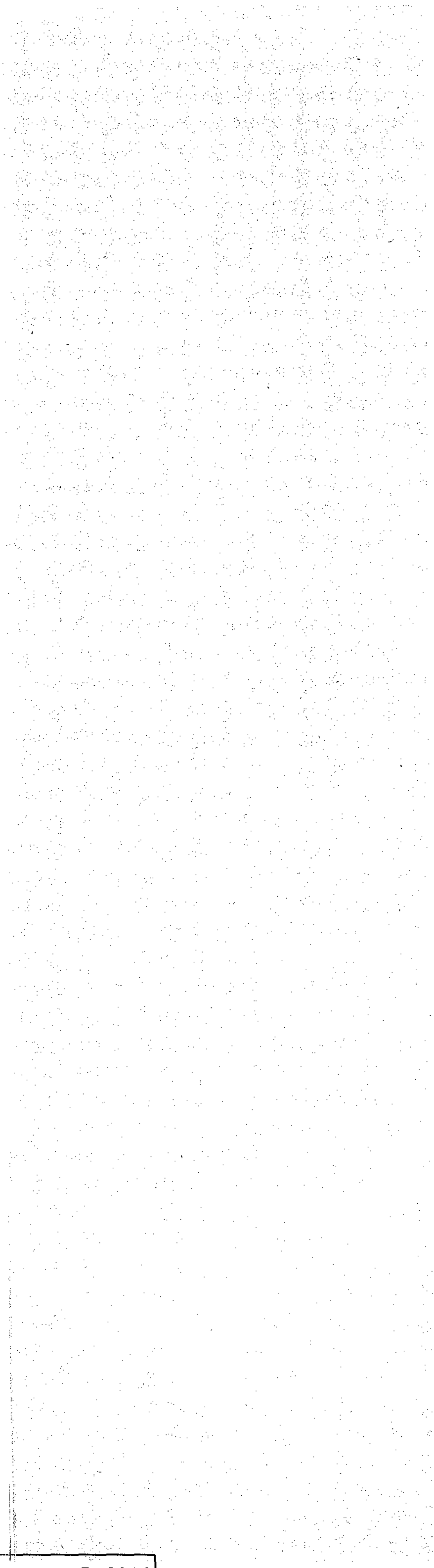

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Studio School, 8 W. 8th St. Open daily; closes at 4 on Saturdays and Sundays.)

Mark di Suvero—Recent steel sculptures, a number with movable parts. Through April 16. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St. Opens at 11:30 Tuesdays through Fridays.)

Stewart Hitch—Paintings of starlike figures. Through Saturday, March 19. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Frida Kahlo (1907-54) / **Tina Modotti** (1896-1942)—Sixty paintings by a self-taught Mexican Surrealist. / Eighty photographs (a third are vintage), all reflecting the artist's interest in Mexican politics in the twenties. Through April 16. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Jody Pinto and Michael Goldberg—Paintings on paper. Through April 2. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Group Shows—At **the clocktower**, 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Artist-architects and just plain artists (Frank Gehry, Mary Miss, and Patsy Norvell among them) showing models, paintings, sculptures, and other objects whose point of departure—habitats—is also the title for the exhibit. Through April 9. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . **delahunty**, 291 Church St., two blocks below Canal St.: Eleven artists showing photographs (Nic Nicosia, Jo Ann Callis, for instance), the rest paintings (Suzan Pitt) and sculptures. Richard Fishman has a drawing. Through April 16. . . . **visual arts**, 209 E. 23rd St.: Troy Brauntuch, Robert Longo, David Salle, Julian Schnabel, Joel Shapiro, Paul Waldman, and Chris Wool are the artists in a show entitled "Big American Figure Drawings." Through Thursday, March 24. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30; Saturdays, 9 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

James Abbe (1883-1973)—Photographs used in *Vanity Fair* between 1917 and 1934—Laurette Taylor, Theda Bara, John Barrymore, the Dolly Sisters, Jack Dempsey, and so on. Through April 30. (Washburn, 113 Greene St.)

Marcel Bardon—Color photographs of France and China. Through April 7. (Castelli Graphics West, 43 W. 61st St. Opens at 1.)

Roy DeCarava—A hundred and twenty-five silverprints of jazz musicians. Through Sunday, March 20. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St. Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Builder Levy—A twenty-year retrospective by a photographer best known for his studies of Appalachian coal miners, many shown here. Through April 2. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Scott MacLeay—Fresson prints. Through April 15. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—Two shows: Photographic works and wall constructions. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.) . . . ¶ Photographs of a woman bodybuilder. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.) Both through Saturday, March 26.

Sarah Moon / Len Jenshel—Eighty prints from the past decade by the French fashion photographer Marielle Hadengue, who signs her work Sarah Moon. / Interior and exterior views (the former photographed in winter) of mansions in Newport and on Long Island which are now tourist attractions. Through April 3. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Sylvia Plachy—Silverprints, dated 1976-83, by a staff photographer for the *Village Voice*. Through March 31. (Harder, 37 W. 57th St. Tuesdays and Thursdays, noon to 7; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Louis Stettner—Black-and-white photographs from the past eight years. Through March 27. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Group Shows—At the **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Prints by Berenice Abbott, Brassaï, Bill Brandt, and Irving Penn. Through April 2. (Open Mondays.) . . . **prakapas**, 19 E. 71st St.: Photographs by Belgian Surrealist painters René Magritte, Raoul Ubac, Marcel Marien, and others. Through April 9. (Opens at noon; open Tuesday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Vatican Collections. Through June 12. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century Italian drawings by such masters as Michelangelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. All of the works, which number close to a hundred, are from the museum's collections. Through April 17. . . . ¶ A show of eighty paintings, sculptures, and decorative works received as gifts in the past year, ranging from third-millennium B.C. metalwork cosmetic boxes to a 1982 watercolor by Dorothea Rockburne. Through March 27. . . . ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

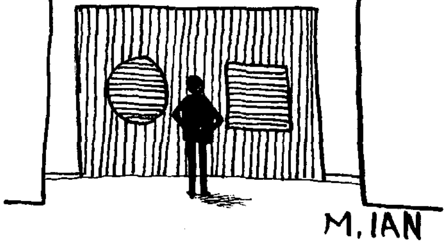
Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—"Prints from Blocks: Gauguin to Now," a survey of woodcuts and linoleum cuts as represented in the museum's print reservoir. The artists also include Nolde, Matisse, Carol Summers, and Georg Baselitz. Through May 15. . . . ¶ An architectural exhibit consisting of one large model of each of three skyscrapers under construction in Hong Kong; Jeddah, Saudi Arabia; and Boston. Also, drawings and photomontages. Through March 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A retrospective of sculptures and drawings by Julio González (1876-1942), the Spanish artist who was in the vanguard of sculptors working in welded metal. Through May 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit of approximately thirty paintings by the Eight, commemorating the seventy-fifth anniversary of their show. Through Sunday, March 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The museum will get a head start on the centenary celebrations for the Brooklyn Bridge with a diverse show that will include engineering drawings by the Roeblings; a wood engraving from *Harpers Weekly* showing President Arthur at the opening of the bridge on May 24, 1883; and numerous expressions of admiration for the bridge in works of art, among them a drawing by Saul Steinberg, two photographs by Walker Evans, and a construction by Red Grooms. Starts Saturday, March 19. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Star Gods of the Ancient Americas," a show of artifacts from early cultures whose people worshipped the moon and stars. Through March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)



American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibit of works by thirty-two painters and sculptors who are candidates for seven Academy-Institute awards. Through April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A show of twenty-five clay and glass vessels by Glen Lukens (1887-1967). Through April 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A loan show of nearly a hundred Buddhist paintings and sculptures identified with the remote Vajrayana monasteries that lined the trans-Himalayan trade routes during a thousand-year period that began in the seventh century A.D. Through April 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of about a hundred and fifty fanciful modifications of the south façade of the Carnegie Mansion (otherwise known as the Cooper-Hewitt Museum). Each work had the same line drawing of the façade as its starting point; some of the embellishers include Eugène Mihaesco, Pierre Le-Tan, Edward Koren, Charles Addams, and Mamie Eisenhower—who on hers drew an American flag on the building's rooftop. Through May 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition of six very large constructions in mixed mediums by Frank Stella, who took his inspiration from a collection of photographs of Polish wooden synagogues. Through May 1. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The variety and abundance of symbolic animal imagery in ancient and medieval art provide the basis for a show of cylinder seals and illuminated manuscripts, drawn primarily from the library's collections. Through April 10. . . . ¶ William Blake: Twenty-one watercolors done as illustrations for "The Book of Job," an autograph copy of his collection of poetry known as the Pickering Manuscript, and other works. Through March 31. . . . ¶ A display of about fifty drawings by the eighteenth-century French draftsman Gravelot. Through March 31. . . . ¶ A show honoring the fortieth anniversary of "The Little Prince" has pages from Saint-Exupéry's working manuscript and copies of first editions. Through April 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—A show of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by Ross Anderson, Ericka Beckman, Edwin Rath, Stephen Frailey, and others. . . . ¶ An installation by Howard Fried involving flowing water. Both shows through Saturday, March 26.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Fiona Templeton (performance), Thursday, March 17, at 8:30; Diane Torr (performance), Thursday, March 24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Lawrence Weiner, Ian Wilson, Hanne Darboven, and other artists showing works incorporating words. Through April 2. . . . ¶ A collection of eight audiotapes by Jerri Allyn; headphones provided. Through April 9.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibi-

Science and Solar Fifty.

Galileo lost a lot of friends by insisting that the earth went around the sun. Even now, many of us still yearn for the good old days when the sun went around us. Scientific breakthroughs have always met with hysteria from the conservative and nostalgic.

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Polyester, he cried, is a polymer in which the monomer units are linked by the group –COO–, usually formed by polyerizing a polyhydric alcohol with a polybasic acid. This is not suitable attire for a gentleman.

With that, Bill whipped up his horse and rattled indignantly off in his buggy to continue tailoring clothing of pure wool, imported tweeds, cashmere, camelhair, and other entirely natural substances.

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He still, however, prefers to think of the sun revolving, in the good old way, around the Earth.

Solar Fifty suits are at the best stores or write: Bill Blass Tailored Clothing, a division of PBM, 743 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

BILL BLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tion hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Kenneth King & Dancers/Co., Wednesday through Sunday, March 16-20, at 8:30; Michel Auder's videotape "Mythical and Ironical Songs & Stories: Man/Nature," with music composed and performed by Ned Sublette, will be shown at 8:30 on Tuesday, March 22, and will be followed (at 9:30) by a performance by Mr. Sublette, with Jeffrey Glenn; Joel Ryan (music), Thursday, March 24, at 8:30. . . . ¶ A light-sound-video installation by Sokhi Wagner. Through April 2.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers *are included in the listings.)*

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 16, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Tatiana Troyanos, Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, and Aage Haugland; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 17, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Gwyneth Jones, Hildegard Behrens, Manfred Jung, and Franz Ferdinand Nentwig; Silvio Varviso. . . . ¶ Friday, March 18, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Mirella Freni, Bianca Berini, Placido Domingo, and Allan Monk; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 1:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Tatiana Troyanos, Kiri Te Kanawa, Judith Blegen, and Aage Haugland; James Levine. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Claudia Catania, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Monday, March 21, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Gwyneth Jones, Hildegard Behrens, Manfred Jung, and Simon Estes; Silvio Varviso. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 22, at 7: "Don Carlo," with Mirella Freni, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 23, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Nicole Lorange, Claudia Catania, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Eugene Kohn. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 24, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Frederica von Stade, Pablo Elvira, Rockwell Blake, and Sesto Bruscantini; Emil Tchakarov. . . . ¶ Friday, March 25, at 7: "Die Walküre," with Eszter Kovacs, Hildegard Behrens, Gerd Brenneis, and Simon Estes; Silvio Varviso. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 1: "Don Carlo," with Mirella Freni, Grace Bumbry, Placido Domingo, and Louis Quilico; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 26, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Leona Mitchell, Ariel Bybee, Ermanno Mauro, and David Holloway; Eugene Kohn.

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—A triple bill in English: Igor Stravinsky's "Renard," Paul Hindemith's "Santa Susanna" (New York première), and Erich Korngold's "The Ring of Polycrates." Conducted by C. William Harwood and staged by Lou Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 17, and Saturday, March 19, at 8, and Sunday, March 20, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802, Ext. 531.)

Bel Canto Opera—Gregory Ortega conducting Offenbach's one-act operettas, "A Lady in Lottery" and "Number 66," staged by Nelson Sheeley. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Friday and Saturday, March 18-19, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 20, at 2:30. Tickets at the door at performance times.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Rafael Kubelik conducting an all-Beethoven program on Thursday, March 17, at 8; Friday, March 18, at 2; and Saturday, March 19, at 8 (all with Alicia de Larrocha, piano). . . . ¶ Larry Newland conducting the same program, with Miss de Larrocha, on Tuesday, March 22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rafael Kubelik directing a concert version of Janáček's opera "From the House of the Dead," in English, on Thursday, March 24, at 8; Friday, March 25, at 2; and Saturday, March 26, and Tuesday, March 29, at 8 (all with Richard Cassilly, tenor; John Cheek, bass; Scott Reeve, baritone; the New York Choral Artists; and others).

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Dresden Staatskapelle—Herbert Blomstedt conducting—A program of music by Udo Zimmermann, Richard Strauss, and Beethoven. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 16, at 8.) . . . ¶ A Beethoven-Tchaikovsky program, with Horacio Gutiérrez, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 20, at 3.)

Prague Chamber Orchestra—Thirty-six musicians who perform without a conductor. With Boris Krajny, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 17, at 8.)

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Michael Gielen conducting a Henze-Haydn-Brahms program, with Lynn Harrell, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 21, at 8.)

Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields—Iona Brown conducting this English chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 22, at 8.)

American Orchestra da Camera—Sayard Stone conducting, with Leonard Rose, cello; Bernhard Seckel, viola; and Kihwa Jin, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 23, at 8.)

Hartford Symphony Orchestra—Arthur Winograd conducting a Mozart-Mahler program. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 25, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Bella Davidovich, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 19, at 8, and Sunday, March 20, at 3.)

Ensemble for Early Music's Grand Bande—A program of music by J. S. Bach and sons. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 19, at 8.)

American Chamber Orchestra—Charles Barker conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 24, at 8.)

Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra—The first of two concerts by this Canadian ensemble. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 24, at 8.)

Julius Grossman Orchestra—Mr. Grossman conducting, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

Harmonic Choir—David Hykes directing a program of his own music. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday through Sunday, March 18-20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evenings of the performances.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Peter Marschik directing. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 20, at 3. . . . ¶ Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx 960-8833. Friday, March 25, at 8.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing an all-Bach program, with the Long Island Baroque Ensemble. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Monday, March 21, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

Musica Reservata—Margherita Hastings directing an a-cappella group. (Catholic Center, New York University, 58 Washington Sq. S. Tuesday, March 22, at 8. For tickets, call 674-7236.)

New Calliope Singers—Peter Schubert directing. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

RECITALS

Concert Royal—The last two in a series of concerts. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday, March 16, at 7:30, a program called "The French Style; and Wednesday, March 23, at 7:30, a performance of Vivaldi's "The Four Seasons." Tickets at the door on the evenings of the performances.)

Rip Keller—*Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall,* Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, March 16, at 8.)

National Chorale Soloists—Martin Josman directing the second in a series of four concerts of vocal and instrumental chamber music, this one with Crail Conner, soprano; Mary Ann Hart, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Poole, tenor; David Hamilton, bass; Virginia Brewer, oboe; and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Wednesday, March 16, at 8. For information about tickets, call 869-0970.)

Concord String Quartet—The fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, March 16, at 8.)

Jeffrey Swann—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 17, at 8.)

Music From Marlboro—Cynthia Raim, piano; Hiroko Yajima and Michaela Paetsch, violin; Samuel Rhodes and Steven Tenebom, viola; and Bonnie Hampton, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, March 17, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fifth in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this one performed by Rolf Schulte, violin; Lawrence Dutton, viola; Joel Krosnick, cello; and Robert Black and Aleck Karis, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 17, at 8.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 18, at 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 24, at 8.)

I Solisti Aquilani—Vittorio Antonellini conducting, with Gary Karr, double bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 18, at 8.)

Melos Quartet—An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 18, at 8.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy—Piano, in a Schubert-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 19, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—With Cecile Licad, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 19, at 8.)

Aston Magna—A baroque ensemble. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 19, at 8.)

Chamber Music—The Emerson String Quartet; Colin Carr, cello; and Scott Nickrenz, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 19, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 20, at 2.) . . . ¶ Peter Serkin and Cecile Licad, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; and Rudolph Vrbsky, oboe. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

Garrick Ohlsson—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 20, at 3.)

Danielle Woerner and Robert Schwartz—Soprano and piano. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Sunday, March 20, at 3. For information about tickets, call 222-2700.)

North/South Consonance—A program of American and Latin-American music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, March 20, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the performance.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, with John Steele Ritter, keyboard. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 20, at 8.)

John Browning—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 20, at 8.)

Christine Soder—Clarinet, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Music Project—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, March 21, at 7:30.)

John Cheek and James Levine—Baritone and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Monday, March 21, at 8.)

New Arts Trio—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 21, at 8.)

Natan Brand—Piano, in a program of fantasies by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, and Lukas Foss. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 22, at 8.)

Judith Bettina—Soprano. (Pope Auditorium, Fordham University, Columbus Ave. at 60th St. Tuesday, March 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Ravel-Rorem-Mendelssohn program, performed by Daniel Phillips, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; Ned Rorem, composer-pianist; Lucy Shelton, soprano; and the Cleveland Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, March 22-23, at 8.)

On Original Instruments—The second in a series of three concerts, this one an all-Mozart program, with Robert Levin and Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, March 22, at 8.)

Raphael Trio—The last in a series of concerts entitled "Trios of the Romantic Period." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 22, at 8.)

Ozan Marsh—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 23, at 8.)

Anne Utagawa and Dominique Hunziker—Flute duo. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 23, at 8.)

Ophra Yerushalmi—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, March 24, at 8.)

Emerson String Quartet—Chamber music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, March 25, at 7:30.)

Daniel Morganstern—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 25, at 8.)

Michael Chapdelaine—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, March 25, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

All-Bach Concert—Paula Robison and Carol Wincenc, flute; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and Richard Taruskin, viola da gamba. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 25, at 8.)

New York Philharmonic Woodwind Quintet—Chamber music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Carlos Montoya—Flamenco guitarist. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

Simca Heled—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 26, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Festival of the American New Music Consortium—At **top of the park**, Loeb Student Center. Thursday, March 17, at 10 A.M.: The Gageego Players; David MacBride, piano; Tamsin Fitzgerald, flute; Tom Goldstein, percussion; the New York University Contemporary Players; and Catherine Rowe, soprano. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 17, at 3: The CIOMPI String Quartet; Robert Pollock, and Phyllis Rappeport, piano; and Elizabeth Erskine Patches, soprano. (Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. No tickets necessary.) . . . **merkin concert hall**, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 17, at 8: The New York University Contemporary Players; Jack Kreiselman, clarinet; and Bernard Fauchet, piano. . . . **new york university theatre**, 35 W. 4th St. Friday, March 18, at 10 A.M.: Gretel Shanley and Patrick Purswell, flute; Dinos Constantinides, violin; and Brian Fennelly, piano. (No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Friday, March 18, at 8: The Anemone Players; Gretel Shanley and Patrick Purswell, flute; the Gageego Players; and Jerry Kuderna, piano. (Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 10 A.M.: An electro-acoustic program. (No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 3: Bernard Fauchet, piano, and Jack Kreiselman, clarinet. (No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 19, at 7: The Composers Guild of New Jersey; the New Repertory Ensemble of New York; One Plus One Quartet; and Genevieve Chinn, piano. (Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

Opera Interviews—Mirella Freni being interviewed by Speight Jenkins. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Wednesday, March 23, at 6. Tickets at the box office one hour before the interview.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden**: Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, March 19, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, March 22, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, March 26, at 8:35. . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Utah, Wednesday, March 23, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Saturday, March 26, at 7:35.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 18, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden**: Rangers vs. Islanders, Wednesday, March 16, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Sunday, March 20, at 8:05. . . . **nassau coliseum**: Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, March 19, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Tuesday, March 22, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, March 26, at 5:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . **byrne meadowlands arena** (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders, Thursday, March 17, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Monday, March 21, at 7:35. . . . ¶ A Lucky Strike Masters of Hockey game, between former players from Canadian teams and former American team players, Thursday, March 24, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Friday, March 25, at 7:35.

Karate—All-American Open Karate Championships. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 19, at 8.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 16. The Distaff Handicap, Saturday, March 19; the Bay Shore, Sunday, March 20; and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 26.

Tennis—Virginia Slims Championships of New York: Martina Navratilova, Chris Evert Lloyd, Tracy Austin, Andrea Jaeger, Pam Shriver, Hana Mandlikova, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, March 23, at 6; Thursday, March 24, at 10 and 6; Friday, March 25, at 6; semifinal singles matches and final doubles match Saturday, March 26, at noon; and consolation singles match and final singles match Sunday, March 27, at noon.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 2. . . . **meadowlands**: Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Aug. 9.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Norman Mailer reading from his own fiction. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, March 18, at 8.) . . . ¶ Daniel Halpern and Charles Simic reading from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, March 21, at 8.) . . . ¶ Allen Ginsberg reading from his own poetry. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, March 23, at 8. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ David Young reading from his own poetry. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 24, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Auctions—At **sotheby's**, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, March 16, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, March 17, at 2: Jewelry and watches. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 24, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 17. . . . **christie's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Friday, March 18, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 23, at 10 and 2: English and Continental silver, Russian works of art, *objets de vertu*, and watches. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 17. . . . **phillips**, 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) Thursday, March 24, at 1: Silver, *objets de vertu*, and Russian works of art. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 19.

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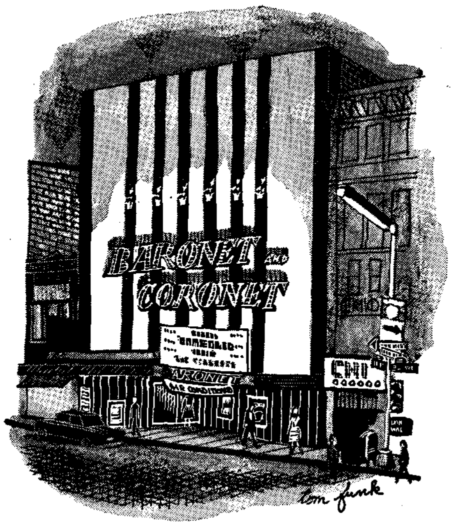
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
A festival of films from Greece.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Tootsie" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 17: "Veronika Voss" (directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech; and "Man of Iron" (1981; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish).
From March 18: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 24: "Victor/Victoria" (†) and "My Favorite Year" (†).
From March 25: "The Verdict" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Table for Five" (Robert Lieberman), with Jon Voight.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through March 17: "Lovesick" (†).
From March 18: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky. (The theatre will be closed on Tuesday, March 22, and Thursday, March 24.)
Theatre 2: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 3: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Starstruck" (Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through March 17: "Table for Five" (Robert Lieberman), with Jon Voight.
From March 18: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through March 24: "The Verdict" (†).
From March 25: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Britannia Hospital" (Lindsay Anderson), with Leonard Rossiter and Graham Crowden.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 17: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From March 18: To be announced.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "48 Hrs." (†).
Theatre 2: "The King of Comedy" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 23: "Trenchcoat" (Michael Tuchner), with Margot Kidder and Robert Hays.
From March 24: "The Killing of Angel Street" (Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Liz Alexander and John Hargreaves.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Local Hero" (†).
Theatre 2: "Betrayal" (David Jones), with Jeremy Irons and Ben Kingsley.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through March 24: "Lovesick" (†). From March 25: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.
Theatre 2: "Tales of Ordinary Madness" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through March 24: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.
From March 25: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Tootsie" (†).
Theatre 2: "10 to Midnight" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Say Amen, Somebody" (George T. Nierenberg), a documentary on gospel music.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through March 17: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).
March 18-24: To be announced.
From March 25: "The Verdict" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through March 24: "10 to Midnight" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.
From March 25: "The Sword in the Stone" (1963), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky.
Theatre 2: "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 24: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
From March 25: "Bad Boys" (Rick Rosenthal), with Sean Penn.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through March 17: "Table for Five" (Robert Lieberman), with Jon Voight. From March 18: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†). From March 25: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through March 22: "Johnny West" (1977; directed by Roald Koller; in German), with Rio Reiser. From March 23: "Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles" (1975; Chantal Akerman; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.
Theatre 2: Through March 22: "Aria for an Athlete" (1980; Filip Bajon; in Polish). March 23-24: "Beware of a Holy Whore" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Lou Castel, Werner Schroeter, and Eddie Constantine; and "Satan's Brew" (†). From March 25: "The Third Generation" (1979; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Eddie Constantine and Hanna Schygulla; and "Why Does Herr R. Run Amok?" (1970; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab, Lilith Ungerer, and Hanna Schygulla.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage."
Theatre 2: Through March 19: "Kamikaze '89" (Wolf Gremm; in German), with Rainer Werner Fassbinder. From March 20: "The Personals."

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From March 25: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.
Theatre 2: "Come and Get It" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 24: "Coup de Torchon" (†). From March 25 (tentative): "Tender Mercies" (Bruce Beresford), with Robert Duvall.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 17: "Parsifal" (†).
From March 18: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Gandhi" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through March 17: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (†).
From March 18: "New Directors/New Films," a fourteen-day series; see listings under Film Libraries, Etc.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Gift" (Michel Lang; in French), with Clio Goldsmith and Pierre Mondy.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through March 19: "Sophie's Choice" (†).
From March 20: "Next Year, If All Goes Well."

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Tootsie" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 17: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab. From March 18: "Success" (1982; William Richert), with Jeff Bridges, Bianca Jagger, and Ned Beatty.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Diva" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 24: "The Pirates of Penzance" (Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline and Linda Ronstadt. From March 25: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (†) and "Viridiana" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Choice of Arms" (Alain Corneau; in French), with Yves Montand and Gérard Depardieu.
Theatre 2: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 17: "Lovesick" (†). From March 18: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through March 17: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From March 18: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through March 17: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†). From March 18: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through March 17: "Tootsie" (†). From March 18: To be announced.

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "The Verdict" (†).
Theatre 2: "Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: Through March 24: "Trenchcoat" (Michael Tuchner), with Margot Kidder and Robert Hays. From March 25: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

Theatre 2: "10 to Midnight" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

Theatre 3: Through March 24: "Joy Sticks" (Greydon Clark), with Joe Don Baker. From March 25: "Bad Boys" (Rick Rosenthal), with Sean Penn.

Theatre 4: Through March 17: "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster. From March 18: "Lovesick" (†) and "Deathtrap" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)

Theatre 1: "The Entity" (directed by Sidney J. Furie), with Barbara Hershey and Ron Silver.

Theatre 2: "Table for Five" (Robert Lieberman), with Jon Voight.

Theatre 3: Through March 24: "The House on Sorority Row" (Mark Rosman), with Kathryn McNeil. From March 25: "Max Dugan Returns" (Herbert Ross), with Marsha Mason and Jason Robards.

Theatre 4: Through March 24: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz). From March 25: "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

Theatre 5: "The Verdict" (†).

Theatre 6: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"48 Hrs." (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (†).

Theatre 3: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (†).

Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Let's Spend the Night Together" (Hal Ashby), with The Rolling Stones.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)

Theatre 1: "The Lords of Discipline" (Franc Roddam), with David Keith and Robert Prosky.

Theatre 2: "Time Walker."

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Pirates of Penzance" (Wilford Leach), with Kevin Kline and Linda Ronstadt.

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)

Theatre 1: Through March 24: "Vigilante" (William Lustig), with Robert Forster. From March 25: "The Sword in the Stone" (1963), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Theatre 2: "10 to Midnight" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson.

R.K.O. Century Cinerama Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

Theatre 1: Through March 24: "Joy Sticks" (Greydon Clark), with Joe Don Baker. From March 25: "The Black Stallion Returns" (Robert Dalva), with Kelly Reno.

Theatre 2: Through March 17: "One Dark Night" (Tom McLoughlin), with Meg Tilly. From March 18: "Power Force."

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through March 24: "Trenchcoat" (Michael Tuchner), with Margot Kidder and Robert Hays. From March 25: "Bad Boys" (Rick Rosenthal), with Sean Penn.

Theatre 2: Through March 17: "Lovesick" (†). From March 18: "High Road to China" (Brian G. Hutton), with Tom Selleck and Bess Armstrong.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306); theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

March 16: "The Disorderly Orderly" (1964; directed by Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis, Glenda Farrell, and Everett Sloane; and "The Geisha Boy" (1958; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis, Marie McDonald, and Sessue Hayakawa.

March 17-18: "The Patsy" (1964; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis, Ina Balin, Keenan Wynn, and Phil Harris; and "Living It Up" (1954; Norman Taurog), with Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, and Janet Leigh.

March 19-20: "The Bellboy" (1960; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis; and "The Errand Boy" (1962; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Brian Donlevy.

March 21-22: "CinderFella" (1960; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis, Anna Maria Alberghetti, and Ed Wynn; and "Which Way to the Front" (1970; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Jan Murray.

March 23-24: "The Ladies Man" (1961; Jerry Lewis), with Lewis and Helen Traubel; and "It's Only Money" (1962; Frank Tashlin), with Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott, and Joan O'Brien.

From March 25: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (1981; Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock.

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Through March 17: "Muddy River" (1983; in Japanese).

From March 18: "A Hard Day's Night" (1964; Richard Lester), with the Beatles.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
"Victory March" (1983; Marco Bellocchio; in Italian).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 17: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, and John Heard.

March 18-19: "Catch-22" (1970; Mike Nichols), with Alan Arkin; and "If . . ." (1969; Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.

March 20-22: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "Badlands" (†).

March 23-24: "Straw Dogs" (†); and "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.

March 25-26: "Reds" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

March 16: "San Francisco" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy; and "The Merry Widow" (1934; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.

March 17-19: "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1966; Richard Lester), with Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, and Buster Keaton.

March 20-21: "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale; and "I Vitelloni" (1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, Franco Interlenghi, and Franco Fabrizi.

March 22-23: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Hustler" (†).

March 24-26: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

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Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through March 17: "The Warriors" (1979; Walter Hill), with Michael Beck, James Remar, and Thomas Waites; and "The Wanderers" (1979; Philip Kaufman), with Ken Wahl.

March 18-19: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray), with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

March 20: "Camelot" (†).

March 21-22: "Love Story" (†); and "Love with the Proper Stranger" (1963; Robert Mulligan), with Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen, and Edie Adams.

March 23-24: "Blackboard Jungle" (†); and "Class of 1984" (1982; Mark Lester), with Perry King.

March 25-26: "You Only Live Twice" (1967; Lewis Gilbert), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

March 16: "Vidas Secas" (1982; Nelson Pereira dos Santos); and "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1971; Nelson Periera dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in the Tupi language).

March 17: "The Idiot" (1951; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune; and "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).

March 18: "César" (1936; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Raimu, Orane Démazis, and Charpin; and "The Baker's Wife" (1938; Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Raimu.

March 19: "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brigitte Mira; and "Fox and His Friends" (1976; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

March 20: "Camille" (†) and "Wuthering Heights" (†).

March 21: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt.

March 22: "You Can't Take It with You" (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon deWilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

March 23: "The Mother and the Whore" (1973; Jean Eustache; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun.

March 24: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Sanjuro" (1963), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

March 25: "The Killing" (1956; Stanley Kubrick), with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, and Vince Edwards; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.

March 26: "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Alan Bates, Oliver Reed, and Glenda Jackson; and "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 16: "Song of Love" (1947; Clarence Brown), with Katharine Hepburn, Paul Henreid, and Robert Walker; and "Tonight We Sing" (1953; Mitchell Leisen), with Ezio Pinza, Roberta Peters, Anne Bancroft, and David Wayne.

March 17-19: "Sweethearts" (1938; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and "Everybody Does It" (1949; Edmund Goulding), with Paul Douglas and Linda Darnell.

March 20-21: "Don Giovanni" (1956; in Italian), with Cesare Siepi and Lisa Della Casa.

March 22-23: "The Chocolate Soldier" (1941; Roy Del Ruth), with Risë Stevens and Nelson Eddy; and "The Merry Widow" (1934; Ernst Lubitsch), with Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier.

March 24-26: "Humoresque" (1946; Jean Negulesco), with Joan Crawford and John Garfield; and "The Great Lie" (1941; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, and Mary Astor.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 16: "The Glass Key" (1942; Stuart Heisler), with Brian Donlevy, Veronica Lake, and Alan Ladd; "The Seventh Victim" (1943; Mark Robson), with Tom Conway, Kim Hunter, and Jean Brooks; and "The Scar" (1948; Steve Sekely), with Joan Bennett and Paul Henreid.

March 17: "Tempest" (1982; Paul Mazursky), with John Cassavetes, Gena Rowlands, Vittorio Gassman, and Susan Sarandon; and "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon.

March 18-19: "Easy Living" (1937; Mitchell Leisen), with Jean Arthur, Ray Milland, and Edward Arnold; and "The Devil and Miss Jones" (1941; Sam Wood), with Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Robert Cummings, and Edmund Gwenn.

March 20: "Cabaret" (†); and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.

March 21: "Montenegro" (1981; Dusan Makavejev), with Susan Anspach and Erland Josephson; and "Sweet Movie" (1975; Dusan Makavejev; in French and English), with Pierre Clémenti and Carole Laure.

March 22: "A Face in the Crowd" (†); and "Man on a Tightrope" (1953; Elia Kazan), with Fredric March, Gloria Grahame, and Terry Moore.

March 23: "The Big Clock" (1948; John Farrow), with Ray Milland, Charles Laughton, Maureen O'Sullivan, Elsa Lanchester, and George Macready; "Deadline at Dawn" (1946; Harold Clurman), with Susan Hayward and Paul Lukas; and "World for Ransom" (1954; Robert Aldrich), with Dan Duryea and Gene Lockhart.

March 24: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "A King in New York" (†).

March 25-26: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Men" (1950; Fred Zinnemann), with Marlon Brando, Teresa Wright, Jack Webb, and Everett Sloane.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 16: "Horse Feathers" (1932; Norman McLeod) and "The Big Store" (1941; Charles Reisner), both films with the Marx Brothers.

March 17: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Dancing Lady" (1933; Robert Z. Leonard), with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.

March 18-19: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre.

March 20: "Rain" (†); and "Of Human Bondage" (1934; John Cromwell), with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson.

March 21: "Le Jour se Lève" (†); and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (1937; Michael Carné; in French), with Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay, and Michel Simon.

March 22: "Ordinary People" (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch; and "The Great Santini" (†).

March 23-24: "To Be or Not to Be" (†) and "Trouble in Paradise" (†).

March 25-26: "The 39 Steps" (†); and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—March 17 at 2: "L'Argent" (1927; directed by Marcel L'Herbier; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Pierre Alcover, Brigitte Helm, Alfred Abel, Yvette Guilbert, and Antonin Artaud. . . . ¶ March 17 at 6: "Le Miracle des Loups" (1924; Raymond Bernard; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Charles Dullin, Philippe Hériat, and Gaston Modot. . . . ¶ March 18 at 2:30: "La Glace à Trois Faces" (1927; Jean Epstein; a French silent film, with French inter-titles); and "Finis Terrae" (1929; Jean Epstein; a French film, with no titles). . . . ¶ March 18 at 6: "La Chute de la Maison Usher" (1928; Jean Epstein; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Marguerite Gance and Jean Debucourt; and "Mor'Vran" (1931; Jean Epstein; in French, with no titles). . . . ¶ March 19 at noon: "The Dancing Pirate" (1936; Lloyd Corrigan), with Charles Collins, Frank Morgan, and Steffi Duna. . . . ¶ March 19 at 2:30: "Le Tournoi" (1928; Jean Renoir; a French silent film, with French inter-titles). . . . ¶ March 19 at 5: "Tire-au-Flanc" (1928; Jean Renoir; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Michel Simon and Jeanne Helbling. . . . ¶ March 20 at noon: "The Dancing Pirate." . . . ¶ March 20 at 2:30: "Maternité" (1929; Marie Epstein and Jean Benôit-Lévy; a French silent film, with French inter-titles). . . . ¶ March 20 at 5: "Ames d'Enfants" (1928; Marie Epstein and Jean Benôit-Lévy; a French silent film, with French inter-titles). . . . ¶ March 21 at 2:30: "La Chute de la Maison Usher" and "Mor'Vran." . . . ¶ March 21 at 6: A program of films by Amy Greenfield, who will be present. . . . ¶ March 22 at 2:30: "Le Tournoi." . . . ¶ March 22 at 6: "Ben's Mill" (1981; John Karol and Michael Chalufour). . . . ¶ March 24 at 2:30: "Tire-au-Flanc." . . . ¶ March 24 at 6: "Maldone" (1928; Jean Grémillon; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Charles Dullin and Annabella. . . . ¶ March 25 at 2:30: "Maternité." . . . ¶ March 25 at 6: "Harakiri" (1928; Marie-Louise Iribe; a French silent film, with English inter-titles), with Constant Rémy, André Berley, and Marie-Louise Iribe. . . . ¶ March 26 at noon: "The Dawn Patrol" (1930; Howard Hawks), with Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Neil Hamilton. . . . ¶ March 26 at 2:30: "Les Deux Timides" (1928; René Clair; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Pierre Batcheff and Françoise Rosay. . . . ¶ March 26 at 5: "Les Nouveaux Messieurs" (1928; Jacques Feyder; a French silent film, with no inter-titles), with Gaby Morlay and Albert Préjean. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Starting March 24: A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. (874-1717)—A film version of the Moussorgsky opera "Boris Godunov" (1954), with Alexander Pirogov, and the singers, chorus, orchestra, and ballet of the Bolshoi Theatre; in Russian. (Sunday, March 20 at 4 and 7. Tickets are available at the theatre between 11 A.M. and 7 P.M. on the day of the performance.)

New Directors/New Films—The first programs in a fourteen-day festival presented by the Film Society of Lincoln Center and the Department of Film of the Museum of Modern Art. At the 57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th St.—March 18 at 6: "A Question of Silence" (The Netherlands; Marleen Gorris). . . . ¶ March 18 at 8:30: "Wild Style" (United States; Charlie Ahearn). . . . ¶ March 19 at 1: "A Question of Silence." . . . ¶ March 19 at 3:30: "Wild Style." . . . ¶ March 19 at 6: "Irezumi—Spirit of Tattoo" (Japan; Yoichi Takabayashi). . . . ¶ March 19 at 8:30: ". . . And God Created Them" (Puerto Rico; Jacobo Morales). . . . ¶ March 20 at 1: "Irezumi—Spirit of Tattoo." . . . ¶ March 20 at 3:30: ". . . And God Created Them." . . . ¶ March 20 at 6: "Betrayal: The Story of Kamilla" (Norway; Vibeke Lokkeberg). . . . ¶ March 20 at 8:30 and March 21 at 6: "A Farewell to the Land" (Japan; Mitsuo Yanagimachi). . . . ¶ March 21 at 8:30 and March 22 at 6: "Chopin" (Italy; Luciano Odorisio). . . . ¶ March 22 at 8:30: "Betrayal: The Story of Kamilla." . . . ¶ March 23 at 6: "There Lived a Wrestler" (India; P. Padmarajan). . . . ¶ March 23 at 8:30 and March 24 at 6: "The Dawn" (Indonesia; Arifin C. Noer). . . . ¶ March 24 at 9: "Evening Performance" (Spain; Josefina Molina). . . . ¶ March 25 at 6: "Wend Kuuni" (Upper Volta; Gaston J. M. Kabore). . . . ¶ March 25 at 8:30: "Dirty Dishes" (France; Joyce Bunuel. . . . ¶ March 26 at 1: "There Lived a Wrestler." . . . ¶ March 26 at 3:30: "Evening Performance." . . . ¶ March 26 at 6: "Dirty Dishes." . . . ¶ March 26 at 8:30: "Joe's Bed-Stuy Barbershop: We Cut Heads" (United States; Spike Lee) and "The Truuuuth" (Italy; Cesare Zavattini). (For information about tickets, call 877-1800, Ext. 489.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Badlands (1973)—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terrence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girlfriend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. With Warren Oates; art direction by Jack Fisk. The music is by Carl Orff and Erik Satie. (Cinema Village; March 20-22.)

Blackboard Jungle (1955)—It was a shocking movie at the time and was said to provoke violence, and when Clare Boothe Luce, then American ambassador to Italy, protested its showing at the Venice Film Festival, its international fame was assured. The subject—contempt for authority (in a metropolitan trade school)—is treated as a problem with a definite solution. Surrounded by hostile and delinquent boys, the hero, an idealistic teacher, played by Glenn Ford, tries to reach the salvageable one among them—Sidney Poitier, who gives an angry, exciting performance. (He makes you feel his tensions and heat.) The director, Richard Brooks, wrote the script, adapted from Evan Hunter's novel, and it's sane and well worked out, though it's hard for audiences to believe in the hero's courage, and not hard at all for them to believe in the apathetic cowardice of the other teachers. If you excavate Evan Hunter's short story on which the rather shoddy novel was based, it's no big surprise to find that in the original account, "To Break the Wall," the teacher did not break through. Once again, a "daring" Hollywood movie exposes social tensions—touches a nerve—and then pours on the sweet nothings. But along the melodramatic way, there are some startling episodes (and one first-rate bit of racial interchange), and recordings by Bix Beiderbecke, Stan Kenton, Bill Holman, and others set quite a pace. (The music behind the opening titles—Bill Haley and the Comets on "Rock Around the Clock"—really made people sit up.) Glenn Ford seethes all the time, but he's fairly competent. With Louis Calhern, who's always fun to watch; Margaret Hayes, as the teacher who's a candidate for rape; Anne Francis in the tiresome role of Ford's pregnant wife; Richard Kiley, as the embarrassingly weak-kneed teacher whose jazz records get smashed. Also with John Hoyt, Paul

Mazursky, Emile Meyer, Horace McMahon, Warner Anderson, and Vic Morrow as the Brando-style hoodlum. Cinematography by Russell Harlan. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 23-24.)

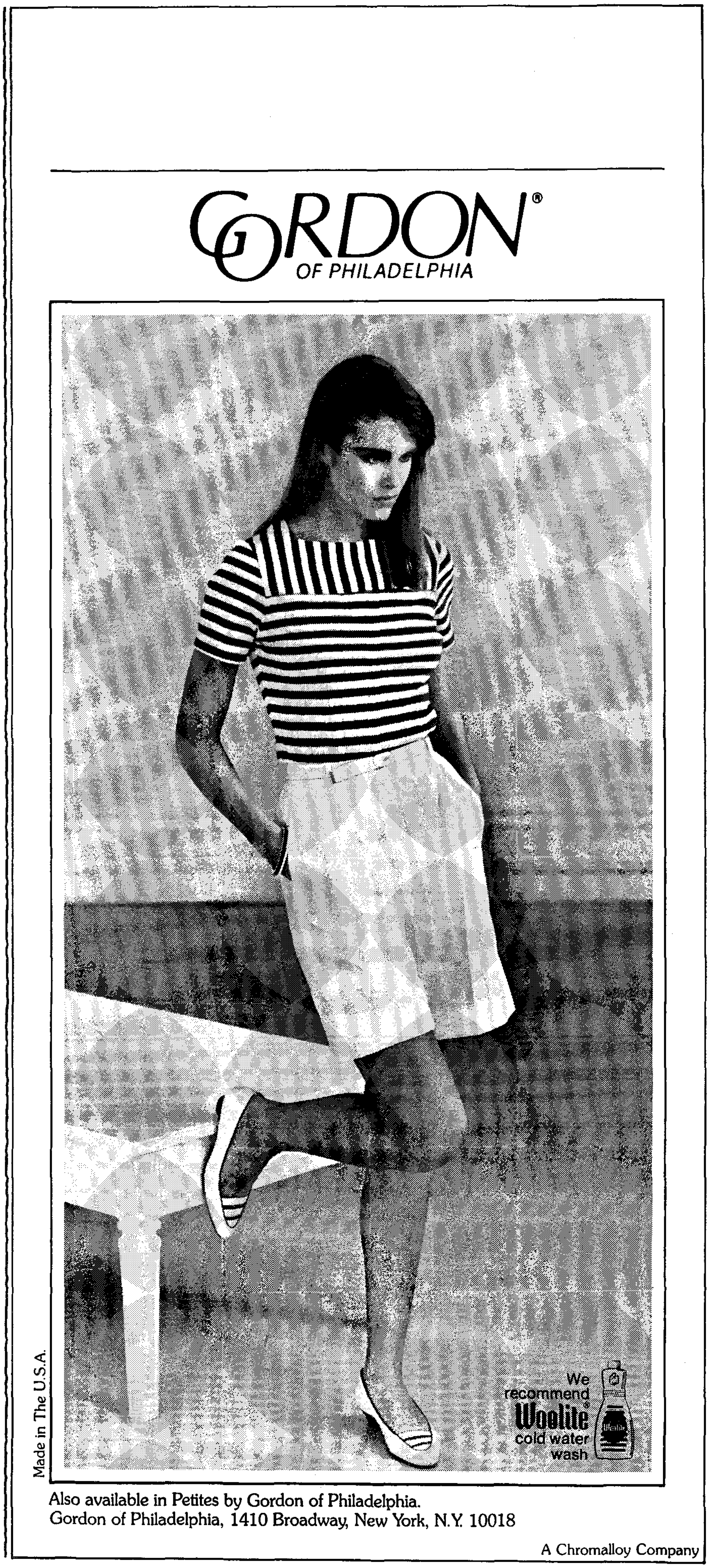
CABARET (1972)—A great movie musical. Taking its form from political cabaret, it's a satire for temptations. In a prodigious balancing act, Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director, keeps the period—Berlin, 1931—at a cool distance. We see the decadence as garish and sleazy; yet we also see the animal energy in it—everything seems to become sexualized. The movie does not exploit decadence; rather, it gives it its due. With Joel Grey as our devil-doll host—the master of ceremonies—and Liza Minnelli (in her first singing role on the screen) as exuberant, corruptible Sally Bowles, chasing after the life of a headliner no matter what; Minnelli has such gaiety and dynamism that she becomes a star before our eyes. From Christopher Isherwood's "Goodbye to Berlin" stories, via the play and movie of "I Am a Camera," and the Broadway musical "Cabaret," which has been adapted for the screen by Jay Allen, with the assistance of Hugh Wheeler. The metallic songs, by John Kander and Fred Ebb, have a distinctive acrid flavor. With Michael York, Helmut Griem, Marisa Berenson, and Fritz Wepper. Shot in West Germany; cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth. (Thalia; March 20.)

CAMELOT (1967)—One of Hollywood's colossal financial disasters. The film of the Lerner and Loewe musical (from T. H. White's "The Once and Future King") got so expensively big that it went out of control; the sets and people and costumes seem to be sitting there on the screen, waiting for the unifying magic that never happens. The picture waivers in tone, but it does have good bits tucked in among the elaborate mistakes. It has a fascination; it's like a huge ruin that makes one wonder what the blueprints could possibly have indicated. It's hard to guess what the director, Joshua Logan, was aiming at. Richard Harris's King Arthur is eccentric and unfathomable in the first half, but he achieves some powerful moments later on; Vanessa Redgrave, flying high—sometimes lyrically, sometimes satirically—is a puzzling yet spectacular Guenevere. With David Hemmings as Mordred, Franco Nero as Lancelot, Laurence Naismith as Merlyn, and Estelle Winwood and Lionel Jeffries. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (181 minutes.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 20.)

CAMILLE (1937)—Like parents crowing over Baby's first steps, M-G-M announced "Garbo talks!" (for "Anna Christie") and "Garbo laughs!" (for "Ninotchka"), but they missed out on this one, when they should have crowed "Garbo acts!" Under George Cukor's direction, she gives a warm yet ironic performance that is possibly her finest. Her Camille is too intelligent for her frivolous life, too generous for her circumstances. Actually, Garbo is inconceivable as a whore—her Camille is a divinity trying to succeed as a whore. (No movie has ever presented a more romantic view of a courtesan.) With the exception of Henry Daniell, as Baron de Varville, the rest of the cast does not rise to the occasion. As Armand, Robert Taylor is inept but not completely unforgivable: he had, at least, a romantic profile. As M. Duval, Lionel Barrymore *is* unforgivable. (Both of them are irredeemably American.) The slow, solemn production is luxuriant in its vulgarity; it achieves that glamour which M-G-M traditionally mistook for style. But, in spite of M-G-M, Garbo's artistry triumphs, and the tearjerker "Camille" is transformed into the "classic" the studio claimed it to be. With Leonore Ulric as Olympe, Laura Hope Crews as Prudence, and Elizabeth Allan, Jessie Ralph, Rex O'Malley, and E. E. Clive. From the novel by Alexandre Dumas, adapted by Frances Marion, James Hilton, and Zoë Akins. (Metro Cinema; March 20.)

COME AND GET IT (1936)—Edward Arnold as the great lumber millionaire of Edna Ferber's story. Some moments of excitement, and even humor. With Joel McCrea and Frances Farmer, directed by Howard Hawks and William Wyler. (Quad Cinema.)

COUP DE TORCHON (CLEAN SLATE)—Bertrand



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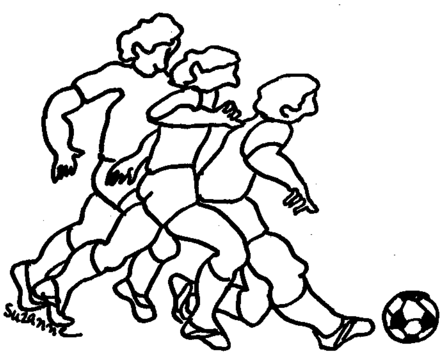
Tavernier's film is set in some sort of French colonial Dogpatch in Africa, in 1938, and it stars Philippe Noiret as a cuckolded weakling who is jeered at by the brutal white men who exploit the natives. He is also the only officer of the law in the area, and he secretly kills off the exploiters, using his reputation for being cowardly and ineffectual as a cover. The movie is torpid even in the early sequences that aim at sly farce, and its thesis is that even such drastic and half-mad cleanup jobs are hopeless. Tavernier may think he's bringing out the rage behind despair, but all he brings out is his sense of futility. The film chokes on its own unresolvable ambiguities. With Isabelle Huppert, who frisks about nakedly and amusingly, and Jean-Pierre Marielle, Stéphane Audran, Guy Marchand, Eddy Mitchell, Samba Mane, Abdoulaye Diop, and Irene Skobline. The script, by Jean Aurenche and Tavernier, is based on the American pulp novel "Pop. 1280," by Jim Thompson, which was set in the American South. *In French.* (*Reviewed in our issue of* 1/24/83.) (Quad Cinema; through March 24.)

Deathtrap (1982)—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. It's set in the East Hampton home of a once successful playwright (Michael Caine) who specializes in thrillers; he plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play, "Deathtrap." Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit, which is in its fifth year on Broadway, is all twists and reversals, and it's designed to be played frivolously and artificially, by slick, easy actors. But the director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life, and at the end the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. Except for the shouting, which has become *de rigueur* in a Lumet film, the actor's don't disgrace themselves. But their skill gives one no pleasure. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones. (4/5/82) (Olympia Quad; starting March 18.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed (at the age of seventy-two) with exhilarating ease. It's a cosmic vaudeville show—an Old Master's mischief. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and the inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. This episodic story is about a group of six friends—discreetly charming amoral beasts—whose attempts to have dinner together are always being interrupted: food, that ritual center of bourgeois well-being, keeps eluding them. Buñuel takes an offhand, prankish approach to the medium; he keeps tweaking us, catching us up in an anecdote or a spooky death joke, and then dropping it. With Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (who plays a bishop with supreme finesse), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Bulle Ogier, Milena Vukotic, Claude Piéplu, and Michel Piccoli. Written by Buñuel and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting March 25.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Fréderic Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Cinema Studio.)



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E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert Macnaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Movieland.)

A Face in the Crowd (1957)—Andy Griffith as a hillbilly guitarist who rises to dangerous prominence on television, in Elia Kazan's blast at the fascist potential in American mass culture. Some exciting scenes in the first half, but the later developments are frenetic, and by the end the film is a loud and discordant mess. With Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa. They could all use a good cold shower. Lee Remick, making her film début, is an amazingly sexy young baton-twirler. Budd Schulberg wrote the script; the music is by Tom Glazer. (Thalia; March 22.)

48 Hrs.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie début) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a compactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (34th St. East, Baronet, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

Gandhi—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

The Great Santini (1980; "The Ace")—This slice-of-family-life melodrama features Robert Duvall as the military-psychopath father and Michael O'Keefe as the sensitive, thoughtful teen-age son. There's a sequence that is a strong metaphor for the ugly competitiveness inside a father's determination to toughen up a son: a one-on-one basketball game between them. Refusing to accept his defeat, the father follows the boy inside the house and demands another game; walking up the stairs right behind the boy, he tries to goad him by bouncing the ball, hard, off the boy's head and calling him "my sweetest little girl." This is the only sequence that hits home, though. Adapted from Pat Conroy's autobiographical novel, "The Great Santini," the movie is set in 1962 in Beaufort, South Carolina, where Conroy grew up, but (as written for the screen and directed by Lewis John Carlino) it takes place in the TV land of predictability—that plain of dowdy realism where a boy finds his manhood by developing the courage to stick to his principles and stand up to his father. Almost inevitably, since this is the South, the principles involve friendship with a saintly black (Stan Shaw), who is crippled and has a stammer, or at least a hesitation, and is martyred by redneck stupidity and cruelty. With Blythe Danner, who comes close to creating a believable woman out of an idealized mother figure and brings in shadings that help to suggest a real family, though she doesn't have a single scene that is really hers. Also with Lisa Jane Persky as the family comic, Theresa Merritt as the housekeeper, David Keith as the redneck so mean he shoots the black's dawg, and Paul Mantee. Music by Elmer Bernstein. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 22.)

The Hustler (1961)—The test of what a man has inside him—the Hemingway type of story frequently set in the bullring or, in this country, in the world of sports, especially among prizefighters. Here, it is set in the world of pool sharks. Paul Newman is the young contender, Eddie Felson; Jackie Gleason is the old champ, Minnesota Fats; Piper Laurie is Eddie's girl; and George C. Scott, his evil manager. Robert Rossen directed this fine movie, which is marred, however, by too conscious an effort at pungent dialogue and some rather murky notions of perversion and corruption. But it's a strong movie, and Newman gives a fine, emotional performance. With Murray Hamilton and Myron McCormick, who is stuck with the worst pseudo-Odets role. From the novel by Walter Tevis, adapted by Rossen and Sidney Carroll; cinematography by Eugen Schüfftan. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; March 22-23.)

Le Jour se Lève (1939; "Daybreak")—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills, played by Jules Berry (who had had a warmup for this role in Renoir's 1935 "The Crime of Monsieur Lange," also from a script by Prévert). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas, it's a definitive example of sensuous, atmospheric moviemaking—you feel that you're breathing the air that Gabin breathes. With Arletty and Jacqueline Laurent, and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. (Remade in the U.S. in 1947, by Anatole Litvak, as "The Long Night," with Henry Fonda in the Gabin role.) In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 21.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the saddest (and worst) movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Thalia; March 24.)

The King of Comedy—Robert De Niro plays Rupert Pupkin, a grossly insensitive, coldhearted deadhead who is determined to become a TV star like his idol, the comic Jerry Langford, played by Jerry Lewis. The director, Martin Scorsese, must have decided to give us the cold creeps; the shots are held so long that we look for more in them than is there. Scorsese designs his own form of alienation in this mistimed, empty movie, which seems to teeter between jokiness and hate. It's "The Day of the Locust" in the age of television, but with a druggy vacuousness that suggests the Warhol productions of the sixties. With Sandra Bernhard as the hysterical Masha, who helps Pupkin kidnap Langford. (Pupkin's ransom demand is a ten-minute guest appearance on Langford's late-night talk show.) Also with Diahnne Abbott as the bartender, Rita, and Shelley Hack as a secretary. From a script by Paul Zimmerman. (3/7/83) (Coronet.)

Local Hero—With Peter Riegert, directed by Bill Forsyth. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

Lovesick—Among the many psychoanalyst characters are the hero Dudley Moore, his crony Wallace Shawn, and Selma Diamond, John Huston, Alan King, Stefan Schnabel, Richard B. Shull, and Alec Guinness (as the shade of a trim, urbane Sigmund Freud). The writer-director, Marshall Brickman, has a dapper, weird precision of tone that's funny, and he starts with a promising (if flimsy) situation: Moore inherits a patient, a young playwright (Elizabeth McGovern), from Shawn, who has fallen in love with her and died of guilt; of course, Moore falls in love with her, too. But Brickman's attention seems to wander away, and the dramatic tension dribbles out. The film's tasteful sprightliness keeps it from being about anything, but there are some terrific comedy performances by Anne DeSalvo, Kent Broadhurst, David Strathairn, Gene Saks, and Renée Taylor. Also with the painter Larry Rivers, his great-bird head held high, as a painter, and Ron Silver as a Hollywood star who resembles Al Pacino. (3/7/83) (Murray Hill, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; through March 17. . . . ¶ Gemini; through March 24. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting March 18.)

Love Story (1970)—The weeper. With Ali MacGraw, Ray Milland, and Ryan O'Neal, who gives a highly effective performance. Directed by Arthur Hiller, from the Erich Segal novel. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 21-22.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday (1953)—People are at their most desperate when they are working at enjoying themselves; it is Jacques Tati's peculiar comic triumph to have caught the ghastliness of a summer vacation at the beach. Fortunately, his technique is light and dry slapstick; the chronicle of human foibles and frustrations never sinks to the moist or the lovable. As director, co-author, and star, Tati is sparse, eccentric, quick. It is not until afterward—with the sweet, nostalgic music lingering—that these misadventures may take on a certain depth and poignancy. In French. (57th St. Playhouse; through March 17.)

My Favorite Year—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozer Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne DeSalvo all have a crack at fresh material. Also with Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Beneditto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit part as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (Gramercy; through March 24.)

The Night of the Shooting Stars—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

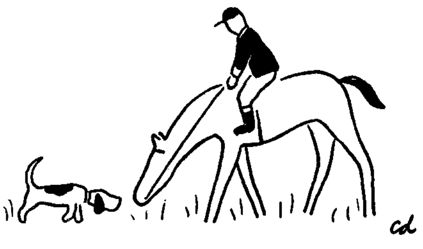
La Nuit de Varennes—With Harvey Keitel, Marcello Mastroianni, Jean-Louis Barrault, and Hanna Schygulla; directed by Ettore Scola. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

An Officer and a Gentleman—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the mill-worker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through March 17. . . . ¶ Guild; starting March 18.)

On Her Majesty's Secret Service (1969)—A worthy addition to the James Bond series. Less sex and sadism and more action, including a great ski chase. With George Lazenby (dull) and Diana Rigg (sly and charming). Directed by Peter Hunt, who stages the action sequences terrifyingly well. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; March 25-26.)

Parsifal—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film is thoughtful, inventive, and very ambitious. The musical performance is of high distinction. The visual imagery is arresting, resonant, and colorful. With two young Swiss, Michael Kutter and Karin Krick, in the dual role of Parsifal (the singing is by the Dresden tenor Reiner Goldberg); Edith Clever as Kundry (sung by Yvonne Minton); Robert Lloyd singing and enacting Gurnemanz; and Aage Haugland as Klingsor. The Swiss conductor Armin Jordan, an outstanding Wagnerian, also plays Amfortas (the role is sung by Wolfgang Schone). The Monte Carlo Philharmonic plays with great breadth and beauty of tone and subtlety of solo inflection, and the Prague Philharmonic Choir's singing is firm and full. In German. (2/21/83; under Musical Events.) (Guild; through March 17.)

Rain (1932)—Joan Crawford is the innocent-at-heart tramp Sadie Thompson in this version of the Somerset Maugham wheezer, adapted by Maxwell Anderson and directed by Lewis Milestone. Crawford is the most unnuanced actress imaginable, and her interpretation of Sadie has absolutely no delicacy. Yet this time her desperate earnestness is fixating. With all the emotion she pours on, and her flashing eyes and twisted-scar mouth and strained voice, she's so totally affected that the affectation begins to seem natural. Her vitality is undeniable. As the sanctimonious Reverend Davidson (Hollywood's archetypal lustful hypocrite), Walter Huston has some startlingly shrewd moments, but the production is stilted and claustrophobic—obviously, the dated stage version of the Maugham story dominated the moviemakers' thinking. With William Gargan, Beulah Bondi, Guy Kibbee, and Matt Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 20.)



Reds (1981)—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty-seven minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. In the first half, she's presented as a tiresome, pettishly hostile, dissatisfied woman, and the film moves on the messy currents of sexual politics. In the second half, she is made to set off on a (fictitious) dangerous journey to go to Reed, who has been imprisoned in Finland; she makes her way across the icy tundra in scenes that seem to belong to a different picture (something Zhivagooey), and then the film embraces her, because she's doing what a woman is supposed to do—go through any hardship to be with her man. This second half moves more swiftly but with conventional epic situations and very familiar visual rhetoric. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional, with Beatty playing a man who dies for an ideal. It's rather a sad movie, because it isn't really very good. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Henry Miller, Dora Russell), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Academy Awards: Best Director, Supporting Actress (Stapleton), Cinematography (Vittorio Storaro). (12/21/81) (Cinema Village; March 25-26.)

Satan's Brew (1977)—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's *agent provacoteur* of a film about a non-writing writer (Kurt Raab) who decides to plagiarize Stefan George. The anti-hero is an irrational slob. In asking us to accept this sadomasochistic charade, Fassbinder is relying on our trust of his talent. In German. (Film Forum; March 23-24.)

Sophie's Choice—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes; evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Manhattan, and Loews 83rd Quad; through March 17. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through March 19. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through March 24.)

Straw Dogs (1971)—Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill to protect his home, and Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the (then) fashionable guise of the territorial imperative, and directed by Sam Peckinpah in a way that apparently affects many men at a very deep, fantasy level. Probably one of the key films of the seventies. Its vision is narrow and puny; Peckinpah sacrifices the flow and spontaneity and the euphoria of spaciousness that have made him a legend—but not the savagery. The only beauty he allows himself is in eroticism and violence, which he links by an extraordinary aestheticizing technique. When the wife is raped, the rape has heat to it and what goes into that heat is the old male barroom attitude: she's asking for it. With David Warner. Screenplay by David Zelag Goodman and Peckinpah, adapted from the novel "The Siege of Trencher's Farm," by Gordon M. Williams. Cinematography by John Coquillon; editing by Paul Davies, Roger Spottiswoode, and Tony Lawson. Filmed in England. (Cinema Village; March 23-24.)

Tales of Ordinary Madness—With Ben Gazzara, directed by Marco Ferreri. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—At the time, Alfred Hitchcock explained the point of view behind the picture: "I am out to give the public good, healthy, mental shake-ups. Civilization has become so screening and sheltering that we cannot experience sufficient thrills at first hand. Therefore, to prevent our becoming sluggish and jellified, we have to experience them artificially." What fun to make a movie in an era when people still needed a bit of a jolt! Even now, Hitchcock's little jolts are more surprising than most of the shocks engineered to stun modern audiences. This suave, amusing spy melodrama is directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit; it's one of the three or four best things Hitchcock ever did. The lead, Robert Donat, was that rarity among English actors: a performer with both personal warmth and professional skill. The heroine is Madeleine Carroll. Hitchcock paired them off by the mischievous use of a gimmick: a man and a woman who detest each other are handcuffed together; as day wears into night, they fall in love. The movie thus contains an extra—implicit, as it were—element of bathroom-humor suspense. Among Hitchcock's other pleasing perversities was the casting of Godfrey Tearle, who looked astonishingly like Franklin Delano Roosevelt, as the chief enemy agent. The film also has one of his rare emotionally felt sequences: the brief, chilling scenes between Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie as a mismated couple joined together by real chains. John Buchan's novel was adapted by Charles Bennett, Ian Hay, and Alma Reville. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 25-26.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—Some people have great affection for this anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, with its knockabout seriousness. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor husband; the plot involves the actors' disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who starts off on the wrong foot and never gets his balance; the performers yowl their lines, and the burlesque of the Nazis, who cower before their superior officers, is so crudely gleeful it isn't funny. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, Felix Bressart, Tom Dugan (as Hitler), Sig Rumann, Maude Eburne, Halliwell Hobbes, and Miles Mander. The script was written by Edwin Justice Mayer, from a story conceived by Lubitsch and Melchior Lengyel. Photographed by Rudolph Maté. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 23-24.)

Tootsie—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, and Loews Paramount. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 17.)

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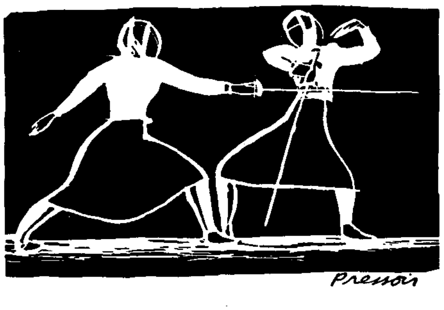
Trouble in Paradise (1932)—Ernst Lubitsch's favorite among his own pictures. Herbert Marshall is a polished crook, and his beloved is Miriam Hopkins, as a sweet-faced international pickpocket; both are trying to fleece a beautiful widow (Kay Francis). There is a lot of comedy in the moonstruck but practical style of Lubitsch's lovers, and in the cryptic way Edward Everett Horton suddenly remembers Marshall's identity, saying, "Tonsils! Positively tonsils!" With Charles Ruggles, C. Aubrey Smith, and Leonid Kinskey. Script by Samson Raphaelson and Grover Jones; it has some remote connection to a play by Laszlo Aladar. (Theater 80 St. Marks; March 23-24).

The Verdict—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. Newman plays his role for all it has got, but it's a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naïve, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With Charlotte Rampling, James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (New Yorker, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through March 24. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting March 25.)

Victor/Victoria (1982)—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. The picture is at its yeastiest in the slapstick embellishments of the preparatory sequences; when the infuriatingly sane and distant Julie Andrews finally gets into men's clothes, there's nothing remotely funny about it. And you don't believe that she could successfully impersonate a woman on the stage. Edwards pulls laughs, though. He does it with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston brings an unholy glee to his work. He plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. (This is yet another movie in which a girl's best friend is a homosexual.) James Garner, with a mustache and acting like a funny, scowly Clark Gable, is a nightclub owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards ties tin cans to her tail—he makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line, headed by Lesley Ann Warren, that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs, by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse, are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria," this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (Gramercy; through March 24.)



Viridiana (1961)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio; starting March 25.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Laurence Olivier has said that in this film the director, William Wyler, taught him how to act on the screen, and there's no doubt that, as Heathcliff, he shows new passion and power. Unfortunately, Merle Oberon's Cathy—though exquisite—lacks the complementary passion; she's a bit chill and dainty for the character hewn in Emily Brontë's "wild workshop" (to use sister Charlotte's phrase). But it's a beautifully made gothic-romantic classic, with many memorable scenes. Hecht and MacArthur did the script; Gregg Toland was the cinematographer; Alfred Newman did the music. The cast includes Flora Robson, David Niven, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp, Hugh Williams, Leo G. Carroll, Miles Mander, Cecil Kellaway, and Alice Ehlers at the harpsichord. The Ventura area (about forty miles north of Los Angeles) was used for the Yorkshire moors. (The novel was first filmed in England in 1920; the many movie versions include one that Buñuel made in Mexico in 1953, an Egyptian production, and another English version, directed by Robert Fuest in 1970 and starring Timothy Dalton and Anna Calder-Marshall. There have been at least seven TV versions—the Heathcliffs have included Richard Burton, Keith Michell, Charlton Heston, Richard Boone, and Tom Tryon, and the Cathys have included Rosemary Harris and Claire Bloom.) (Metro Cinema; March 20.)

The Year of Living Dangerously—Peter Weir's romantic adventure film is set in Indonesia in 1965, during the political upheavals that shook President Sukarno's unstable government, and centers on the Caucasian community of journalists and diplomats in Djakarta. Linda Hunt has the pivotal male role of the goblinlike Billy Kwan, a half-Chinese, half-Australian cameraman who plays matchmaker and brings together Mel Gibson, as a newly arrived Australian foreign correspondent, and Sigourney Weaver, as the assistant military attaché at the British Embassy. A new-style old-time "dangerous" steaminess builds up as Gibson and Weaver eye each other. And though Billy Kwan is the movie's walking conscience and higher moral purpose, Linda Hunt's lyric intensity and concentration help to purify the lines she speaks. Filmed in the Philippines and Australia. With Bill Kerr, Michael Murphy, Bembol Roco, and Noel Ferrier. Based on C. J. Koch's highly readable 1978 novel. (2/21/83) (Manhattan, Quad Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through March 17. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; through March 24.)

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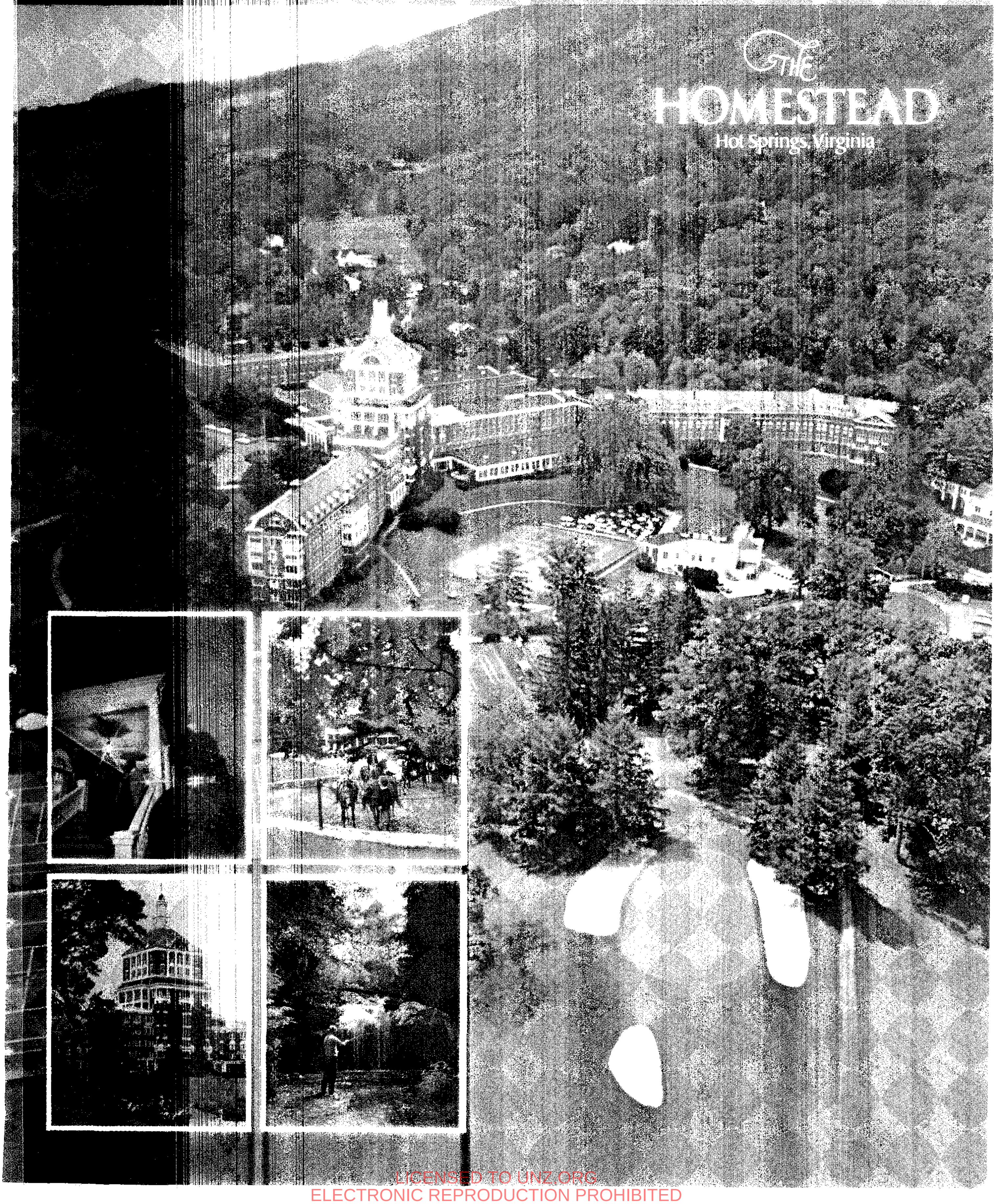
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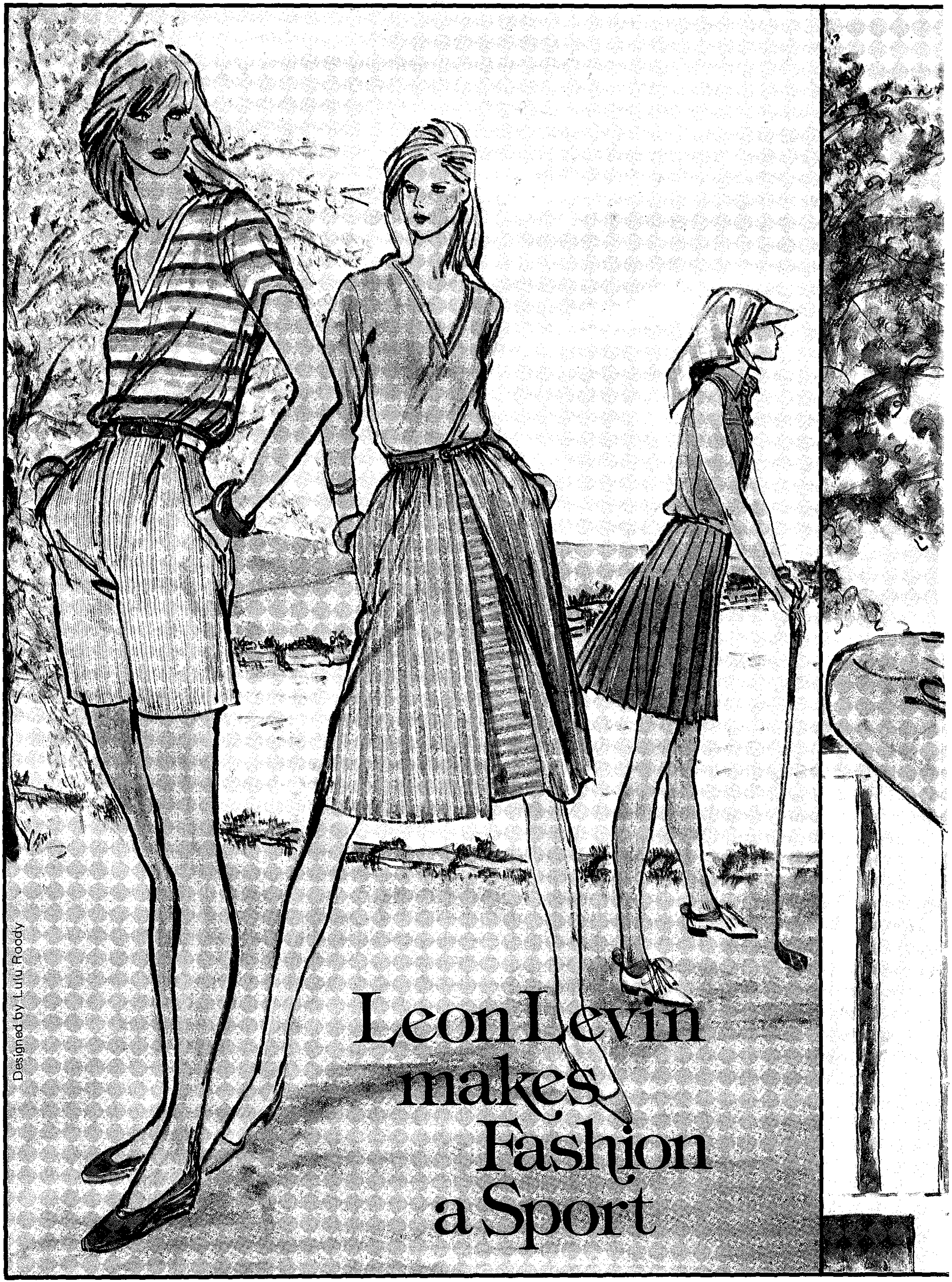
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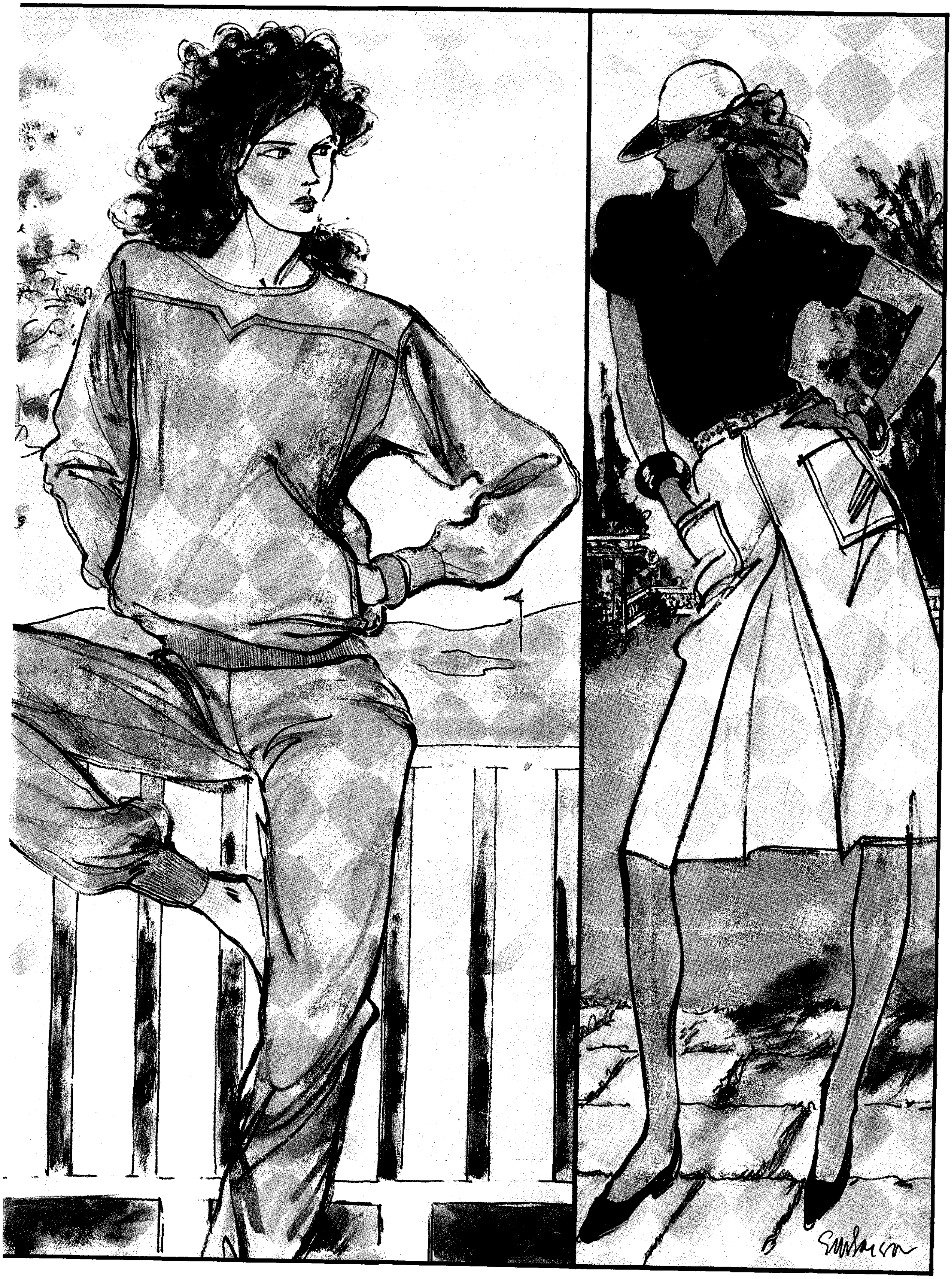
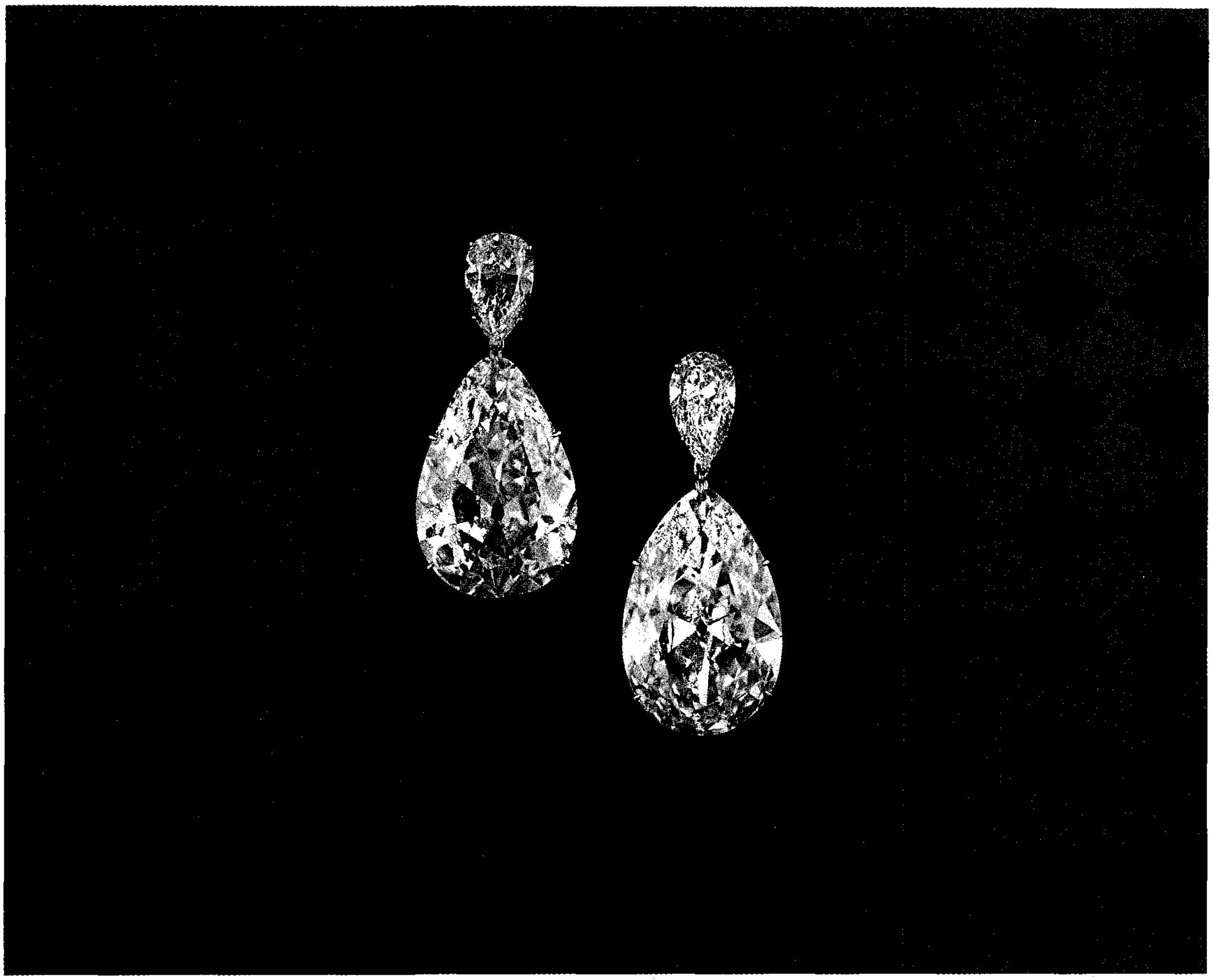


The Diamond and Sotheby's



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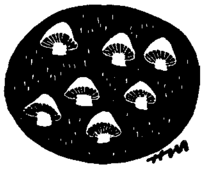
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOME people pass many a pleasant hour hatching plans for the perfect crime. Their imaginations feverish from a diet of detective novels, they dream of airtight alibis and traceless poisons, of plots so elaborate that the police will throw up their hands in consternated bafflement and the insurance company will have no choice but to pay off on the policy. For such schemers we have a suggestion—one that if recent history is any guide should reduce the risk of apprehension to virtually zero: simply lure your intended victim along on a vacation to El Salvador, and do the deed there. The figures floating around Washington in the wake of President Reagan's recent call for increased military aid to El Salvador do not take much advanced work in statistics to comprehend. The number that some congressmen were using was fifteen thousand—fifteen thousand civilians murdered in the last three years—yet not a single member of the government's security forces or the shadowy right-wing death squads, which almost everybody concedes are together responsible for the great bulk of the killings, has been convicted of murder. But even fifteen thousand may be too low a total. A month-old report from the New York-based Lawyers Committee for International Human Rights refers to a total of some thirty thousand killings. Only the murders of four Catholic women in 1980 have resulted in indictments. Last Friday, after Salvadoran officials announced the arrest of some soldiers in the investigation of another American death, a United States Embassy spokesman said that delays in the case would be likely. "We recognize the system here is different from ours," he said. Which is one way of putting it. The deep involvement of the El Salvadoran government and its political allies in the ongoing slaughter could conceivably have something to do with the low conviction rate. It may take a thief to catch a thief, but it helps if the thieving thief and the law-enforcement thief are different people. Our government's reaction to all this would surprise anyone who put much stock in another old maxim—the one about the goose and the gander. American conservatives, including the President, scorn nothing more than a soft judge, and no domestic formula—not even trickle-down economics—wins more devout obeisance than the notion that punishment deters crime. But in El Salvador the same government that can't find a single murderer has recently been "certified" as making progress in human rights—a mystical rite akin to granting a plenary indulgence but performed by an American President and lasting only six months. Thirty thousand unsolved murders! Secretary of State George Shultz declared a few weeks back that leftists were guilty of "creating hell" in El Salvador. Creating it out of what, we'd like to know.

Finding a few scapegoats and trundling them to jail as convicted murderers will not solve El Salvador's problem, of course. The murder statistics are just one early and easy-to-spot step in a logical proof that leads to Q.E.D.: power needs to be transferred to those who will use it wisely and peacefully to end the land-hunger, the oligarchy, and assorted other injustices, which account much more than the Kremlin for El Salvador's distress. But, wisdom and compassion being in shorter supply than helicopters and mortars, that course seems none too likely. A reasonable chance exists that El Salvadoran repression will be entirely successful, and that when that happens the country's human-rights record really will improve dramatically. There comes a time when lessons have been learned, or, at least, when no one much is left around to murder.



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"The Little Prince"

WE went over to the Pierpont Morgan Library to see Mr. Herbert Cahoon as soon as we learned from Howard Scherry, a fellow-enthusiast about Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, that the working manuscript of Saint-Exupéry's "The Little Prince" was going to be exhibited there (until April 10th), in celebration of the fortieth anniversary of the book's publication. The story—of a little prince who leaves his asteroid, B-612, because of the overbearing pride of his only flower; visits six planets before landing in the Sahara; meets the pilot-narrator, who has had a mechanical failure and is trying to repair his plane; and learns from a fox that "what is essential is invisible to the eye"—has, of course, become a classic. Mr. Cahoon, the curator of autograph manuscripts at the library, is a portly, slow-moving man with a high complexion and regular, fine-drawn features. He took us up in a hesitant elevator to his office, on the second floor—a large and airy room lined with books and filing cabinets. Some of the cabinets are the old-fashioned kind, made of wood, with rabbit-hutch drawers and brass handles. The office, with its books and pictures, has both an erudite and an aesthetic air. "It gives onto the garden," said Mr. Cahoon. "I could see the birds on the lawn before this table was put in." There was a long and wide table standing by the window. At his own deliberate pace, Mr. Cahoon brought a blue cloth box with a red label on its side over to a small round table, opened it, and took out a thick bundle of onionskin paper. It was a heavy-looking manuscript for such a compact little book.

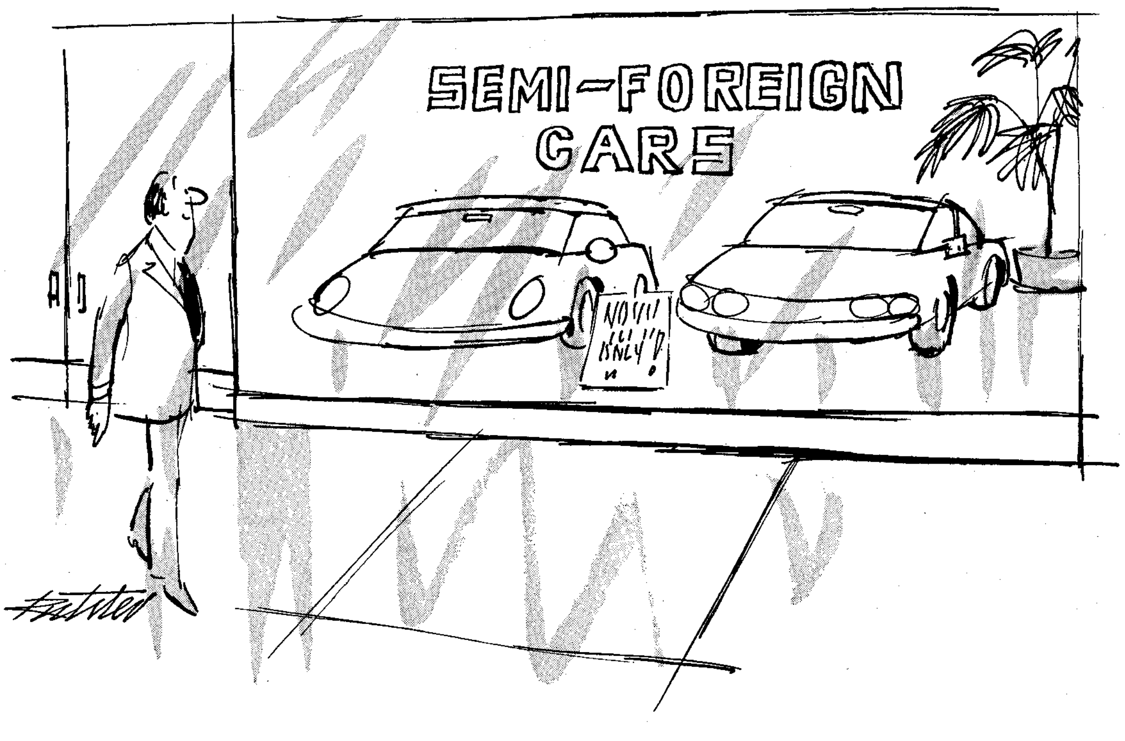
We knew that the manuscript had been acquired from Silvia Hamilton Reinhardt, to whom Saint-Exupéry gave it as a parting gift, together with his old Zeiss Ikon, when, in 1943, he left the United States, where he had been living for two years, to join a French reconnaissance group flying American planes out of North Africa. (She had had a gold identification bracelet made up for him, blood group and all.) They had met in 1942, at the home of Lewis Galantière, Saint-Exupéry's usual English-language translator, and had become friends. "We don't know what made her part with it," Mr. Cahoon told us. "We got it in 1968. We have always had a fund for children's literature. This manuscript was bought through it—the Elisabeth Ball Fund. Eugene Reynal gave us two photographs of Saint-Exupéry, which I am using in the exhibition." The photographs were rather ordinary. They showed Saint-Exupéry as a pilot—one standing beside his plane and one in the cockpit. "It's wonderful to have," Mr. Cahoon said of the working manuscript. He lifted a page and held it up to an overhead light. " 'Fidelity Onion Skin, Made in U.S.A.,' " he read.

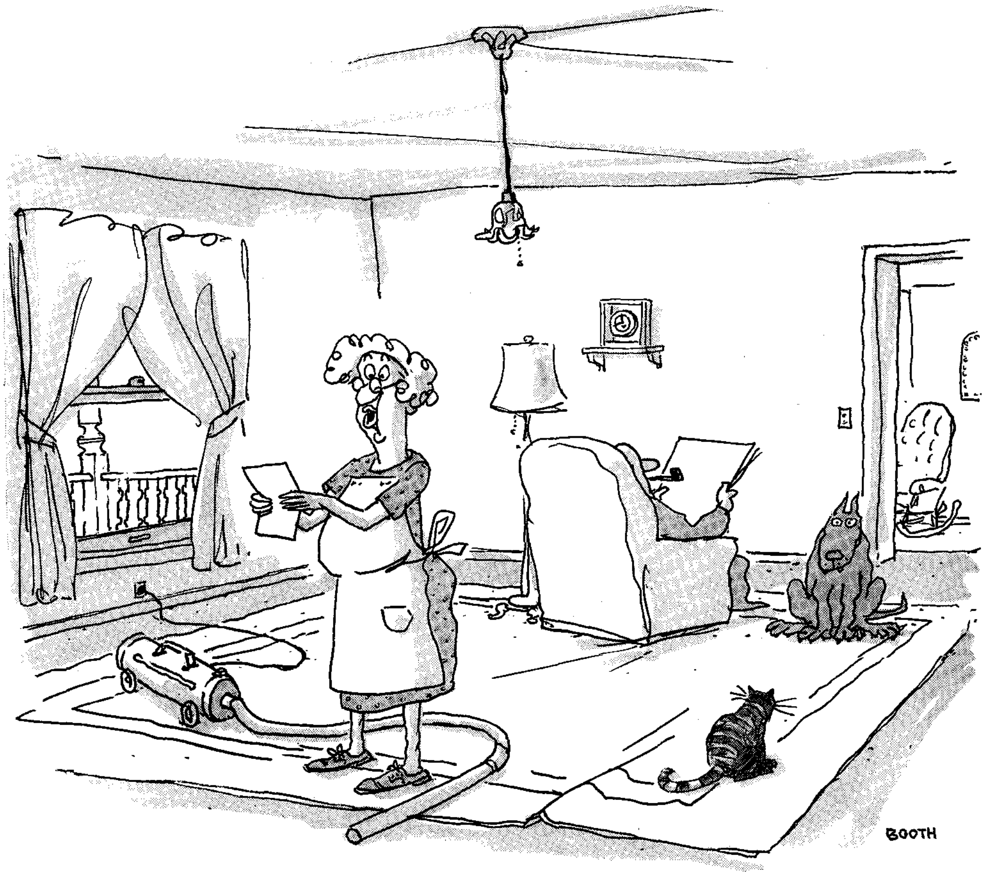
Saint-Exupéry wrote "The Little Prince" while he was living in the United States. It was published in 1943 by Reynal & Hitchcock. During his two years here, Saint-Exupéry also wrote "Flight to Arras" and "Letter to a Hostage." Saint-Ex, as he was called by everyone who ever came in contact with him, would have been eighty-three this year. His handwriting in this manuscript is of the type the French describe as "legs of flies." It is minute and almost totally illegible. The manuscript of "The Little Prince" comprises a hundred and forty pages of text and preliminary drawings followed by thirty-five pages of drawings in pen and watercolor. The early drawings, incorporated into the text, differ from the final versions. For example, in its early version the sheep that the Little Prince asks the narrator to draw for him is barely recognizable as a sheep. "Here he looks like E.T.," Mr. Cahoon said, with a chuckle. And the long, rectangular box with the air holes which the narrator draws in despair after his three attempts at a sheep fail to satisfy the Little Prince is a simple cube to start with. "There were *five hundred and twenty-five signed* copies of 'The Little Prince' printed in the limited English-language edition, and two hundred and sixty in the French," Mr. Cahoon said as he continued to show us the pages, one by one. "The English translation is by Katherine Woods."

The text does not flow. It goes by fits and starts. A paragraph is begun, abandoned, and begun again. At first, Saint-Ex writes in pencil—an extraordinarily well-sharpened pencil, for the writing is minute. Later, he switches to a very fine pen and brown ink. "There are portions that are left in here that do not appear in the book, and portions of the book that do not appear in the manuscript," said Mr. Cahoon. "And the wording shows marked differences." At a certain point in the manuscript, the paper becomes thicker and the author's handwriting larger; he is using a wider pen. Once again, Mr. Cahoon held a sheet of the paper up to the light. "Macadam Bond," he announced. Saint-Ex must have been a careless smoker, for the manuscript is dotted with circular holes edged in rust-brown. And he must have prodded his working nights with coffee, for there are nearly as many beigy-brown stains, most often at the edges of a page. "This manuscript was really thought upon," said Mr. Cahoon. "You can see why it's one of our favorites. But *no* one will be able to read it." Pages of the manuscript on mounts, together with the two photographs and copies of the first editions of "The Little Prince," are being shown in a large breakfront near the library's sales desk, in "the cloister," a long, narrow room.

Saint-Ex must have enjoyed drawing the baobab trees that threaten to overwhelm the Little Prince's asteroid, for there are three lovely detailed drawings of them in fine brown pen-and-ink. And, finally, there is an apotheosis of the Little Prince, in flight above an earthly landscape. "Looks as if someone rescued it from the wastepaper basket," Mr. Cahoon said, holding it up to the light. Sure enough, it had been crumpled into a ball and then smoothed out again. This drawing concluded the manuscript, and Mr. Cahoon said, "You can see why our director—our former director, that is, Frederick B. Adams Jr.—was so delighted about acquiring it."

Mr. Cahoon accompanied us as far as the front steps of the library, and we went off with a jumble of figures and facts crowding our head. Close to four million copies of "The Little Prince" have been sold to date, and it is now selling at a rate of more than two hundred





"Oh, good! The bank says I have some money! That's good! Because I had a feeling I didn't have any money in there! Whoooeee!"

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thousand a year. It has been translated into fifty languages. It has been filmed twice—once in the Soviet Union, and once, as a musical, in the United States. Today, Saint-Exupéry, whose work was introduced to the *Nouvelle Revue Frànçaise* by André Gide, is the best-selling and most widely translated author at Gallimard.

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry was born in Lyons in 1900 and grew up nearby, in an ancestral house—an aristocrat who would never use his family title of Count. He became a professional pilot in the heroic age of early aviation—the age of hazardous postal routes, extravagant friendships, and aviators-as-heroes. When the *Aéropostale* collapsed, Saint-Ex took to racing planes for prize money. It was during one of those races that he crashed, with his co-pilot, in the Sahara. In the following years, he was a pilot, a journalist, and a lecturer, and at the same time he managed to write a series of extraordinarily successful books—"Night Flight," "Wind, Sand, and Stars," "Southern Mail," "Flight to Arras," and "Letter to a Hostage" as well as "The Little Prince"—and the posthumous thick, almost inaccessible "Wisdom of the Sands." He disappeared on the thirty-first of July, 1944, during a reconnaissance mission over Occupied France. It is now believed that he was shot down over the Mediterranean by a German fighter pilot a few kilometres south of the port of St.-Raphaël. His plane, a P-38 Lightning, emblazoned with the French tricolor on one wing and the American flag on the other, was not armed.

It is amazing to think that during his two years of exile in the United States he was able to work simultaneously on "The Little Prince" and "Wisdom of the Sands," for if the latter is almost incomprehensible the former is the most lucid of fairy tales, written with crystalline delicacy and deep tenderness. The cadence of the prose, and of the dialogue between the Little Prince, the different characters he meets, and the narrator, is perfection. There is not a single false note in the French text. Inevitably, certain subtleties are lost in the English translation. In French, for example, when the Little Prince speaks his first words, "If you please, draw me a sheep," the "If you please" is said in the polite form and "draw me a sheep" in the familiar. Katherine Woods' translation is adequate most of the time, but she introduces into the English a note of gentility which is totally absent from the French. (She writes "tippler" for "drunkard," "adornment" for "dressing-up," and "charming" instead of "ravishing," and when the fox says "You see the grainfields down yonder?" he should be saying "See the wheat fields over there?")

Tall, powerfully built, his body aching from mysterious wounds—for he had survived several near-fatal crashes—and the right side of his face furrowed by a network of terrible scars, Saint-Ex came into the life of a close friend of ours preceded by his legend. (It certainly didn't weigh on him much, she says, for a simpler, more direct man would be difficult to imagine.) He was living in New York, off and on. He seemed happy in the company of children. Because he had receding hair, cropped very close to the scalp, and a lumbering walk, our friend—at the time a little girl of about twelve—thought, mistakenly, that he was an old man. But she also sensed, correctly, that he was a man set apart, who belonged to the tiny, terrible élite of those who live their lives beyond the limit and never die in their beds. He didn't speak a word of English, though he had made a vague attempt to learn it. In a taxi, once, his large frame perched on the edge of a jump seat, he simply gave the driver the address in French. He was doubly exiled in this country—exiled from his country and exiled from the skies. He couldn't stand being grounded. He worked a great deal. He wrote at night, woke his friends up with telephone calls at two and three in the morning, and then slept into the day. But he couldn't have slept very much, for our friend remembers him wide awake at lunchtime. The rest of the day he spent with friends. He had an extraordinary talent for friendship.

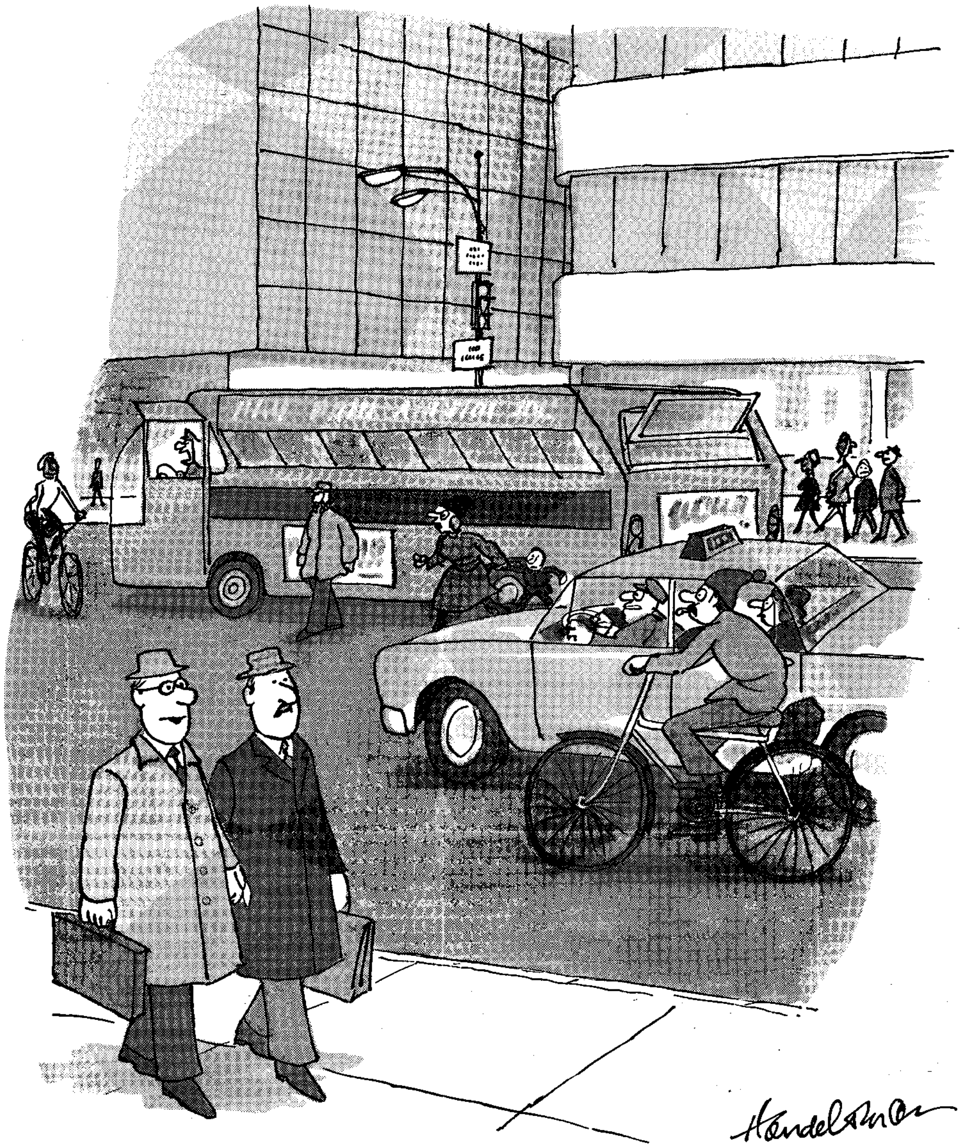
He taught our friend card tricks. (He was famous for his card tricks.) She took walks with him by the lake in Central Park, not far from where he lived, on Central Park South. He illustrated a letter he sent her with a self-portrait that closely resembled the Little Prince, except that instead of a golden mop he gave himself an abundant head of straight hair. Years later, she understood that Saint-Ex identified himself as much with the Little Prince as he did with the pilot-narrator. Their ends were similar: they both simply vanished.

Handbag

A YOUNG woman writes:

Last week, I met my friend for tea at the Mayfair Hotel. The Mayfair has good tea, so my friend didn't have to get her own tea bag out of her handbag. Actually, if we hadn't come in out of the cold to a place that offered food and drink we would still have survived; in addition to the tea bag she carries a chocolate bar at all times. The small pepper mill she carries would probably not be useful in such a situation.

I romanticize my friend—I think her handbag contains *everything*. She has what she calls first-degree, second-degree, and third-degree carriers. The handbag changes, but the carriers—the little zippered pouches inside—don't. In the first-degree pouch she carries mostly makeup: blush, lip gloss, and hand cream, together with an emery board, a mirror, and a comb. She takes this with her if she goes out for half an hour. She takes her second-degree pouch in addition (stuffed fuller than No. 1) when she will be gone more than three hours. It contains: more hand cream; perfume; lipstick; aspirin in a small bottle; toothpaste; a folding toothbrush; Stim-U-Dents and Bit O' Wax (dental floss); tweezers; eyeliner pencil; a can opener; the tea bag (Prince of Wales); the chocolate bar; the pepper mill, in its own case; a plastic spoon ("I might want to eat yogurt"); vitamins; a sewing kit; and Papier Poudre, which is blotting paper with powder on the other side. The third-degree pouch contains a desk, of sorts: a calculator with instructions for working it (she forgets); a stapler and extra staples (she says she has no trouble opening it to reload, because she uses the tweezers from Pouch No. 2); large scissors; a large eraser; automatic pencils; a regular pencil ("if I want to feel down-to-earth"); a red pencil, for special notes to herself; one large plastic paper clip; stamps for postcards and for letters; a ball-point pen; and a roller pen. She used to carry a fountain pen, in case she had to write something romantic, but it leaked one too many times. There is a special change purse with only quarters and dimes ("If you put them with your regular change, you spend them"), and a Gucci Kleenex case ("Kleenexes eviscerate themselves in your bag"). She also has: a black Gucci wallet with one credit card (lost eight times); a big change purse, which she carries receipts in; tinted glasses (three: the same frames, with interchangeable lenses, tinted dark, medium, and light); and a red Day-Timer, which includes a calendar page for lists of things to buy, exhibits to see, records to listen to, names and addresses, books to get from the library, and places to have drinks which give you free food, and also includes a pad of paper with her name and address imprinted, all her membership cards, a phone credit card, ads offering discounts, and an acrostic puzzle. There is a small folding raincoat (turquoise), a clothesbrush, a magazine. There is another can opener—can openers seem to be among her favorite things. She often uses this one in airports, to open small cans of V-8 juice. My favorite thing, I think, is the one dearest to the heart of all her friends: a Swiss Army-knife key chain, which offers two knives, a fruit peeler, a screwdriver, a nail cleaner, scissors, and a toothpick. At the Mayfair, as she held out the Swiss Army-knife key chain the gentleman sitting at the next table, who had craned his neck around as her litany of objects progressed, quickly faced forward again.



"I don't know how you and I would be rated by the psychiatrists in the Soviet Union, but I'd say we're fairly sane by New York standards."

"What do people think about all this stuff you have?" I asked her.

"They're usually a little embarrassed," she said. "It escalates from 'Oh, really?' to 'You're kidding.' "

"I don't think anyone else has a handbag like that," I said. "How did you get so organized?"

She said, "Most people just let their anxieties build. You know—'I wish I had my hand cream.' "

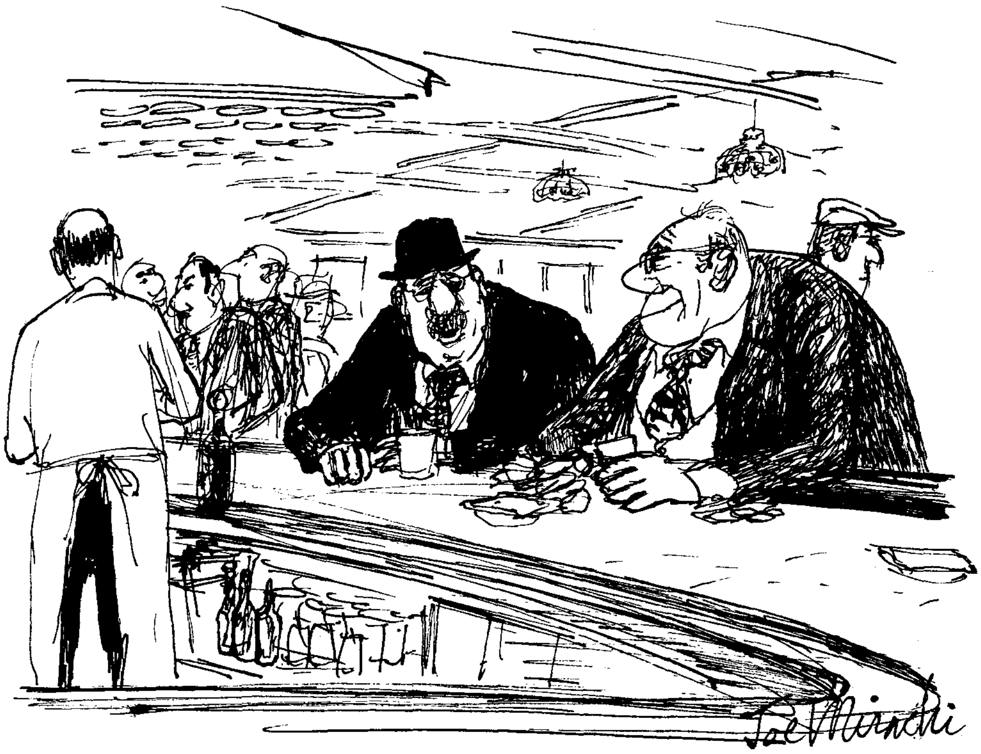
She blamed herself, however, for not buying more notebooks with red spirals when she was in Norway. In one—her Rapportblokk—she had made notes to herself about such things as where to find the best film processors in the country, and had copied down a recipe for fried chicken. The boarding pass for American Airlines was in there by mistake.

The inventory she gave me of her handbag was like every parent's dream of a child who doesn't say "I dunno" the day after Christmas when some relative asks what he or she got but instead remembers every single thing.

"What kind of handbag did you carry in high school?" I asked.

She looked slightly surprised. "A pencil clipped to the front of my notebook," she said. "It was too bulky to go inside." She sipped her tea. She said, "In the Midwest, nice girls carried everything in full view of the world."

Behind her, in the center of the room, was a large spray of flowers: it included spider mums, other kinds of chrysanthemums, and—what seemed miraculous to me on such a cold winter day—branches of forsythia just starting to blossom. Somehow, from somewhere, one of the first signs of spring had been found and brought inside the hotel.



"If today is the first day of the rest of my life, what was yesterday?"

• •

Ahoy There!

SHIP-WATCHING beats bird-watching all to hell. Ships are easy to spot, and they don't disappear if you make sudden movements. You don't need to stand downwind so they won't hear you, there's none of that pesky male-female distinguishing to be done, and ships have their names painted right on them, so you don't have to bother with books. Anyway, a bird has no *cargo!* He has no *flag!* He has no *variable itinerary!*

All this we figured out a week ago Sunday while we were perched on a muddy hillside in Owls Head Park, in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn, which is not far from the Verrazano Narrows Bridge. We were a small part of history's fourth formal ship-watching expedition to be led by two crackerjack Urban Park Rangers, Lisa Breslof and Michele Cumbo. The Urban Park Rangers work for the city's Parks Department and, among other duties, conduct educational tours and expeditions like this one. Our expedition—a party of twenty—formed out of sight of the water, in the center of the park, and several of its members practiced using their binoculars by scrutinizing a passing helicopter. After a few minutes' wait, the party marched up the hill, which overlooks Brooklyn's Sixty-ninth Street pier and the main shipping lanes of New York Harbor. A number of ships were visible, riding at anchor. Clearly, it was going to be a fine day for ship-watching.

First, though, we heard a short history of the harbor from Ranger Cumbo, who said she was often asked about the difference between "bite," which she illustrated by closing her teeth on her fingers, and "bight," which is the name given to the New Jersey–New York coast all the way from Cape May out to Long Island, because of its gently curving shape. "Mankind has used the bight area for over eleven thousand years," she pointed out. "But we've been destroying it for only three hundred and fifty years."

By this time, the expedition was itching to touch binocular to eye and do some ship-watching. At a magnification of seven times, and guided by Ranger Breslof, we saw:

The Frank Schroder, a "small general-cargo carrier," probably of German origin.

An enormous rectangular ship, which a man on our right who seemed to know whereof he spoke told us was carrying cars—probably Toyotas.

The Staten Island Ferry, notable for looking the same at both ends.

Several tugboats, a pilot boat, a police boat, and a vessel with the dashing red stripe of the United States Coast Guard.

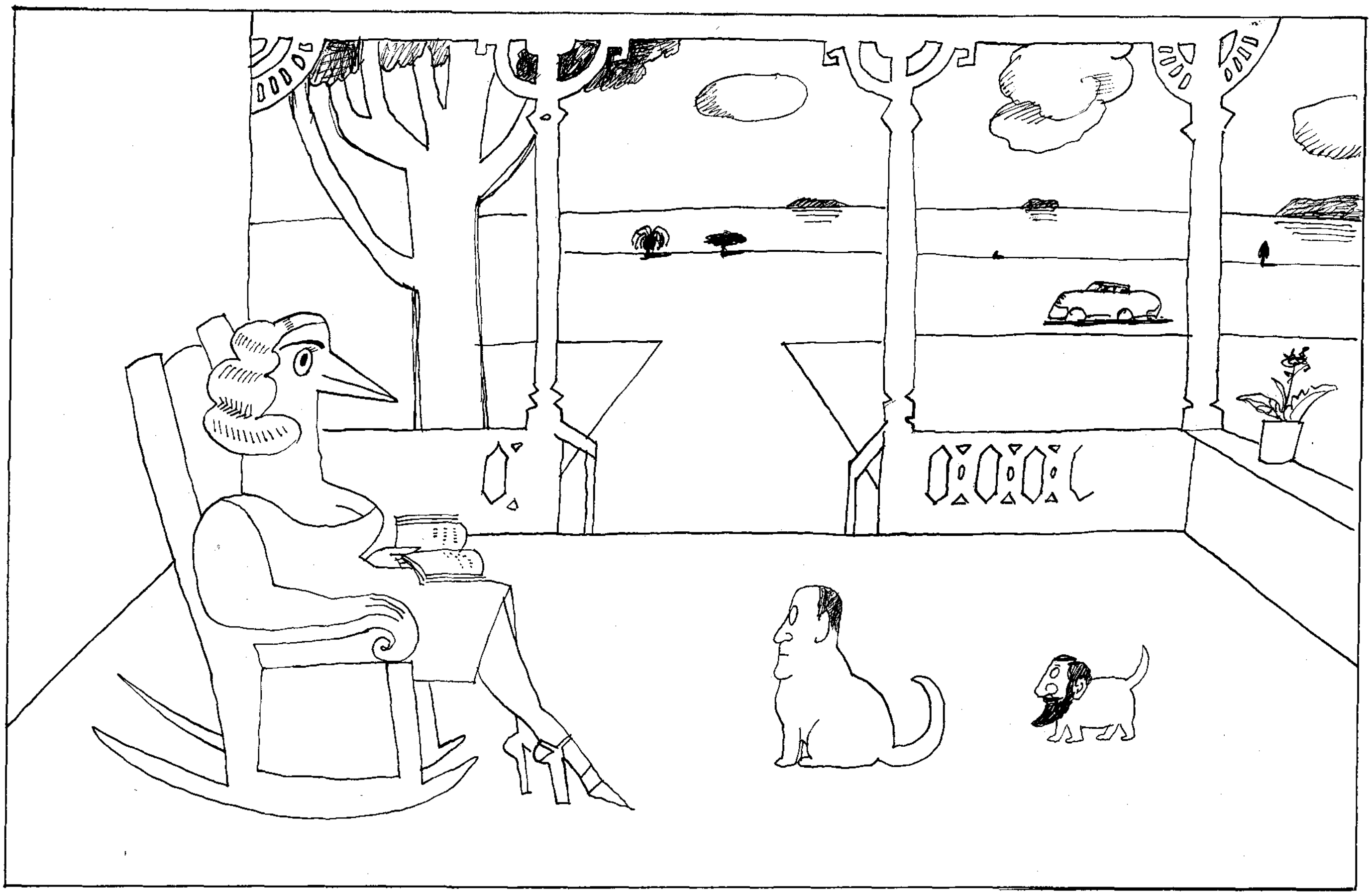
An orange haze, which, we fear, was air pollution.

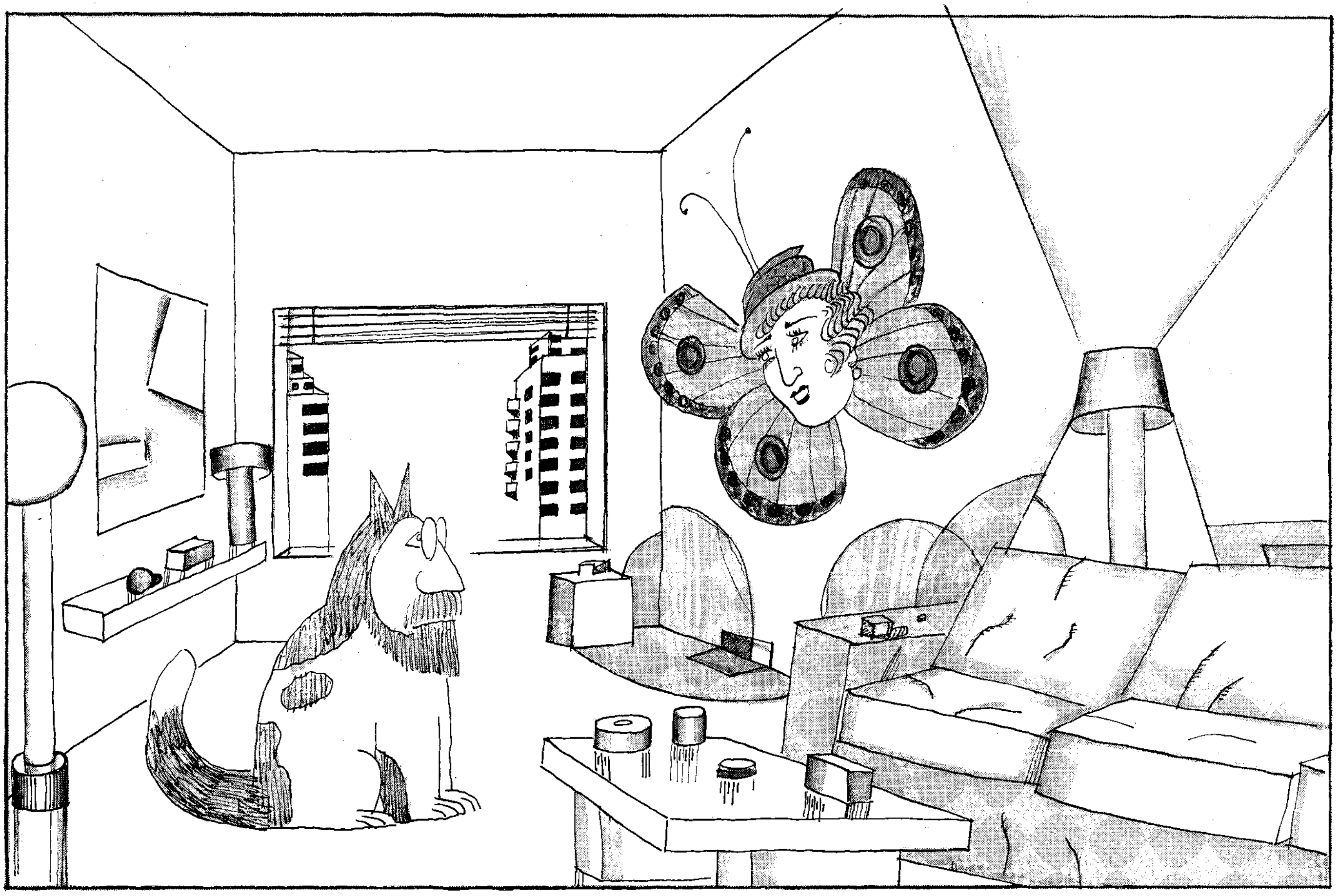
And a pretty blond woman who was waving to us, or someone near us, from the back of a motorcycle travelling at excessive speed and without the aid of a muffler down the Belt Parkway.

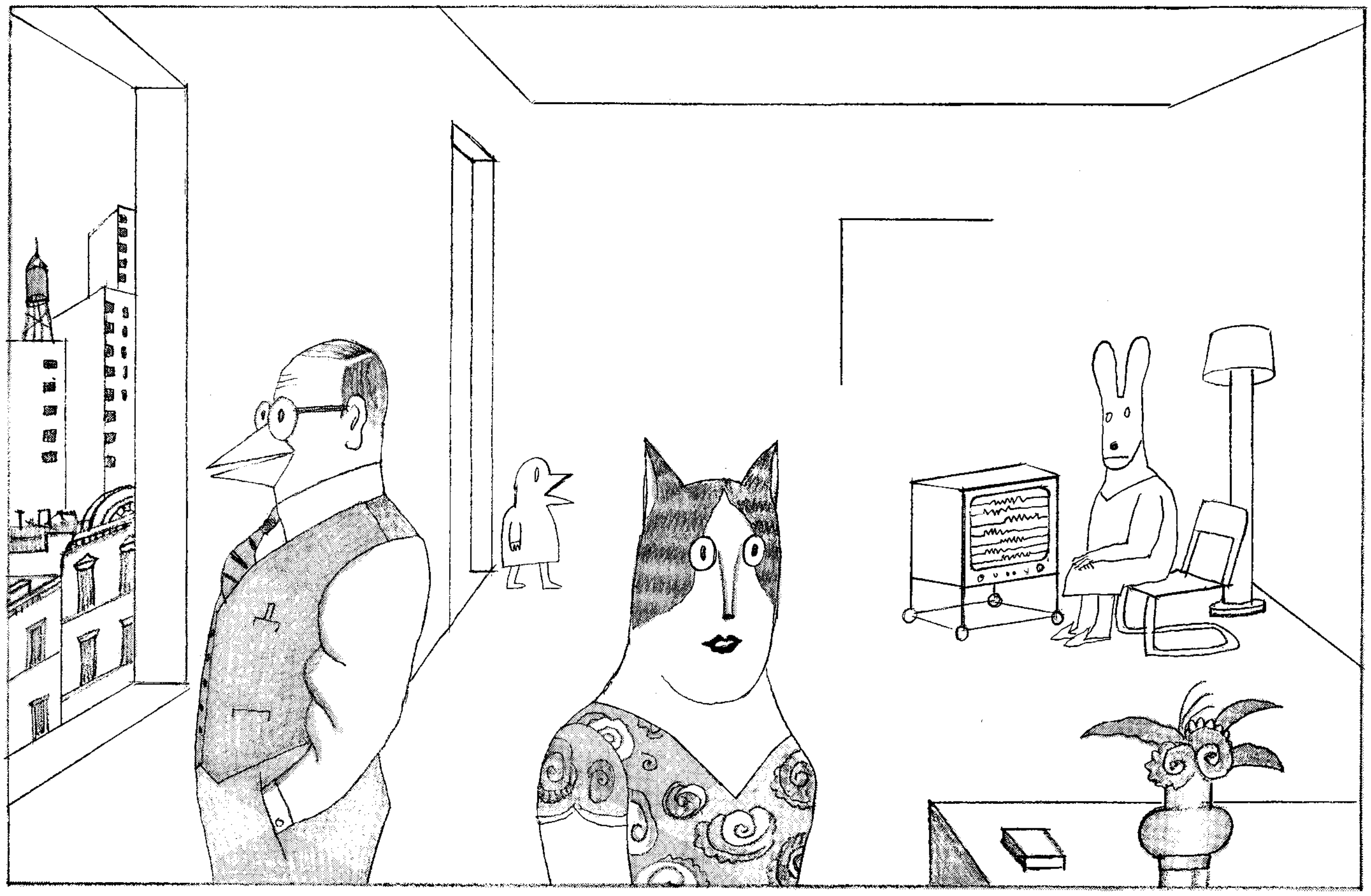
While we scanned the harbor, we kept both ears peeled for the running commentary of our Ranger guides. We learned that the Army Corps of Engineers has special boats designed solely to retrieve debris from the harbor, one of which once retrieved a giraffe that had fallen overboard and drowned while en route to a zoo. Also that shipworms continue to plague wooden vessels, docks, and piers, as they have for millennia. And that container ships have revolutionized shipping.

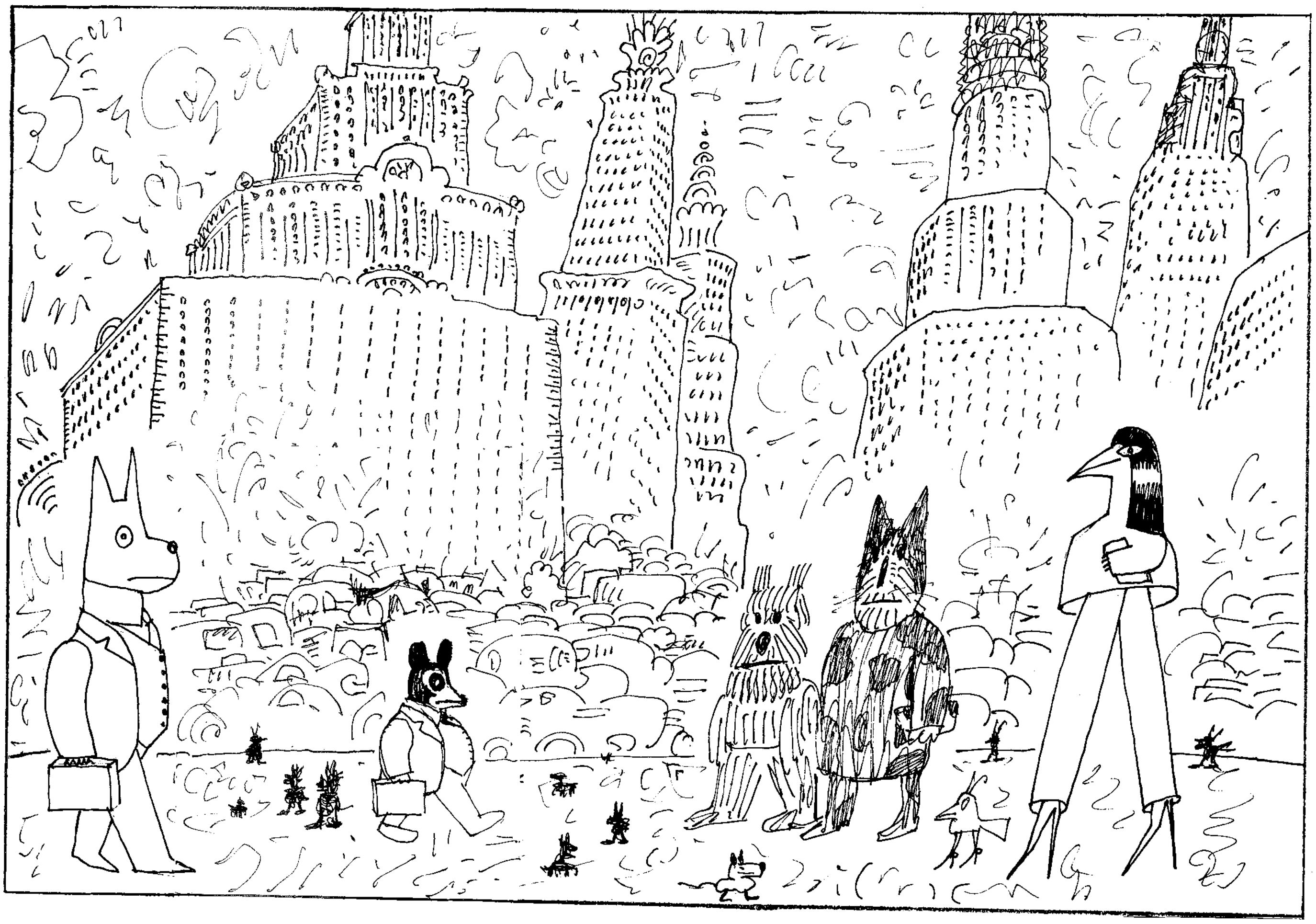
It was fascinating. But one man in our group seemed unhappy. He kept staring through his binoculars at a patch of grass by the harbor's edge. Finally, he said, with a note of hope in his voice, "There are some very interesting varieties of birds down there."

DOMESTIC ANIMALS







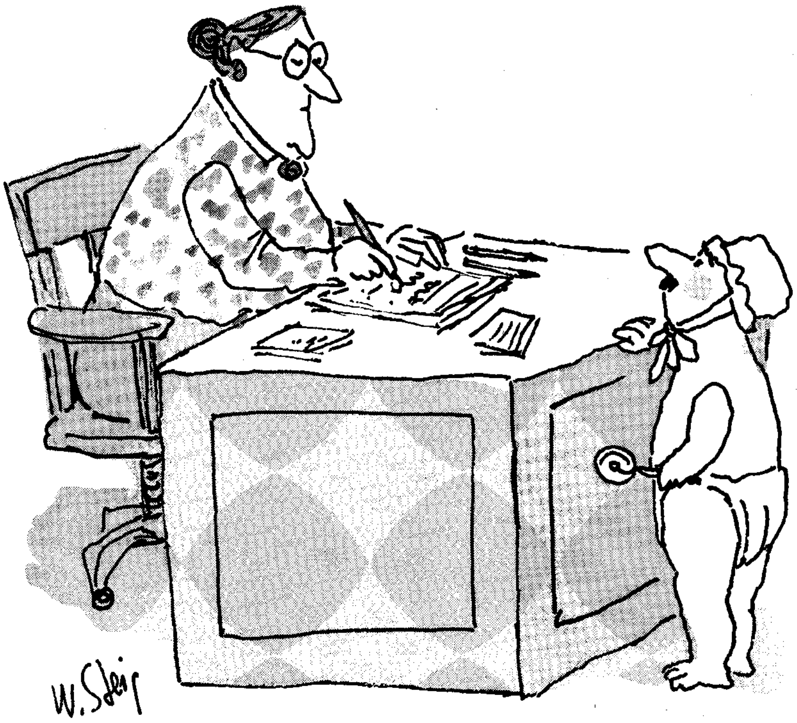


STEINBERG

ROSA

Rosa Lublin, a madwoman and a scavenger, gave up her store—she smashed it up herself—and moved to Miami. It was a mad thing to do. In Florida she became a dependent. Her niece in New York sent her money and she lived among the elderly, in a dark hole, a single room in a "hotel." There was an ancient dresser-top refrigerator and a one-burner stove. Over in a corner a round oak table brooded on its heavy pedestal, but it was only for drinking tea. Her meals she had elsewhere, in bed or standing at the sink—sometimes toast with a bit of sour cream and half a sardine, or a small can of peas heated in a Pyrex mug. Instead of maid service there was a dumbwaiter on a shrieking pulley. On Tuesdays and Fridays it swallowed her meager bags of garbage. Squads of dying flies blackened the rope. The sheets on her bed were just as black—it was a five-block walk to the laundromat. The streets were a furnace, the sun an executioner. Every day without fail it blazed and blazed, so she stayed in her room and ate two bites of a hard-boiled egg in bed, with a writing board on her knees; she had lately taken to composing letters.

She wrote sometimes in Polish and sometimes in English, but her niece had forgotten Polish; most of the time Rosa wrote to Stella in English. Her English was crude. To her daughter Magda she wrote in the most excellent literary Polish. She wrote on the brittle sheets of abandoned stationery that inexplicably turned up in the cubbyholes of a blistered old desk in the lobby. Or she would ask the Cuban girl in the receptionist's cage for a piece of blank billing paper. Now and then she would find a clean envelope in the lobby bin; she would meticulously rip its seams and lay it out flat: it made a fine white square, the fresh face of a new letter.



Man Answering a Questionnaire

The room was littered with these letters. It was hard to get them mailed—the post office was a block farther off than the laundromat, and the hotel lobby's stamp machine had been marked "OUT OF ORDER" for years. There was an oval tin of sardines left open on the sink counter since yesterday. Already it smelled vomitous. She felt she was in hell. "Golden and beautiful Stella," she wrote to her niece. "Where I put myself is in hell. Once I thought the worst was the worst, after that nothing could be the worst. But now I see, even after the worst there's still more." Or she wrote: "Stella, my angel, my dear one, a devil climbs into you and ties up your soul and you don't even know it."

To Magda she wrote: "You have grown into a lioness. You are tawny and you stretch apart your furry toes in all their power. Whoever steals you steals her own death."

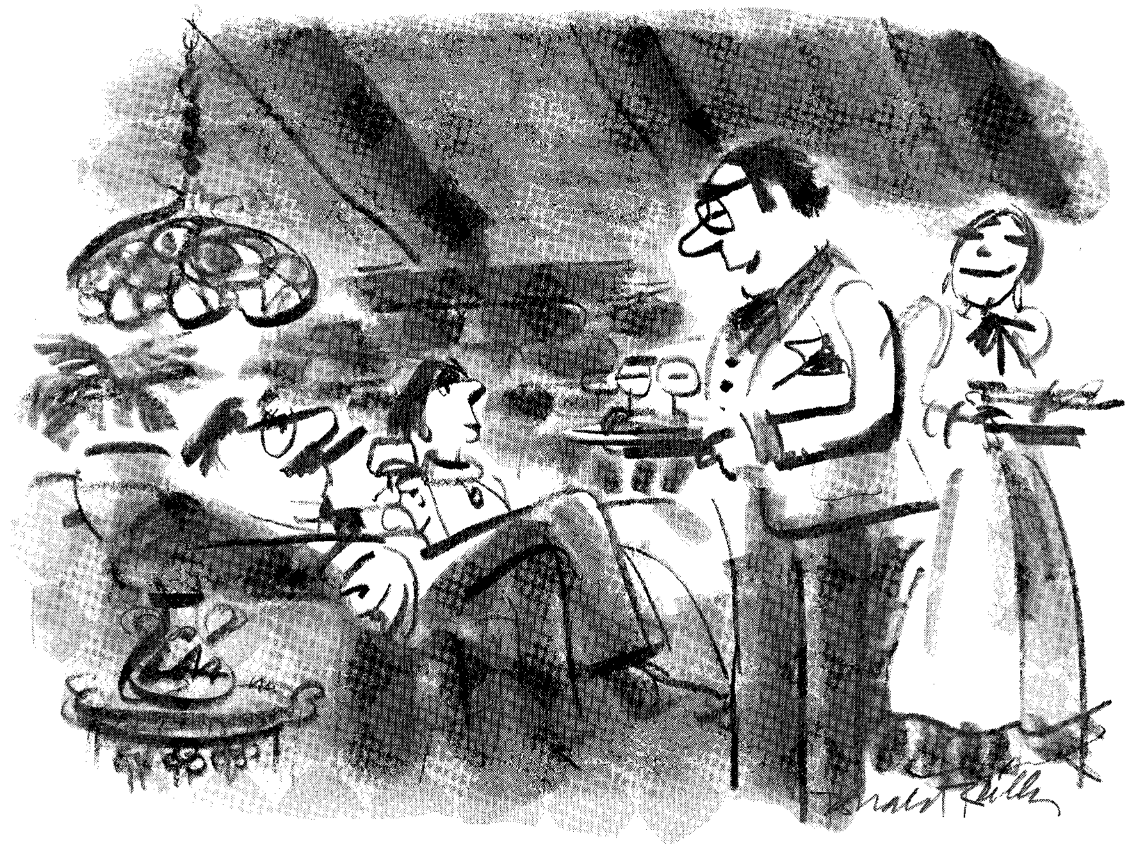
Stella had eyes like a small girl's, like a doll's. Round, not big but pretty, bright skin underneath, fine pure skin above, tender eyebrows like rainbows, and lashes as rich as embroidery. She had the face of a little bride. You could not believe from all this beauty, these doll's eyes, these buttercup lips, these baby's cheeks, you could not believe in what harmless containers the bloodsucker comes.

Sometimes Rosa had cannibal dreams about Stella: she was boiling her tongue, her ears, her right hand, such a fat hand with plump fingers, each nail tended and rosy, and so many rings, not modern rings but old-fashioned junkshop rings. Stella liked everything from Rosa's junkshop, everything used, old, lacy with other people's history. To pacify Stella, Rosa called her Dear One, Lovely, Beautiful; she called her Angel; she called her all these things for the sake of peace, but in reality Stella was cold. She had no heart. Stella, already nearly fifty years old, the Angel of Death.

The bed was black, as black as Stella's will. After a while Rosa had no choice, she took a bundle of laundry in a shopping cart and walked to the laundromat. Though it was only ten in the morning, the sun was killing. Florida, why Florida? Because here they were shells like herself, already fried from the sun. All the same she had nothing in common with them. Old ghosts, old socialists: idealists. The Human Race was all they cared for. Retired workers, they went to lectures, they frequented the damp and shadowy little branch library. She saw them walking with Tolstoy under their arms, with Dostoevski. They knew good material. Whatever you wore they would feel between their fingers and give a name to: faille, corduroy, shantung, jersey, worsted, velours, crêpe. She heard them speak of bias, grosgrain, the "season," the "length." Yellow they called mustard. What was pink to everyone else to them was sunset; orange was tangerine; red was hot tomato. They were from the Bronx, from Brooklyn, lost neighborhoods, burned out. A few were from West End Avenue. Once she met a former vegetable-store owner from Columbus Avenue; his store was on Columbus Avenue, his residence not far, on West Seventieth Street, off Central Park. Even in the perpetual garden of Florida, he reminisced about his flowery green heads of romaine lettuce, his glowing strawberries, his sleek avocados.

It seemed to Rosa Lublin that the whole

peninsula of Florida was weighted down with regret. Everyone had left behind a real life. Here they had nothing. They were all scarecrows, blown about under the murdering sunball with empty rib cages.



"We really don't 'shop,' as such. We seek out good things."

• •

IN the laundromat she sat on a cracked wooden bench and watched the round porthole of the washing machine. Inside, the surf of detergent bubbles frothed and slapped her underwear against the pane.

An old man sat cross-legged beside her, fingering a newspaper. She looked over and saw that the headlines were all in Yiddish. In Florida the men were of higher quality than the women. They knew a little more of the world, they read newspapers, they lived for international affairs. Everything that happened in the Israeli Knesset they followed. But the women only recited meals they used to cook in their old lives—kugel, pirogen, latkes, blintzes, herring salad. Mainly the women thought about their hair. They went to hairdressers and came out into the brilliant day with plantlike crowns the color of zinnias. Sea-green paint on the eyelids. One could pity them: they were in love with rumors of their grandchildren, Katie at Bryn Mawr, Jeff at Princeton. To the grandchildren Florida was a slum, to Rosa it was a zoo.

She had no one but her cold niece in Queens, New York.

"Imagine this," the old man next to her said. "Just look, first he has Hitler, then he has Siberia, he's in a camp in Siberia! Next thing he gets away to Sweden, then he comes to New York and he peddles. He's a peddler, by now he's got a wife, he's got kids, so he opens a little store—just a little store, his wife is a sick woman, it's what you call a bargain store—"

"What?" Rosa said.

"A bargain store on Main Street, a place in Westchester, not even the Bronx. And they come in early in the morning, he didn't even hang out his shopping bags yet, robbers, muggers, and they choke him, they finish him off. From Siberia he lives for this day!"

Rosa said nothing.

"An innocent man alone in his store. Be glad you're not up there anymore. On the other hand, here it's no paradise neither. Believe me, when it comes to muggers and stranglers there's no utopia nowhere."

"My machine's finished," Rosa said. "I have to put in the dryer." She knew about newspapers and their evil reports: a newspaper item herself. WOMAN AXES OWN BIZ. Rosa Lublin, 59, owner of a secondhand furniture store on Utica Avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday afternoon deliberately demolished . . . The *News* and the *Post*. A big photograph, Stella standing near with her mouth stretched and her arms wild. In the *Times*, six lines.

"Excuse me, I notice you speak with an accent."

Rosa flushed. "I was born somewhere else, not here."

"I also was born somewhere else. You're a refugee? Berlin?"

"Warsaw."

"I'm also from Warsaw! 1920 I left. 1906 I was born."

"Happy birthday," Rosa said. She began to pull her things out of the washing machine. They were twisted into each other like mixed-up snakes.

"Allow me," said the old man. He put down his paper and helped her untangle. "Imagine this," he said. "Two people from Warsaw meet in Miami, Florida. In 1910 I didn't dream of Miami, Florida."

"My Warsaw isn't your Warsaw," Rosa said.

"As long as your Miami, Florida, is my Miami, Florida." Two whole rows of glinting dentures smiled at her; he was proud to be a flirt. Together they shoved the snarled load into the dryer. Rosa put in two quarters and the thundering hum began. They heard the big snaps on the belt of her dress with the blue stripes, the one that was torn in the armpit, under the left sleeve, clanging against the caldron's metal sides.

"You read Yiddish?" the old man said.

"No."

"You can speak a few words maybe?"

"No." My Warsaw isn't your War-

T'ANG NOTEBOOK

Fine clouds open their outfits
and show us their buttons.
Moonlight widens the waves.
Step on your own song and listen to mine,
Not bitter like yours,
not flicked raw by lashes of dust.
Already, over Italy, the cold sun rises.

How I would like a mountain
if I had means enough to live as a recluse.
I would like to renounce it all
And turn toward the ash-gold of flame
mullioned between the palm fronds.

That constellation, with its seven high stars,
is lifting its sword in the midnight.
I love you, dog, I love you.

Remain here and lengthen your days,
Pilgrim,
Fame is a mist of grief on the river waves . . .

The low, wet clouds move faster than you do,
Snowed moon, your jade hair sleet
and grown thin.
All night I ask what time it is.

Stories of passion make sweet dust . . .
Sunset like a girl's robe falling away long ago . . .
An old song handles my heart . . .

Outside the side door, a luck-spider,
huge in the flashlight's lamp,
Rappels down the air
to single a stitch and make her starred bed.

In the dark past the hemlock, something with small,
bright wings
Has come from a great distance, and is tired
and wants to lie down.

Night spreads its handful of star-clusters and one eclipse
Above the palm tree.
There are shuddering birds and dead grasses
Wherever I turn my face.

The ten thousand starfish caught in the net of heaven
Flash at the sky's end.
Gulls settle, like grains of dust, on the black sand.
Lady of Light, Donna Dolorosa,
you drift like a skeleton
Through the night clouds.
The surf comes in and goes out like smoke.
Give me a sign,
show me the blessing pierced in my side.

This wind that comes in off the Pacific,
Where the color of mountains both is and is not,
ripples the distant marsh grass
And the gray doors of the sea.
The evening begins to close like a morning glory.
Like fear in a little boat,
the light slips under the sky.

When the mind is loosened and borne up,
The body is lightened
and feels it, too, could float in the wind,
A bell-sound between here and sleep.

A water egret planes down like a page of blank paper
Toward the edge of the noon sky.
Let me, like him, find an island of white reeds
To settle down on, under the wind, forgetting words.

—CHARLES WRIGHT

• •

saw. But she remembered her grandmother's cradle-croonings: her grandmother was from Minsk. *Unter Reyzls vigele shteyt a klor-vays tsigele.* How Rosa's mother despised those sounds! When the drying cycle ended, Rosa noticed that the old man handled the clothes like an expert. She was ashamed for him to touch her underpants. *Under Rosa's cradle there's a clear-white little goat. . . .* But he knew how to find a sleeve, wherever it might be hiding.

"What is it," he asked, "you're bashful?"

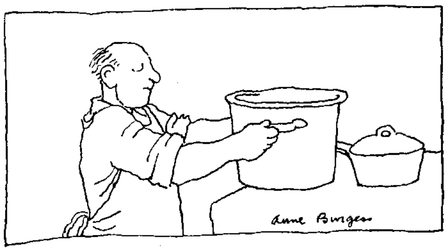
"No."

"In Miami, Florida, people are more friendly. What," he said, "you're still afraid? Nazis we ain't got, even Ku Kluxers we ain't got. What kind of person are you, you're still afraid?"

"The kind of person," Rosa said, "is what you see. Thirty-nine years ago I was somebody else."

"Thirty-nine years ago I wasn't so bad myself. I lost my teeth without a single cavity," he bragged. "Everything perfect. Periodontal disease."

"*I* was a chemist almost. A physicist," Rosa said. "You think I wouldn't have been a scientist?" The thieves who took her life! All at once the landscape behind her eyes fell out of control: a bright field flashed; then a certain shadowy corridor leading to the laboratory-supplies closet. The closet opened in her dreams also. Retorts and microscopes were ranged on the shelves. Once, walking there, she was conscious of the coursing of her own ecstasy—her new brown shoes, laced and sober, her white coat, her hair cut short in bangs: a serious person of seventeen, ambitious, responsible, a future Marie Curie! One of her teachers in the high school praised her for what he said was a "literary style"—oh, lost and kidnapped Polish!—and now she wrote and spoke English



as helplessly as this old immigrant. From Warsaw! Born 1906! She imagined what bitter ancient alley, dense with stalls, cheap clothes strung on outdoor racks, signs in jargoned Yiddish. Anyhow they called her refugee. The Americans couldn't tell her apart from this fellow with his false teeth and his dewlaps and his rakehell reddish toupee bought God knows when or where—Delancey Street, the lower East Side. A dandy. Warsaw! What did he know? In school she had read Tuwim: such delicacy, such loftiness, such *Polishness*. The Warsaw of her girlhood: a great light: she switched it on, she wanted to live inside her eyes. The curve of the legs of her mother's bureau. The strict leather smell of her father's desk. The white tile tract of the kitchen floor, the big pots breathing, a narrow tower stair next to the attic . . . the house of her girlhood laden with a thousand books. Polish, German, French; her father's Latin books; the shelf of shy literary periodicals her mother's poetry now and then wandered through, in short lines like heated telegrams. Cultivation, old civilization, beauty, history! Surprising turnings of streets, shapes of venerable cottages, lovely aged eaves, unexpected and gossamer turrets, steeples, the gloss, the antiquity! Gardens. Whoever speaks of Paris has never seen Warsaw. Her father, like her mother, mocked at Yiddish; there was not a particle of ghetto left in him, not a grain of rot. Whoever yearns for an aristocratic sensibility, let him switch on the great light of Warsaw.

"Your name?" her companion said.

"Lublin, Rosa."

"A pleasure," he said. "Only why backwards? I'm an application form? Very good. You apply, I accept." He took command of her shopping cart. "Wherever is your home is my direction that I'm going anyhow."

"You forgot to take your laundry," Rosa said.

"Mine I did day before yesterday."

"So why did you come here?"

"I'm devoted to nature. I like the sound of a waterfall. Wherever it's cool it's a pleasure to sit and read my paper."

"What a story!"

"All right, so I go to have a visit with the ladies. Tell me, you like concerts?"

"I like my own room, that's all."

"A lady what wants to be a hermit!"

"I got my own troubles," Rosa said.

"Unload on me."

IN the street she plodded beside him dumbly, a led animal. Her shoes were not nice; she should have put on the other ones. The sunlight was smothering—cooked honey dumped on their heads: one lick was good, too much could drown you. She was glad to have someone to pull the cart.

"You got internal warnings about talking to a stranger? If I say my name, no more a stranger. Simon Persky. A third cousin to Shimon Peres, the Israeli politician. I have different famous relatives, plenty of family pride. You ever heard of Betty Bacall, who Humphrey Bogart the movie star was married to, a Jewish girl? Also a distant cousin. I could tell you the whole story of my life experience, beginning with Warsaw. Actually it wasn't Warsaw, it was a little place a few miles out of town. In Warsaw I had uncles."

Rosa said again, "Your Warsaw isn't my Warsaw."

He stopped the cart. "What is this? A song with one stanza? You think I don't know the difference between generations? I'm seventy-one, and you, you're only a girl."

"Fifty-eight." Though in the papers, when they told how she smashed up her store, it came out fifty-nine. Stella's fault, Stella's black will, the Angel of Death's arithmetic.

"You see? I told you! A girl!"

"I'm from an educated family."

"Your English ain't better than what any other refugee talks."

"Why should I learn English? I didn't ask for it, I got nothing to do with it."

"You can't live in the past," he advised. Again the wheels of the cart were squealing. Like a calf, Rosa followed. They were approaching a self-service cafeteria. The smells of eggplant, fried potatoes, mushrooms blew

"I don't know why I don't care about the bottom of the ocean, but I don't."

out as if pumped. Rosa read the sign: Kollins Kosher Kameo: Everything on Your Plate as Pretty as a Picture: Remembrances of New York and the Paradise of Your Maternal Kitchen: Delicious Dishes of Ambrosia and Nostalgia: Air Conditioned Thru-out.

"I know the owner," Persky said. "He's a big reader. You want tea?"

"Tea?"

"Not iced. The hotter the better. This is physiology. Come in, you'll cool off. You got some red face, believe me."

Rosa looked in the window. Her bun was loose, strings dangling on either side of her neck. The reflection of a ragged old bird with worn feathers. Skinny, a stork. Her dress was missing a button, but maybe the belt buckle covered this shame. What did she care? She thought of her room, her bed, her radio. She hated conversation.

"I got to get back," she said.

"An appointment?"

"No."

"Then have an appointment with Persky. So come, first tea. If you take with an ice cube, you're involved in a mistake."

They went in and chose a tiny table in a corner—a sticky disc on a wobbly plastic pedestal. "You'll stay, I'll get," Persky said.

She sat and panted. Silverware tapped and clicked all around. No one here but old people. It was like the dining room of a convalescent home. Everyone had canes, dowager's humps, acrylic teeth, shoes cut out for bunions. Everyone wore an open collar showing mottled skin, ferocious clavicles, the wrinkled foundations of wasted breasts. The air-conditioning was on too high; she felt the cooling sweat licking from around her neck down, down her spine into the crevice of her bottom. She was afraid to shift; the chair had a wicker back and a black plastic seat. If she moved even a little, an odor would fly up: urine, salt, old woman's fatigue. She left off panting and shivered. What do I care? I'm used to everything. Florida, New York, it doesn't matter. All the same, she took out two hairpins and caught up the hanging strands; she shoved them into the core of her gray knot and pierced them through. She had no mirror, no comb, no pocketbook; not even a handkerchief. All she had was a Kleenex pushed into her sleeve and some coins in the pocket of her dress.

"I came out only for the laundry," she told Persky. With a groan he set down a loaded tray: two cups of tea, a saucer of lemon slices, a dish of eggplant salad, bread on what looked like a wooden platter but was really plastic, another plastic platter of Danish. "Maybe I didn't bring enough to pay."

"Never mind, you got the company of a rich retired taxpayer. I'm a well-off man. When I get my Social Security, I spit on it."

"What line of business?"

"The same what I see you got one lost. At the waist. Buttons. A shame. That kind's hard to match, as far as I'm concerned we stopped making them around a dozen years ago. Braided buttons is out of style."

"Buttons?" Rosa said.

"Buttons, belts, notions, knickknacks, costume jewelry. A factory. I thought my son would take it over but he wanted something different. He's a philosopher, so he became a loiterer. Too much education makes fools. I hate to say it, but on account of him I had to sell out. And the girls, whatever the big one wanted, the little one also. The big one found a lawyer, that's what the little one looked for. I got one son-in-law in business for himself, taxes, the other's a youngster, still on Wall Street."

"A nice family," Rosa bit off.

"A loiterer's not so nice. Drink while it's hot. Otherwise it won't reach to your metabolism. You like eggplant salad on top of bread and butter? You got room for it, rest assured. Tell me, you live alone?"

"By myself," Rosa said, and slid her tongue into the tea. Tears came from the heat.

"My son is over thirty, I still support him."

"My niece, forty-nine, not married, she supports me."

"Too old. Otherwise I'd say let's

make a match with my son, let her support him too. The best thing is independence. If you're ablebodied, it's a blessing to work." Persky caressed his chest. "I got a bum heart."

Rosa murmured, "I had a business, but I broke it up."

"Bankruptcy?"

"Part with a big hammer," she said meditatively, "part with a piece of construction metal I picked up from the gutter."

"You don't look that strong. Skin and bones."

"You don't believe me? In the papers they said an axe, but where would I get an axe?"

"That's reasonable. Where would you get an axe?" Persky's finger removed an obstruction from under his lower plate. He examined it: an eggplant seed. On the floor near the cart there was something white, a white cloth. Handkerchief. He picked it up and stuffed it in his pants pocket. Then he said, "What kind of business?"

"Antiques. Old furniture. Junk. I had a specialty in antique mirrors. Whatever I had there, I smashed it. See," she said, "*now* you're sorry you started with me!"

"I ain't sorry for nothing," Persky said. "If there's one thing I know to understand, it's mental episodes. I got it my whole life with my wife."

"You're not a widower?"

"In a manner of speaking."

"Where is she?"

"Great Neck, Long Island. A private hospital, it don't cost me peanuts." He said, "She's in a mental condition."

"Serious?"

"It used to be once in a while, now it's a regular thing. She's mixed up that she's somebody else. Television stars. Movie actresses. Different people. Lately my cousin, Betty Bacall. It went to her head."

"Tragic," Rosa said.

"You see? I unloaded on you, now you got to unload on me."

"Whatever I would say, you would be deaf."

"How come you smashed up your business?"

"It was a store. I didn't like who came in it."

"Spanish? Colored?"

"What do I care who came? Whoever came, they were like deaf people. Whatever you explained to them, they didn't understand." Rosa stood up to claim her cart. "It's very fine of you to treat me to the Danish, Mr. Persky. I enjoyed it. Now I got to go."

"I'll walk you."

"No, no, sometimes a person feels to be alone."

"If you're alone too much," Persky said, "you think too much."

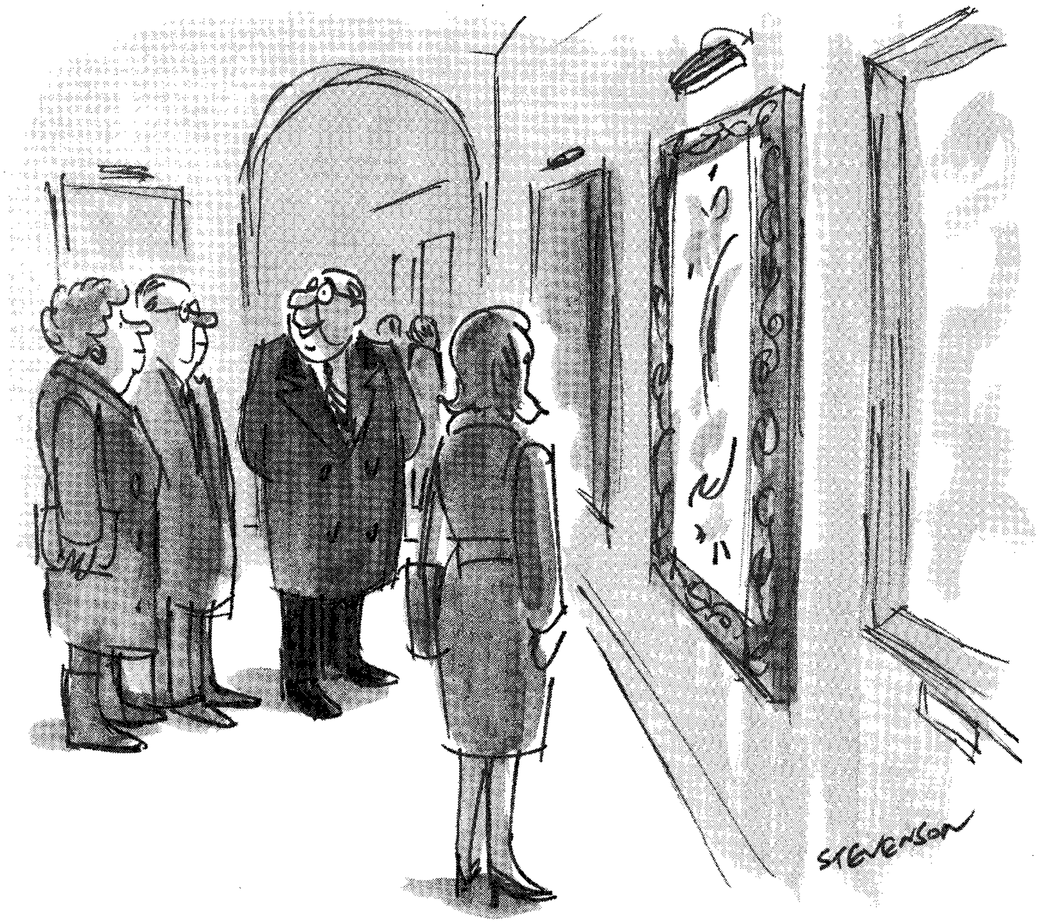
"Without a life," Rosa answered, "a person lives where they can. If all they got is thoughts, that's where they live."

"You ain't got a life?"

"Thieves took it."

She toiled away from him. The handle of the cart was a burning rod. A hat, I ought to have worn a hat! The pins in her bun scalded her scalp. She panted like a dog in the sun. Even the trees looked exhausted: every leaf face downward under a powder of dust. Summer without end, a mistake!

IN the lobby she waited before the elevator. The "guests"—some had been residents for a dozen years—were already milling around, groomed for lunch, the old women in sundresses showing their thick collarbones and the bluish wells above them. Instead of napes they had rolls of wide fat. They wore no stockings. Brazen blue-marbled sinews strangled their squarish calves; in their reveries they were again young women with immortal pillar legs, the white legs of strong goddesses; it was only that they had forgotten about impermanence. In their faces, too, you could see everything they were not noticing about themselves—the red gloss on their drawstring mouths was never meant to restore youth. It was meant only to continue it. Flirts of seventy. Everything had stayed the same for them: intentions, actions, even expectations



"I gave that."

—they had not advanced. They believed in the seamless continuity of the body. The men were more inward, running their lives in front of their eyes like secret movies.

A syrup of cologne clogged the air. Rosa heard the tearing of envelopes, the wing-shudders of paper sheets. Letters from children: the guests laughed and wept, but without seriousness, without belief. Report-card marks, separations, divorces, a new coffee table to match the gilt mirror over the piano, Stuie at sixteen learning to drive, Millie's mother-in-law's second stroke, rumors of the cataracts of half-remembered acquaintances, a cousin's kidney, the rabbi's ulcer, a daughter's indigestion, burglary, perplexing news of East Hampton parties, psychoanalysis . . . the children were rich, how was this possible from such poor parents? It was real and it was not real. Shadows on a wall; the shadows stirred, but you could not penetrate the wall. The guests were detached; they had detached themselves. Little by little they were forgetting their grandchildren, their aging children. More and more they were growing significant to themselves. Every wall of the lobby a mirror. Every mirror hanging thirty years. Every table surface a mirror. In these mirrors the guests appeared to themselves as they used to be, powerful women of thirty, striving fathers of thirty-five, mothers and fathers of dim children who had migrated long ago, to other continents, inaccessible landscapes, incomprehensible vocabularies. Rosa made herself brave; the elevator gate opened, but she let the empty car ascend without her and pushed the cart through to where the black Cuban receptionist sat, maneuvering clayey sweat balls up from the naked place between her breasts with two fingers.

"Mail for Lublin, Rosa," Rosa said.

"Lublin, you lucky today. Two letters."

"Take a look where you keep packages also."

"You a lucky dog, Lublin," the Cuban girl said, and tossed an object into the pile of wash.

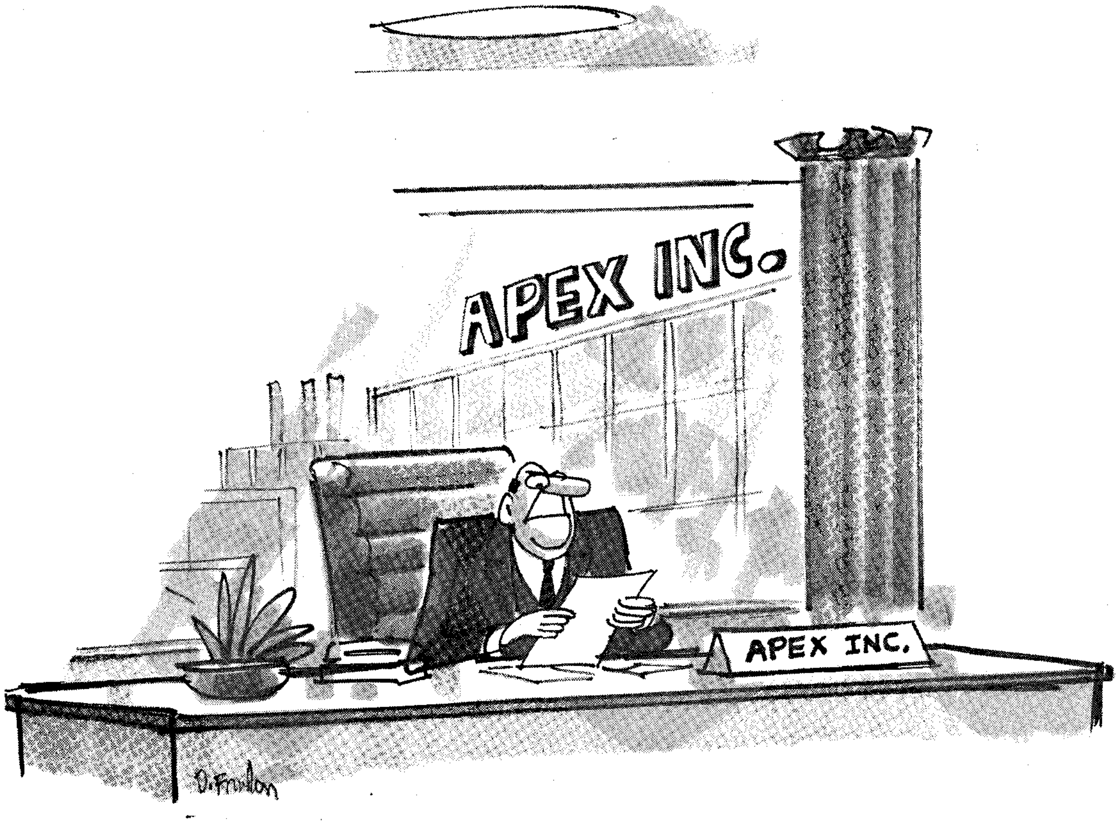
Rosa knew what was in that package. She had asked Stella to send it; Stella did not easily do what Rosa asked. She saw immediately that the package was not registered. This angered her: Stella the Angel of Death! Instantly she plucked the package out of the cart and tore the wrapping off and crumpled it into a standing ashtray. Magda's shawl! Suppose, God forbid, it got lost in the mail, what then? She squashed the box into her breasts. It felt hard, heavy; Stella had encased it in some terrible untender rind; Stella had turned it to stone. She wanted to kiss it, but the maelstrom was all around her, pressing toward the dining room. The food was monotonous and sparse and often stale; still, to eat there increased the rent. Stella was all the time writing that she was not a millionaire; Rosa never ate in the dining room. She kept the package tight against her bosom and picked through the crowd, a sluggish bird on ragged toes, dragging the cart.

In her room she breathed noisily, almost a gasp, almost a squeal, left the laundry askew in the tiny parody of a vestibule, and carried the box and the two letters to the bed. It was still unmade, fish-smelling, the covers knotted together like an umbilical cord. A shipwreck. She let herself down into it and knocked off her shoes—oh, they were scarred; that Persky must have seen her shame, first the missing button, afterward the used-up shoes. She turned the box round and round—a rectangular box. Magda's shawl! Magda's swaddling cloth. Magda's shroud. The memory of Magda's smell, the holy fragrance of the lost babe. Murdered. Thrown against the fence, barbed, thorned, electrified; grid and griddle; a furnace; the child on fire! Rosa put the shawl to her nose, to her lips. Stella did not want her to have Magda's shawl all the time, she had such funny names for having it—trauma, fetish, God knows what: Stella took psychology courses at the New School at night, looking for marriage among the flatulent bachelors in her classes.

One letter was from Stella and the other was one of those university letters, still another one, another sample of the disease. But in the box, Magda's shawl! The box would be last, Stella's fat letter first (fat meant trouble), the university letter did not matter. A disease. Better to put away the laundry than to open the university letter.

Dear Rosa [Stella wrote]:

All right, I've done it. Been to the post office and mailed it. Your idol is on its way, separate cover. Go on your knees to it if you want. You make yourself crazy, everyone thinks you're a crazy woman. Whoever goes by your old store still gets glass in their soles.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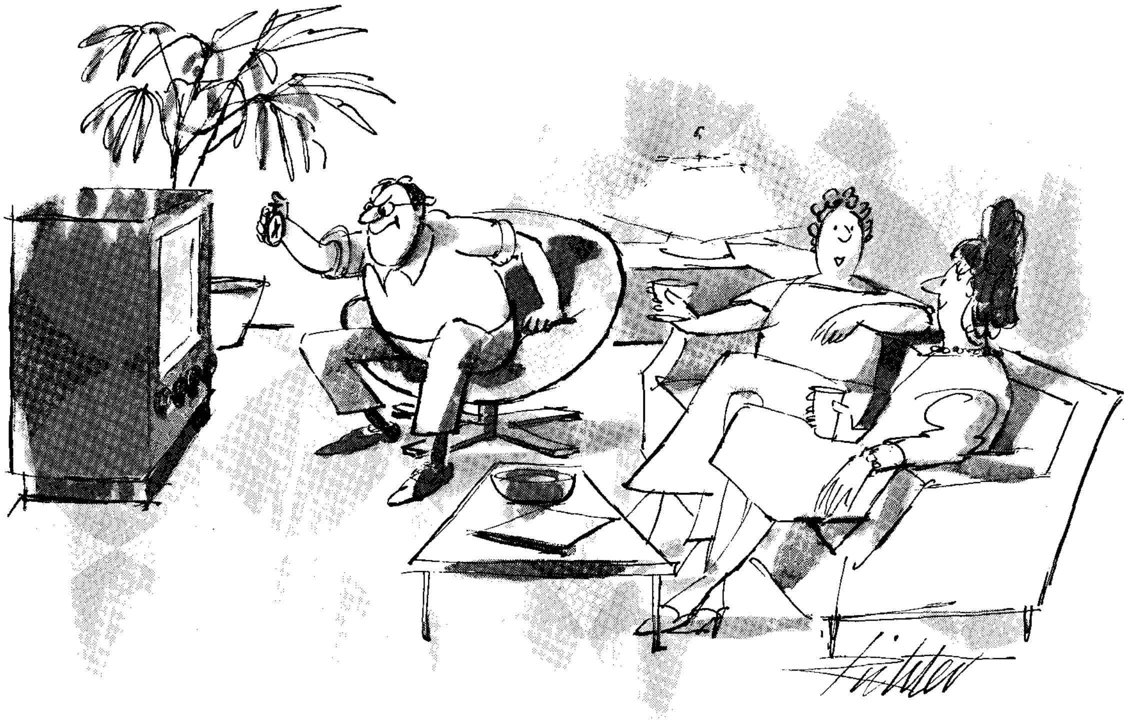

"He always times '60 Minutes.'"

You're the older one, I'm the niece, I shouldn't lecture, but my God! It's thirty years, forty, who knows, give it a rest. It isn't as if I don't know just exactly how you do it, what it's like. What a scene, disgusting! You'll open the box and take it out and cry, and you'll kiss it like a crazy person. Making holes in it with kisses. You're like those people in the Middle Ages who worshipped a piece of the True Cross, a splinter from some old outhouse as far as anybody knew, or else they fell down in front of a single hair supposed to be some saint's. You'll kiss, you'll pee tears down your face, and so what? Rosa, by now, believe me, it's time, you have to have a life.

Out loud Rosa said, "Thieves took it."

And she said, "And you, Stella, *you* have a life?"

If I were a millionaire I'd tell you the same thing: get a job. Or else, come back and move in here. I'm away the whole day, it will be like living alone if that's what you want. It's too hot to look around down there, people get like vegetables. With everything you did for me I don't mind keeping up this way maybe another year or so, you'll think I'm stingy for saying it like that, but after all I'm not on the biggest salary in the world.

Rosa said, "Stella! Would you be alive if I didn't take you out from there? Dead. You'd be dead! So don't talk to me how much an old woman costs! I didn't give you from my store? The big gold mirror, you look in it at your bitter face—I don't care how pretty, even so it's bitter—and you forget who gave you presents!"

And as far as Florida is concerned, well, it doesn't solve anything. I don't mind telling you now that they would have locked you up if I didn't agree to get you out of the city then and there. One more public outburst puts you in the bughouse. No more public scandals! For God's sake, don't be a crazy person! Live your life!

Rosa said again, "Thieves took it," and went, scrupulously, meticulously, as if possessed, to count the laundry in the cart.

A PAIR of underpants was missing. Once more Rosa counted everything: four blouses, three cotton skirts, three brassieres, one half-slip and one regular, two towels, eight pairs of underpants . . . nine went into the washing machine, the exact number. Degrading. Lost bloomers—dropped God knows where. In the elevator, in the lobby, in the street even. Rosa tugged, and the dress with the blue stripes slid like a coarse colored worm out of twisted bedsheets. The hole in the armpit was bigger now. Stripes, never again anything on her body with stripes! She swore it, but this, fancy and with a low collar, was Stella's birthday present, Stella bought it. As if innocent, as if ignorant, as if *not there*. Stella, an ordinary American, indistinguishable! No one could guess what hell she had crawled out of until she opened her mouth and up coiled the smoke of accent.

Again Rosa counted. A fact, one pair of pants lost. An old woman who couldn't even hang on to her own underwear.

She decided to sew up the hole in the stripes. Instead she put water on to boil for tea and made the bed with the clean sheets from the cart. The box with the shawl would be the last thing. Stella's letter she pushed under the bed next to the telephone. She tidied all around. Everything had to be nice when the box was opened. She spread jelly on three crackers and deposited a Lipton's tea bag on the Welch's lid. It was grape jelly, with a picture of Bugs Bunny elevating an officious finger. In spite of Persky's Danish, empty insides. Always Stella said: Rosa eats little by little, like a tapeworm in the world's belly.

Then it came to her that Persky had her underpants in his pocket.

Oh, degrading. The shame. Pain in the loins. Burning. Bending in the cafeteria to pick up her pants, all the while tinkering with his teeth. Why didn't he give them back? He was embarrassed. He had thought a handkerchief. How can a man hand a woman, a stranger, a piece of her own underwear? He could have shoved it right back into the cart, how would that look? A sensitive man, he wanted to spare her. When he came home with her underpants, what then? What could a man, half a widower, do with a pair of female bloomers? Nylon-plus-cotton, the long-thighed kind. Maybe he had filched them on purpose, a sex maniac, a wife among the insane, his parts starved. According to Stella, Rosa also belonged among the insane, Stella had the power to put her there. Very good, they would become neighbors, confidantes, she and Persky's wife, best friends. The wife would confess all of Persky's sexual habits. She would explain how it is that a man of this age comes to steal a lady's personal underwear. Whatever stains in the crotch are nobody's business. And not only that: a woman with children, Persky's wife would speak of her son and her married lucky daughters. And Rosa too, never mind how Stella was sour over it, she would tell about Magda, a beautiful young woman of thirty, thirty-one: a doctor married to a doctor; large house in Mamaroneck, New York; two medical offices, one on the first floor, one in the finished basement. Stella was alive, why not Magda? Who was Stella, coarse Stella, to insist that Magda was not alive? Stella the Angel of Death. Magda alive, the pure eyes, the bright hair. Stella, never a mother, who was Stella to mock the kisses Rosa put in Magda's shawl? She meant to crush it into her mouth. Rosa, a mother the same as anyone, no different from Persky's wife in the crazy house.

This disease! The university letter, like all of them—five, six postmarks on the envelope. Rosa imagined its pilgrimage: first to the *News*, the *Post*, maybe even the *Times*, then to Rosa's old store, then to the store's landlord's lawyers, then to Stella's apartment, then to Miami, Florida. A Sherlock Holmes of a letter. It had struggled to find its victim, and for what? More eating alive.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Taking a photo of you taking a photo of me, I see
the black snout of the camera framed by hair, where

your face should be. I see your arms and one hand
on the shutter button, the hedge behind you and

beyond, below, overexposed water and sky wiped white.
Some flecks out of focus are supposed to be boats.

Your back toward what light is left, you're not
recognizable except by those cutoff jeans that I

gave you by shooting from above, forgetting your
legs. So, if I didn't know, I wouldn't know who

you are, you know. I *do* know who, but you, you know,
could be anybody. My mistake. It was because I

wanted to trip the shutter at the exact moment you
did. I did when you did, and you did when I did.

I can't wait to see yours of me. It's got to be
even more awful. A face, facing the light, pulled up

into a squint behind the lens, which must reflect
the muggy setting sun. Some sort of fright mask

or Mardi Gras monster, a big glass Cyclopean eye
superimposed on a flattened nose, that print,

the one you took of me as I took one of you. Who,
or what, will it be—will *I* be, I wonder? Can't wait.

—May Swenson

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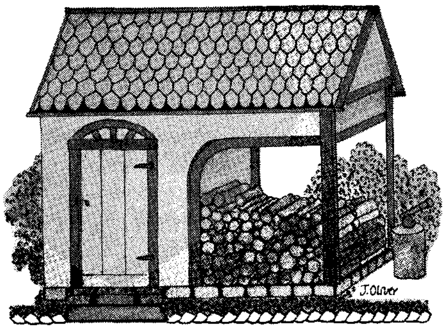
Department of Clinical
Social Pathology
University of Kansas-Iowa
April 17, 1977

Dear Ms. Lublin:

Though I am not myself a physician, I have lately begun to amass survivor data as rather a considerable specialty. To be concrete: I am presently working on a study, funded by the Minew Foundation of the Kansas-Iowa Institute for Humanitarian Context, designed to research the theory developed by Dr. Arthur R. Hidgeson and known generally as Repressed Animation. Without at this stage going into detail, it may be of some preliminary use to you to know that investigations so far reveal an astonishing generalized minimalization during any extended period of stress resulting from incarceration, exposure, and malnutrition. We have turned up a wide range of neurological residues (including, in some cases, acute cerebral damage, derangement, disorientation, premature senility, etc.), as well as hormonal changes, parasites, anemia, thready pulse, hyperventilation, etc.; in children especially, temperatures as high as 108°, ascitic fluid, retardation, bleeding sores on the skin and in the mouth, etc. What is remarkable is that these are all *current conditions* in survivors and their families.

Disease, disease! Humanitarian Context, what did it mean? An excitement over other people's suffering. They let their mouths water up. Stories about children running blood in America from sores, what muck. Consider also the special word they used: *survivor*. Something new. As long as they didn't have to say *human being*. It used to be *refugee*, but by now there was no such creature, no more refugees, only survivors. A name like a number—counted apart from the ordinary swarm. Blue digits on the arm, what difference? They don't call you a woman anyhow. *Survivor*. Even when your bones get melted into the grains of the earth, still they'll forget *human being*. Survivor and survivor and survivor; always and always. Who made up these words, parasites on the throat of suffering!



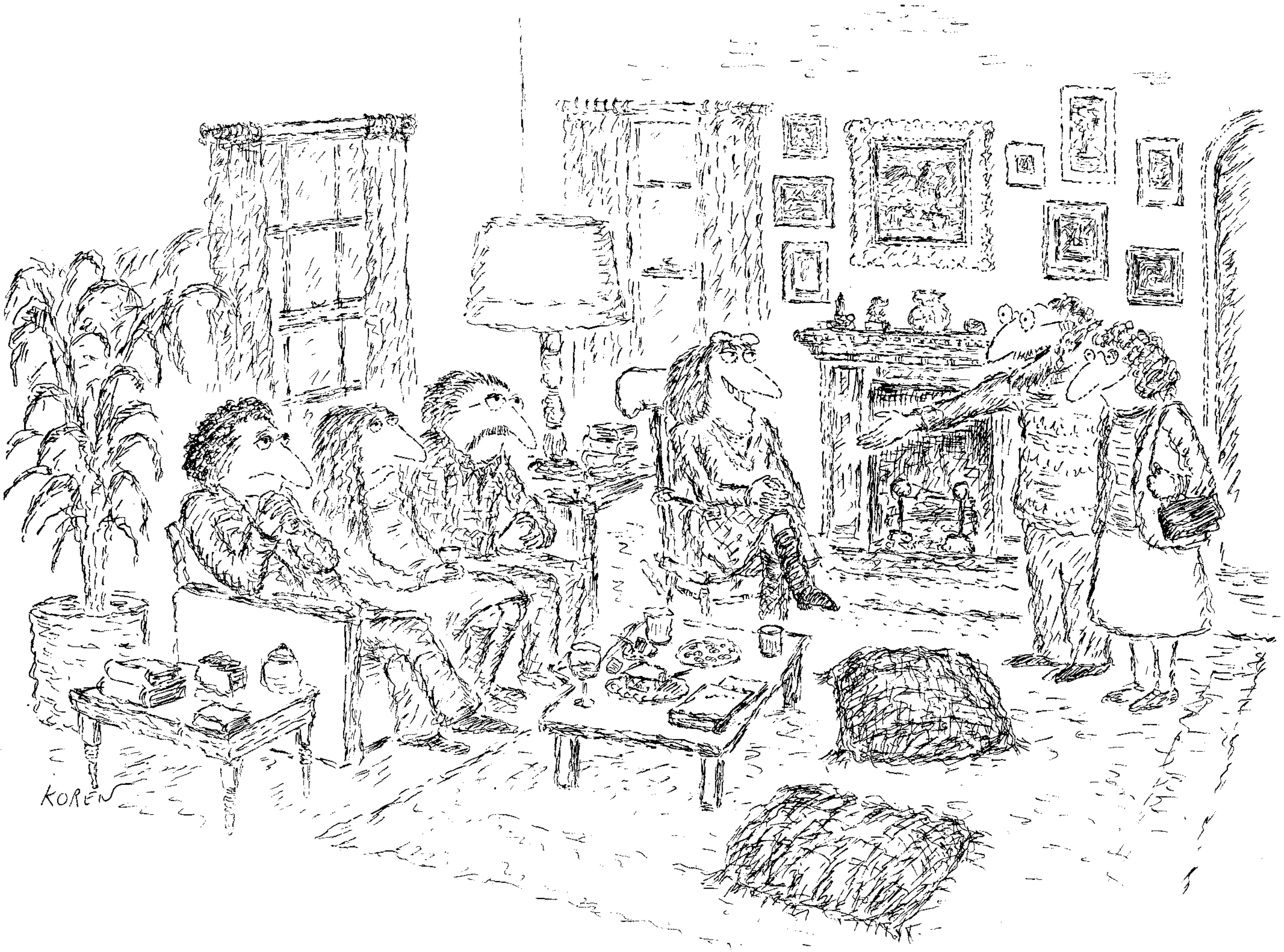
For some months teams of medical paraphrasers have been conducting interviews with survivors, to contrast current medical paraphrase with conditions found more than three decades ago, at the opening of the camps. This, I confess, is neither my field nor my interest. My own concern, both as a scholar of social pathology and as a human being . . .

Ha! For himself it was good enough, for himself he didn't forget this word *human being!*

. . . is not with medical nor even with psychological aspects of survivor data.

Data. Drop in a hole!

What particularly engages me for purposes of my own participation in the study (which, by the way, is intended to be definitive, to close the books, so to speak, on this lamentable subject) is what I can only term the "metaphysical" side of Repressed Animation (R.A.). It begins to be evident that prisoners gradually came to Buddhist positions. They gave up craving and began to function in terms of non-



"Stephen is self-absorbed, Judith is self-conscious, Fred is self-critical, and Catherine is self-assured."

• •

functioning, i.e., non-attachment. The Four Noble Truths in Buddhist thought, if I may remind you, yield a penetrating summary of the fruit of craving: pain. "Pain" in this view is defined as ugliness, age, sorrow, sickness, despair, and, finally, birth. Non-attachment is attained through the Eightfold Path, the highest stage of which is the cessation of all human craving, the loftiest rapture, one might say, of consummated indifference.

It is my hope that these speculations are not displeasing to you. Indeed, I further hope that they may even attract you, and that you would not object to joining our study by means of an in-depth interview to be conducted by me at, if it is not inconvenient, your home. I should like to observe survivor syndroming within the natural setting.

Home! Where, where?

As you may not realize, the national convention of the American Association of Clinical Social Pathology has this year, for reasons of fairness to our East Coast members, been moved from Las Vegas to Miami Beach. The convention will take place at a hotel in your vicinity about the middle of next May, and I would be deeply grateful if you could receive me during that period. I have noted via a New York City newspaper (we are not so provincial out here as some may think!) your recent removal to Florida; consequently you are ideally circumstanced to make a contribution to our R.A. study. I look forward to your consent at your earliest opportunity.

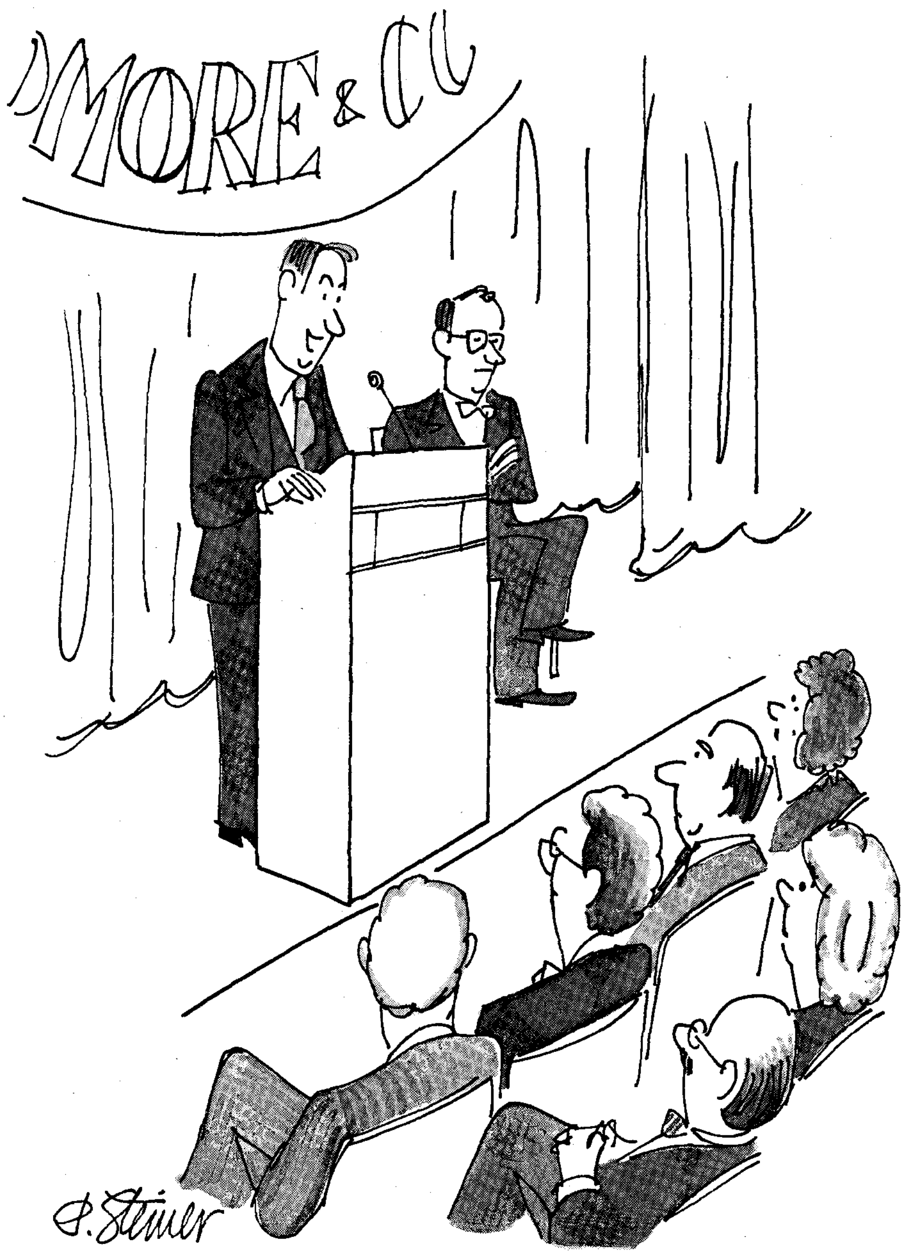
Very sincerely yours,
JAMES W. TREE, PH.D.

Drop in a hole! Disease! It comes from Stella, everything! Stella saw what this letter was, she could see from the envelope—Dr. Stella! Kansas-Iowa Clinical Social Pathology, a fancy hotel, this is the cure for the taking of a life! Angel of Death!

With these university letters Rosa had a routine: she carried the scissors over the toilet bowl and snipped little bits of paper and flushed. In the bowl going down, the paper squares whirled like wedding rice.

But this one: drop in a hole with your Four Truths and your Eight Paths together! Non-attachment! She threw the letter into the sink; also its crowded envelope ("Please forward," Stella's handwriting instructed, pretending to be American, leaving out the little stroke that goes across the 7); she lit a match and enjoyed the thick fire. Burn, Dr. Tree, burn up with your Repressed Animation! The world is full of Trees! The world is full of fire! Everything, everything is on fire! Florida is burning!

BIG flakes of cinder lay in the sink: black foliage, Stella's black will. Rosa turned on the faucet, and the cinders spiralled down and away. Then she went to the round oak table and wrote the first letter of the day to her daughter, her healthy daughter, her daughter who suffered neither from thready pulse nor anemia, her daughter who was a professor of Greek philosophy at Columbia University in New York City, a stone's



"Welcome, brothers and sisters in steel."

• •

throw—the philosophers' stone that prolongs life and transmutes iron to gold—from Stella in Queens!

MAGDA, MY SOUL'S BLESSING [Rosa wrote],

Forgive me, my yellow lioness. Too long a time since the last writing. Strangers scratch at my life; they pursue, they break down the bloodstream's sentries. Always there is Stella. And so half a day passes without my taking up my pen to speak to you. A pleasure, the deepest pleasure, home bliss, to speak in our own language. Only *to you*. I am always having to write to Stella now, like a dog paying respects to its mistress. It's my obligation. She sends me money. She, whom I plucked out of the claws of all those Societies that came to us with bread and chocolate after the liberation! Despite everything, they were selling sectarian ideas; collecting troops for their armies. If not for me they would have shipped Stella with a boatload of orphans to Palestine, to become God knows what, to live God knows how. A field worker jabbering Hebrew. It would serve her right. Americanized airs. My father was never a Zionist. He used to call himself a "Pole by right." The Jews, he said, didn't put a thousand years of brains and blood into Polish soil in order to have to prove themselves to anyone. He was the wrong sort of idealist, maybe, but he had the instincts of a natural nobleman. I could laugh at that now—the whole business—but I don't, because I feel too vividly what he was, how substantial, how not given over to any light-mindedness whatever. He had Zionist friends in his youth. Some left Poland early and lived. One is a bookseller in Tel Aviv. He specializes in foreign texts and periodicals. *My poor little father*. It's only history—an ad hoc instance of it, you might say—that made the Zionist solution. My father's ideas were more logical. He was a Polish patriot on a temporary basis, he said, until the time when nation should lie down beside nation like the lily and the lotus. He was at bottom a prophetic creature. My mother, you know, published poetry. To you all these accounts must have the ring of pure legend.

Even Stella, who *can* remember, refuses. She calls me a parable-maker. She was always jealous of you. She has a strain of dementia, and resists you and all other reality. Every vestige of former existence is an insult to her. Because she fears the past she distrusts the future—it, too, will turn into the past. As a result she has nothing. She sits and watches the present roll itself up into the past more quickly than she can bear. That's why she never found the one thing she wanted more than anything, an American husband. I'm immune to these pains and panics. Motherhood—I've always known this—is a profound distraction from philosophy, and all philosophy is rooted in suffering over the passage of time. I mean the *fact* of motherhood, the physiological fact. To have the power to create another human being, to be the instrument of such a mystery. To pass on a whole genetic system. I don't believe in God, but I believe, like the Catholics, in mystery. My mother wanted so much to convert; my father laughed at her. But she was attracted. She let the maid keep a statue of the Virgin and Child in the corner of the kitchen. Sometimes she used to go in and look at it. I can even remember the words of a poem she wrote about the heat coming up from the stove, from the Sunday pancakes—

Mother of God, how you shiver
   in these heat-ribbons!
Our cakes rise to you
and in the trance of His birthing
   you hide.

Something like that. Better than that, more remarkable. Her Polish was very dense. You had to open it out like a fan to get at all the meanings. She was exceptionally modest, but she was not afraid to call herself a symbolist.

I know you won't blame me for going astray with such tales. After all, you're always prodding me for these old memories. If not for you, I would have buried them all, to satisfy Stella. Stella Columbus! She thinks there's such a thing as the New World. Finally—at last, at last—she surrenders this precious vestige of your sacred babyhood. Here it is in a box right next to me as I write. She didn't take the trouble to send it by registered mail! Even though I told her and told her. I've thrown out the wrapping paper, and the lid is plastered down with lots of Scotch Tape. I'm not hurrying to open it. At first my hunger was unrestrained and I couldn't wait, but nothing is nice now. I'm saving you; I want to be serene. In a state of agitation one doesn't split open a diamond. Stella says I make a relic of you. She has no heart. It would shock you if I told you even one of the horrible games I'm made to play with her. To soothe her dementia, to keep her quiet, I pretend you died. Yes! It's true! There's nothing, however crazy, I wouldn't say to her to tie up her tongue. She slanders. Everywhere there are slanders, and sometimes—my bright lips, my darling!—the slanders touch even you. My purity, my snow queen!

I'm ashamed to give an example. Pornography. What Stella, that pornographer,

If you want a smoother vodka,
ask for it in English.
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BURROUGH'S
ENGLISH
VODKA
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
LONDON
1873 · 1911 · 1924
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has made of your father. She thieves all the truth, she robs it, she steals it, the robbery goes unpunished. She lies, and it's the lying that's rewarded. The New World! That's why I smashed up my store! Because here they make up lying theories. Even the professors—they take human beings for specimens. In Poland there used to be justice; here they have social theories. Their system inherits almost nothing from the Romans, that's why. Is it a wonder that the lawyers are no better than scavengers who feed on the droppings of thieves and liars? Thank God you followed your grandfather's bent and studied philosophy and not law.

Take my word for it, Magda, your father and I had the most ordinary lives—by "ordinary" I mean respectable, gentle, cultivated. Reliable people of refined reputation. His name was Andrzej. Our families had status. Your father was the son of my mother's closest friend. She was a converted Jew married to a Gentile: you can be a Jew if you like, or a Gentile, it's up to you. You have a legacy of choice, and they say choice is the only true freedom. We were engaged to be married. We would have been married. Stella's accusations are all Stella's own excretion. Your father was not a German. I was forced by a German, it's true, and more than once, but I was too sick to conceive. Stella has a naturally pornographic mind, she can't resist dreaming up a dirty sire for you, an S.S. man! Stella was with me the whole time, she knows just what I know. They never put me in their brothel either. Never believe this, my lioness, my snow queen! No lies come out of me to you. You are pure. A mother is the source of consciousness, of conscience, the ground of being, as philosophers say. I have no falsehoods for you. Otherwise I don't deny some few tricks: the necessary handful. To those who don't deserve the truth, don't give it. I tell Stella what it pleases her to hear. My child, perished. Perished. She always wanted it. She was always jealous of you. She has no heart. Even now she believes in my loss of you: and you a stone's throw from her door in New York! Let her think whatever she thinks; her mind is awry, poor thing; in me the strength of your being consumes my joy. Yellow blossom! Cup of the sun!

What a curiosity it was to hold a pen—nothing but a small pointed stick, after all, oozing its hieroglyphic puddles: a pen that speaks, miraculously, Polish. A lock removed from the tongue. Otherwise the tongue is chained to the teeth and the palate. An immersion into the living language: all at once this cleanliness, this capacity, this power to make a history, to tell, to explain. To retrieve, to reprieve!

To lie.

The box with Magda's shawl was still on the table. Rosa left it there. She put on her good shoes, a nice dress (polyester, "wrinkle-free" on the inside label); she arranged her hair, brushed her teeth, poured mouthwash on the brush, sucked it up through the nylon bristles, gargled rapidly. As an afterthought she changed her bra and slip; it meant getting out of her dress and into it again. Her mouth she reddened very slightly—a smudge of lipstick rubbed on with a finger.

Perfected, she mounted the bed on her knees and fell into folds. A puppet, dreaming. Darkened cities, tombstones, colorless garlands, a black fire in a gray field, brutes forcing the innocent, women with their mouths stretched and their arms wild, her mother's voice calling. After hours of these pitiless tableaux, it was late afternoon; by then she was certain that whoever put her underpants in his pocket was a criminal capable of every base act. Humiliation. Degradation. Stella's pornography!

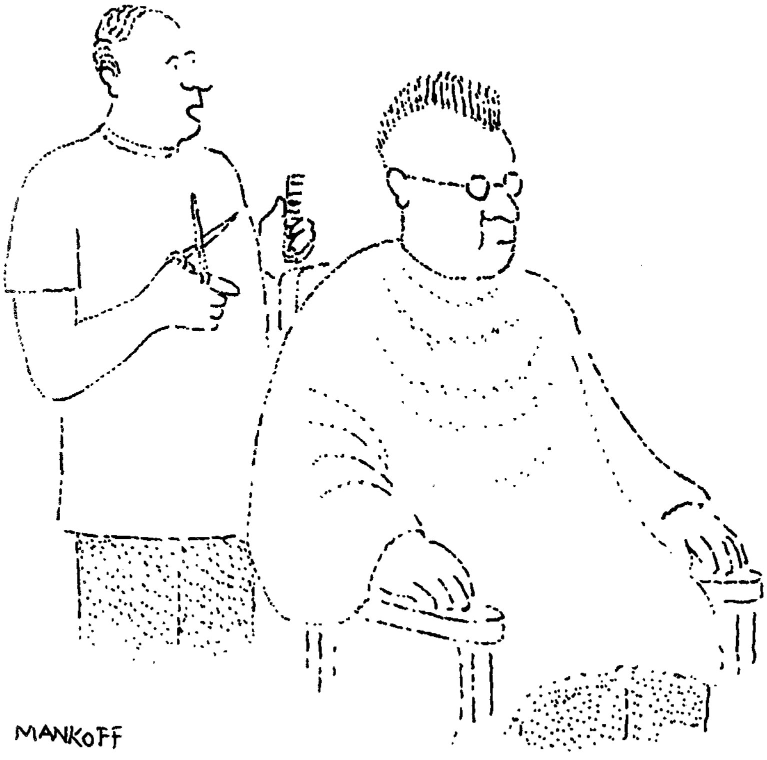
To retrieve, to reprieve. Nothing in the elevator; in the lobby, nothing. She kept her head down. Nothing white glimmered up.

In the street a neon dusk was already blinking. Gritty mixture of heat and toiling dust. Cars shot by like large bees. It was too early for headlights: in the lower sky two strange competing lamps—a scarlet sun, round and brilliant as a blooded egg yolk; a silk-white moon, gray-veined with mountain ranges. These hung simultaneously at either end of the long road. The whole day's burning struck upward like a moving weight from the sidewalk. Rosa's nostrils and lungs were cautious: burning molasses air. Her underpants were not in the road.

In Miami at night no one stays indoors. The streets are clogged with wanderers and watchers; everyone in search, bedouins with no fixed paths. The foolish Florida rains spray down—so light, so brief and fickle, no one pays attention. Neon alphabets, designs, pictures, flashing undiminished right through the sudden small rain. A quick lick of lightning above one of the balconied hotels. Rosa walked. Much Yiddish. Caravans of slow old couples, linked at the elbows, winding down to the cool of the beaches. The sand never at rest, always churning, always inhabited; copulation under blankets at night, beneath neon-radiant low horizons.

She had never been near the beach; why should her underpants be lost in the sand?

On the sidewalk in front of the Kollins Kosher Kameo, nothing. Shining hungry smell of boiled potatoes in sour cream. The pants were not necessarily in Persky's pocket. Dented garbage barrels, empty near the curb. Pants already smoldering in an ash heap, among blackened tomato cans, kitchen scrapings, conflagrations of old magazines. Or: a simple omission, an accident, never transferred from the washing machine to the dryer. Or, if transferred, never removed. Overlooked. Persky unblemished. The laundromat was locked up for the night, with a



"I know it doesn't look that great now, but once you accessorize it with the right jewelry, I guarantee you the whole 'Mr. T' look will fall into place."

metal accordion gate stretched across the door and windows. What marauders would seek out caldrons, giant washtubs? Property misleads, brings false perspectives. The power to smash her own. A kind of suicide. She had murdered her store with her own hands. She cared more for a missing pair of underpants, lost laundry, than for business. She was ashamed; she felt exposed. What was her store? A cave of junk.

On the corner across the street from the laundromat a narrow newspaper store, no larger than a stall. Persky might have bought his paper there. Suppose later in the day he had come down for an afternoon paper, her pants in his pocket, and dropped them?

Mob of New York accents. It was a little place, not air-conditioned.

"Lady? You're looking for something?"

A newspaper? Rosa had enough of the world.

"Look, it's like sardines in here. Buy something or go out."

"My store used to be six times the size of this place," Rosa said.

"So go to your store."

"I don't have a store." She reconsidered. If someone wanted to hide—to hide, not destroy—a pair of underpants, where would he put them? Under the sand. Rolled up and buried. She thought what a weight of sand would feel like in the crotch of her pants, wet heavy sand, still hot from the day. In her room it was hot, hot all night. No air. In Florida there was no air, only this syrup seeping into the esophagus. Rosa walked; she saw everything, but as if out of invention, out of imagination; she was unconnected to anything. She came to a gate; a mottled beach spread behind it. It belonged to one of the big hotels. The latch opened. At the edge of the waves you could look back and see black crenellated forms stretching all along the shore. In the dark, in silhouette, the towered hotel roofs held up their merciless teeth. Impossible that any architect pleasurably dreamed these teeth. The sand was only now beginning to cool. Across the water the sky breathed a starless black; behind her, where the hotels bit down on the city, a dusty glow of brownish red lowered. Mud clouds. The sand was littered with bodies. Photograph of Pompeii: prone in the volcanic ash. Her pants were under the sand; or else packed hard with sand, like a piece of torso, a broken statue, the human groin detached, the whole soul gone, only the loins left for kicking by strangers. She took off her good shoes to save them and nearly stepped on the sweated faces of two lovers plugged into a kiss. A pair of water animals in suction. The same everywhere, along the rim of every continent, this gurgling, foaming, trickling. A true smasher, a woman whose underpants have been stolen, a woman who has murdered her business with her own hands, would know how to step cleanly into the sea. A horizontal tunnel. You can fall into its pull just by entering it upright. How simple the night sea; only the sand is unpredictable, with its hundred burrowings, its thousand buryings.

When she came back to the gate, the latch would not budge. A cunning design, it trapped the trespasser.

She gazed up, and thought of climbing; but there was barbed wire on top.

So many double mounds in the sand. It was a question of choosing a likely sentinel: someone who would let her out. She went back down onto the beach again and tapped a body with the tip of her dangling shoe. The body jerked as if shot: it scrambled up.

"Mister? You know how to get out?"

"Room key does it," said the second body, still flat in the sand. It was a man. They were both men, slim and coated with sand; naked. The one lying flat—she could see what part of him was swollen.

"I'm not from this hotel," Rosa said.

"Then you're not allowed here. This is a private beach."

"Can you let me out?"

"Lady, please. Just buzz off," the man in the sand said.

"I can't get out," Rosa pleaded.

The man who was standing laughed.

Rosa persisted, "If you have a key—"

"Believe me, lady, not for you"—muffled from below.

She understood. Sexual mockery. "Sodom!" she hissed, and stumbled away. Behind her their laughter. They hated women. Or else they saw she was a Jew; they hated Jews; but no, she had noticed the circumcision, like a jonquil, in the dim sand. Her wrists were trembling. To be locked behind barbed wire! No one knew who she was; what had happened to her; where she came from. Their gates, the terrible ruse of their keys, wire brambles, men lying with men . . . She was afraid to approach any of the other mounds. No one to help. Persecutors. In the morning they would arrest her.

She put on her shoes again, and walked along the cement path that followed the fence. It led her to light; voices of black men. A window. Vast deep odors: kitchen exhaust, fans stirring soup smells out into the weeds. A door wedged open by a milk-can lid. Acres of counters, stoves, steamers, refrigerators, percolators, bins, basins. The kitchen

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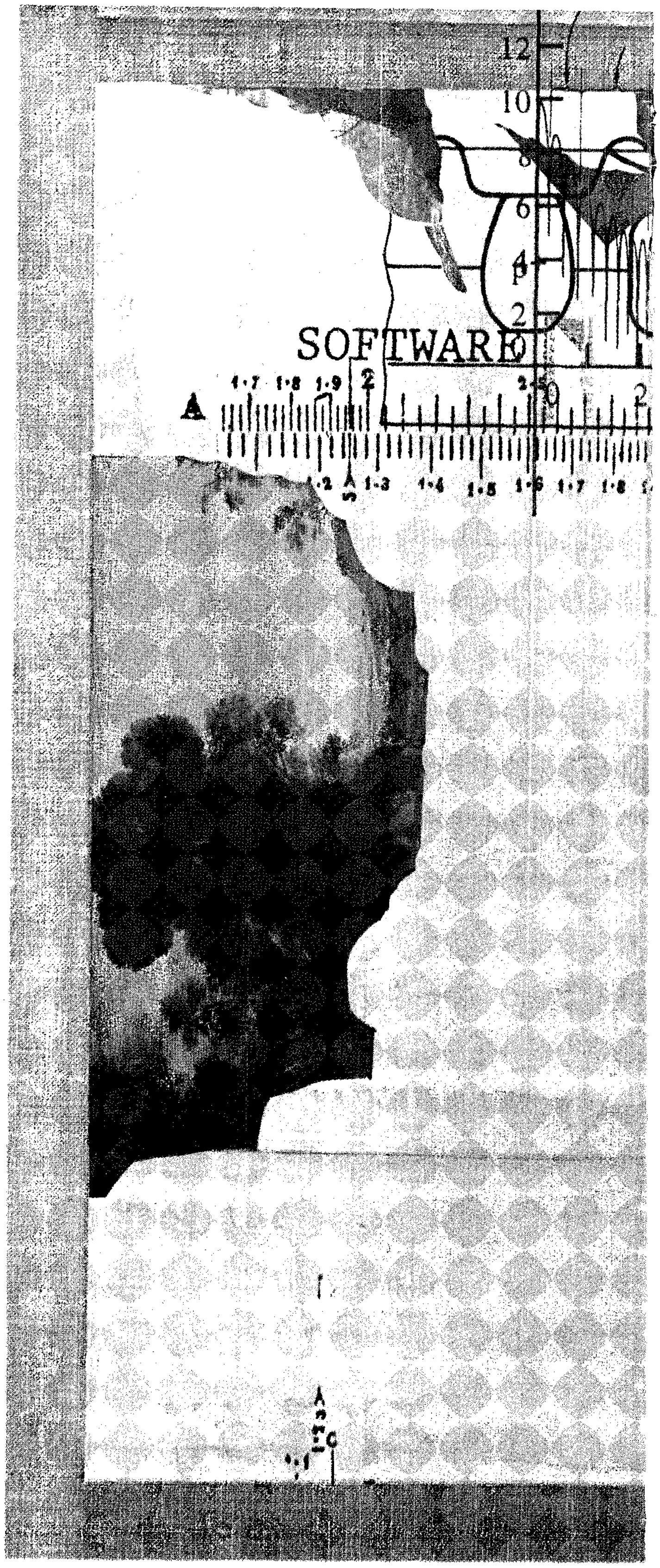

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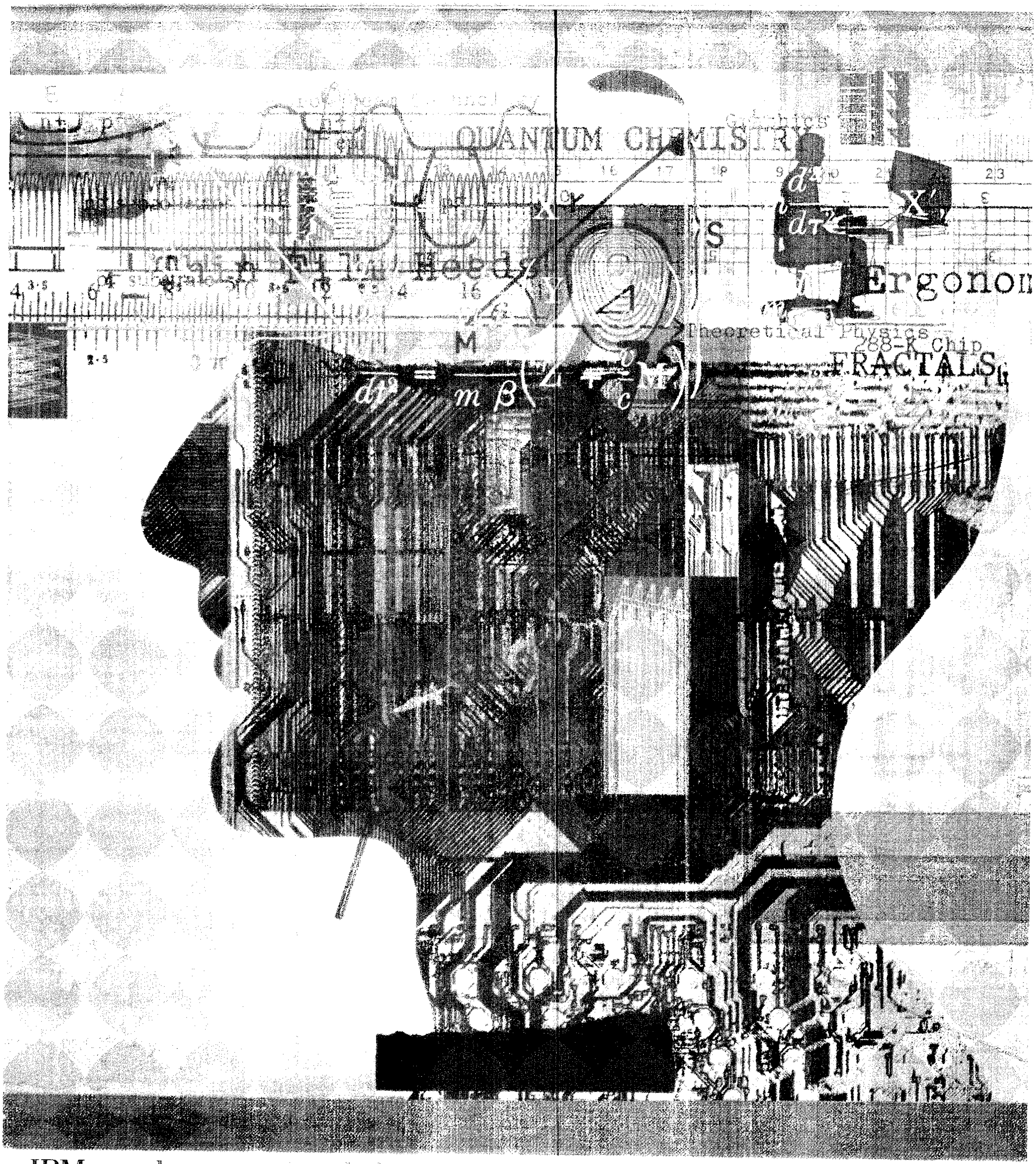
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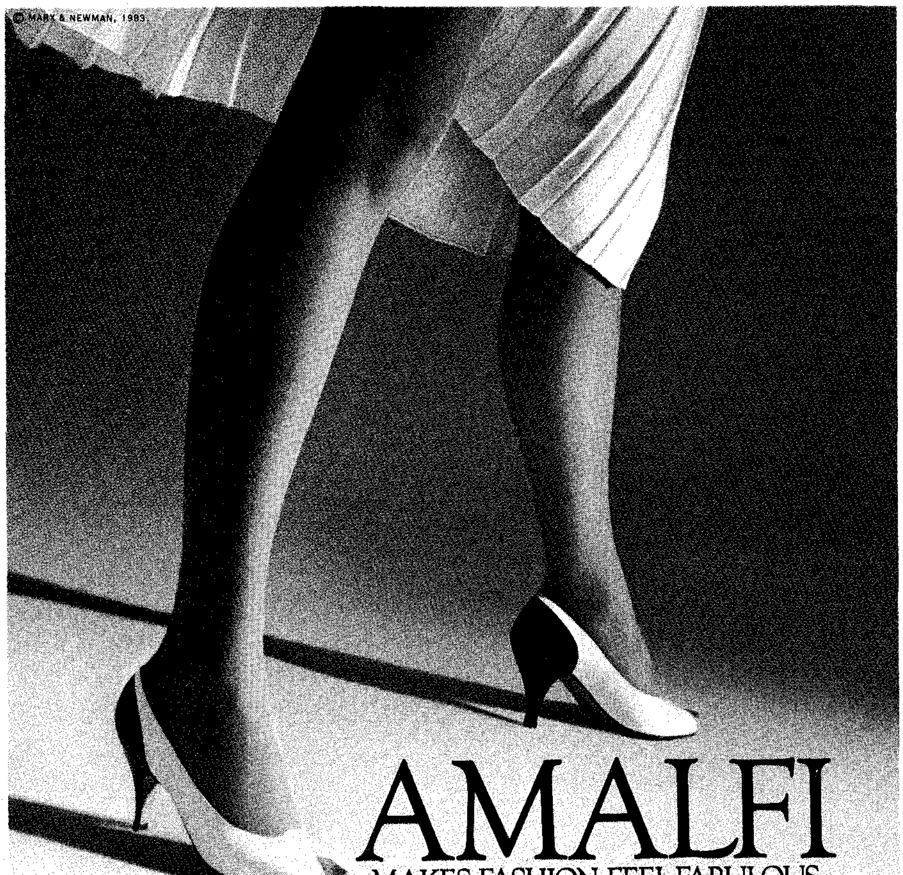

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of a castle. She fled past the black cooks in their meat-blooded aprons, through a short corridor; a dead end facing an elevator. She pushed the button and waited. The kitchen people had seen her; would they pursue? She heard their yells, but it was nothing to do with her—they were calling Thursday, Thursday. On Thursday no more new potatoes. A kind of emergency maybe. The elevator took her to the main floor, to the lobby; she emerged, free.

THIS lobby was the hall of a palace. In the middle a real fountain. Water springing out of the mouths of emerald-green dolphins. Skirted cherubs, gilded. A winged mermaid spilling gold flowers out of a gold pitcher. Lofty plants—a forest—palms sprayed dark blue and silver and gold, leafing out of masses of green marble vessels at the lip of the fountain. The water flowed into a marble channel, a little indoor brook. A royal carpet for miles around, woven with crowned birds. Well-dressed men and women sat in lion-clawed gold thrones, smoking. A golden babble. How happy Stella would be, to stroll in a place like this! Rosa kept close to the walls.

She saw a man in a green uniform.

"The manager," she croaked. "I have to tell him something."

"Office is over there." He shrugged toward a mahogany desk behind a glass wall. The manager, wearing a red wig, was making a serious mark on a crested letterhead. Persky, too, had a red wig. Florida was glutted with fake fire, burning false hair! Everyone a piece of impostor. "Ma'am?" the manager said.

"Mister, you got barbed wire by your beach."

"Are you a guest here?"

"I'm someplace else."

"Then it's none of your business, is it?"

"You got barbed wire."

"It keeps out the riffraff."

"In America it's no place for barbed wire on top of fences."

The manager left off making his serious marks. "Will you leave?" he said. "Will you please just leave?"

"Only Nazis catch innocent people behind barbed wire," Rosa said.

The red wig dipped. "My name is Finkelstein."

"Then you should know better!"

"Listen, walk out of here if you know what's good for you."

"Where were you when we was there?"

"Get out. So far I'm asking nicely. Please get out."

"Dancing in the pool in the lobby, that's where. Eat your barbed wire, Mr. Finkelstein, chew it and choke on it!"

"Go home," Finkelstein said.

"You got Sodom and Gomorrah in your back yard! You got gays and you got barbed wire!"

"You were trespassing on our beach," the manager said. "You want me to call the police? Better leave before. Some important guests have come in, we can't tolerate the noise and I can't spare the time for this."

"They write me letters all the time, your important guests. Conventions," Rosa scoffed. "Clinical Social Pathology, right? You got a Dr. Tree staying?"

"Please go," Finkelstein said.

"Come on, you got a Dr. Tree? No? I'll tell you, if not today you'll get him later on, he's on the way. He's coming to investigate specimens. I'm the important one! It's me he's interviewing, Finkelstein, not you! I'm the study!"

The red wig dipped again.

"Aha!" Rosa cried. "I see you got Tree! You got a whole bunch of Trees!"

"We protect the privacy of our guests."

"With barbed wire you protect. It's Tree, yes? I can see I'm right! It's Tree! You got Tree staying here, right? Admit you got Tree! Finkelstein, you S.S., admit it!"

The manager stood up. "Out," he said. "Get out now. Immediately."

"Don't worry, it's all right. It's my business to keep away. Tree I don't need. With Trees I had enough, you don't have to concern yourself—"

"*Leave*," said the red wig.

"A shame," Rosa said, "a Finkelstein like you." Irradiated, triumphant, cleansed, Rosa marched through the emerald glitter, toward the illuminated marquee in front. Hotel Marie Louise, in green neon. A doorman like a British admiral, gold braid cascading from his shoulders. They had trapped her, nearly caught her; but she knew how to escape. Speak up, yell. The same way she saved Stella, when they were pressing to take her on the boat to Palestine. She had no fear of Jews; sometimes she had—it came from her mother, her father—a certain contempt. The Warsaw swarm, shut off from the grandeur of the true world. Neighborhoods of a particular kind. Persky and

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Finkelstein. "Their" synagogues—balconies for the women. Primitive. Her own home, her own upbringing—how she had fallen. A loathsome tale of folk sorcery: nobility turned into a small dun rodent. Cracking her teeth on the poison of English. Here they were shallow, they knew nothing. Light-minded. Stella looking, on principle, to be light-minded. Blue stripes, barbed wire, men embracing men . . . whatever was dangerous and repugnant they made prevalent, frivolous.

Lost. Lost. Nowhere. All of Miami Beach, empty; the sand, empty. The whole wild hot neon night city: an empty search. In someone's pocket.

Persky was waiting for her. He sat in the torn brown plastic wing chair near the reception desk, one leg over the side, reading a newspaper.

He saw her come in and jumped up. He wore only a shirt and pants; no tie, no jacket. Informal.

"Lublin, Rosa!"

Rosa said, "How come you're here?"

"Where you been the whole night? I'm sitting hours."

"I didn't tell you where I stay," Rosa accused.

"I looked in the telephone book."

"My phone's disconnected, I don't know nobody. My niece, she writes, she saves on long-distance."

"All right. You want the truth? This morning I followed you, that's all. A simple walk from my place. I sneaked in the streets behind you. I found out where you stay, here I am."

"Very nice," Rosa said.

"You don't like it?"

She wanted to tell him he was under suspicion; he owed her a look in his jacket pocket. A self-confessed sneak who follows women. If not his jacket, his pants. But it wasn't possible to say a thing like this. Her pants in his pants. Instead she said, "What do you want?"

He flashed his teeth. "A date."

"You're a married man."

"A married man what ain't got a wife."

"You got one."

"In a manner of speaking. She's crazy."

Rosa said, "I'm crazy, too."

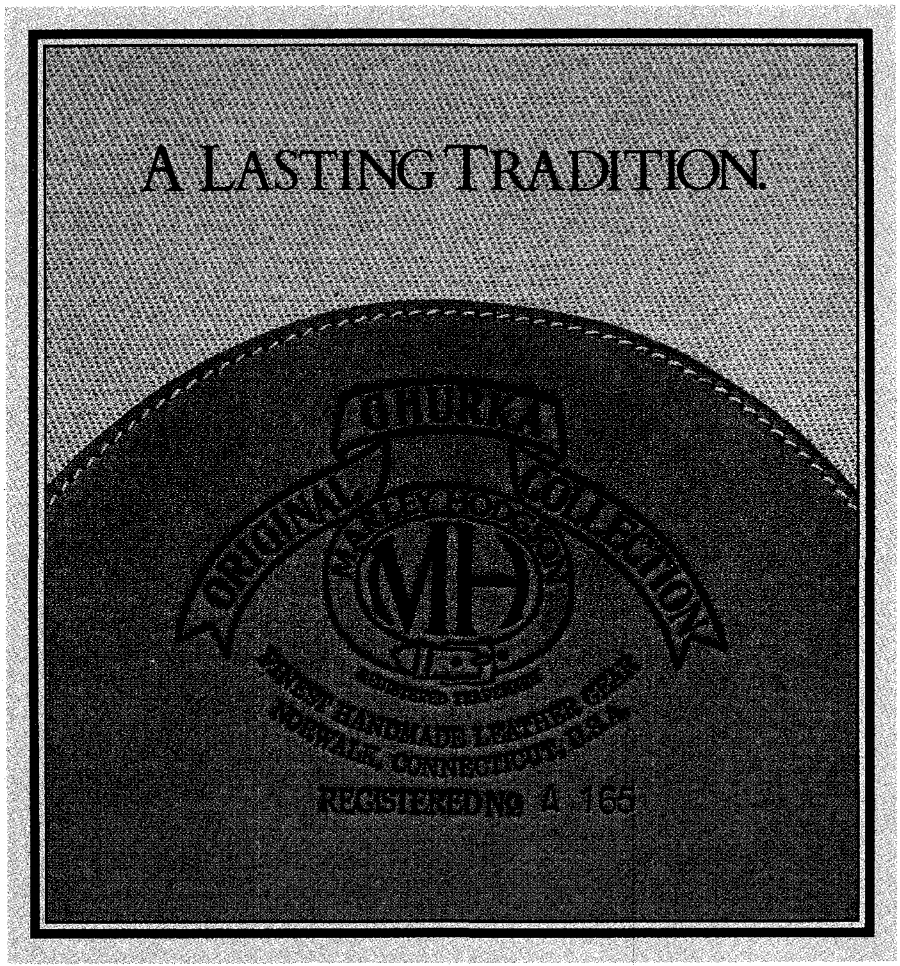
"Who says so?"

"My niece."

"What does a stranger know?"

"A niece isn't a stranger."

"My own son is a stranger. A niece



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definitely. Come on, I got my car nearby. Air-conditioned, we'll take a spin."

"You're not a kid, I'm not a kid," Rosa said.

"You can't prove it by me," Persky said.

"I'm a serious person," Rosa said. "It isn't my kind of life, to run around noplace."

"Who said noplace? I got a place in mind." He reflected. "My Senior Citizens. Very nice pinochle."

"Not interested," Rosa said. "I don't need new people."

"Then a movie. You don't like new ones, we'll find dead ones. Clark Gable. Jean Harlow."

"Not interested."

"A ride to the beach. A walk on the shore, how about it?"

"I already did it," Rosa said.

"When?"

"Tonight. Just now."

"Alone?"

Rosa said, "I was looking for something I lost."

"Poor Lublin, what did you lose?"

"My life."

She was all at once not ashamed to say this outright. Because of the missing underwear she had no dignity before him. She considered Persky's life: how trivial it must always have been: buttons, himself no more significant than a button. It was plain he took her to be another button like himself, battered now and out of fashion, rolled into Florida. All of Miami Beach, a box for useless buttons!

"This means you're tired. Tell you what," Persky said. "Invite me upstairs. A cup of tea. We'll make a conversation. You'll see, I got other ideas up my sleeve—tomorrow we'll go someplace and you'll like it."

HER room was miraculously ready: tidy, clarified. It was sorted out: you could see where the bed ended and the table commenced. Sometimes it was all one jumble, a highway of confusion. Destiny had clarified her room just in time for a visitor. She started the tea. Persky put his newspaper down on the table, and on top of it an oily paper bag. "Crullers!" he announced. "I bought them to eat in the car, but this is very nice, cozy. You got a cozy place, Lublin."

"Cramped," Rosa said.

"I work from a different theory. For everything there's a bad way of describing, also a good way. You pick

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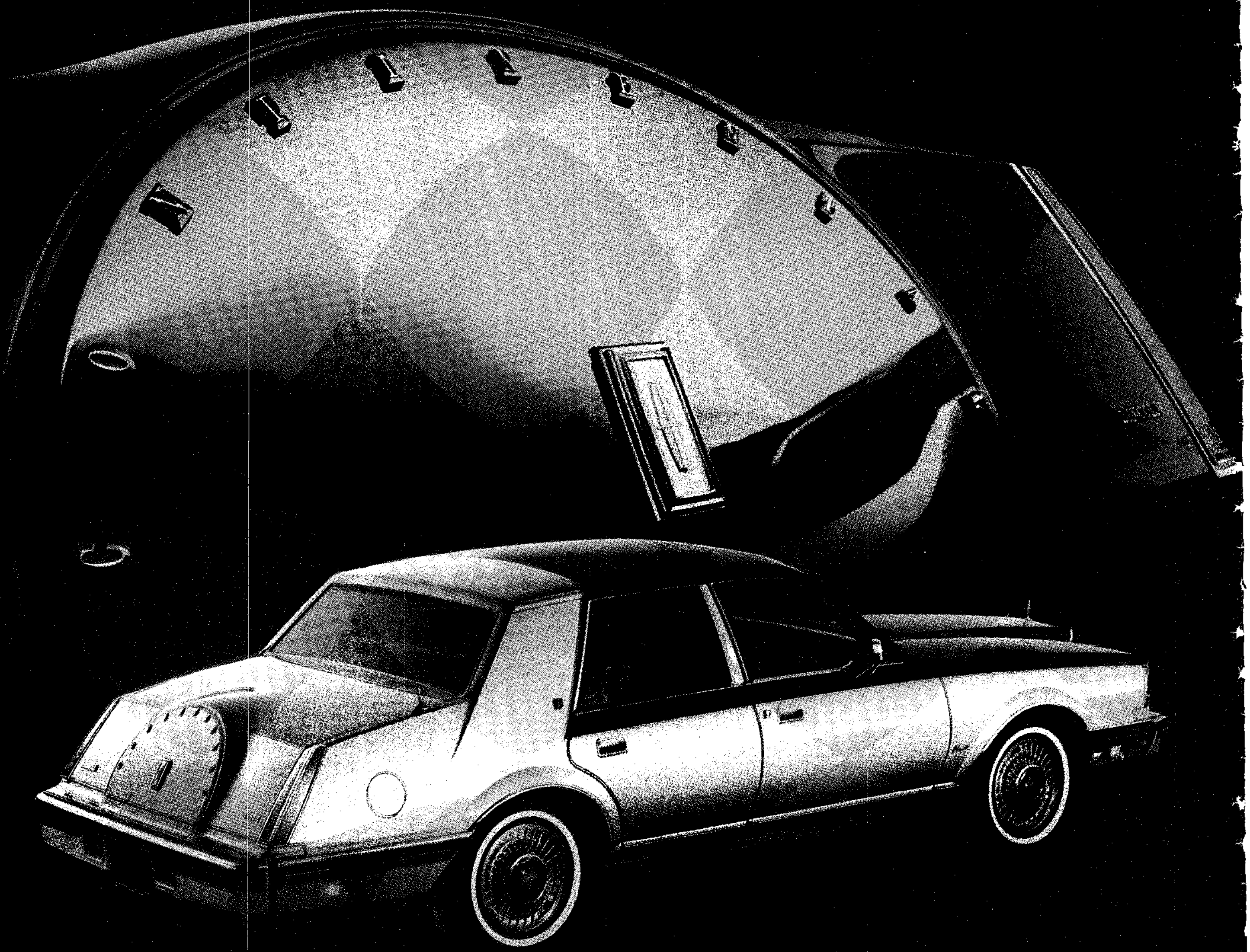

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The New York Times

"Look at me. Is our marriage working?"

the good way, you get along better."

"I don't like to give myself lies," Rosa said.

"Life is short, we all got to lie. Tell me, you got paper napkins? Never mind, who needs them. Three cups! That's a lucky thing, usually when a person lives alone they don't keep so many. Look, vanilla icing, chocolate icing. Two plain also. You prefer with icing or plain? Such fine tea bags, they got style. Now, you see, Lublin? Everything's nice!"

He had set the table. To Rosa this made the corner of the room look new, as if she had never seen it before.

"Don't let the tea cool off. Remember what I told you this morning, the hotter the better," Persky said; he clanged his spoon happily. "Here, let's make more elbowroom—"

His hand, greasy from the crullers, was on Magda's box.

"Don't touch!"

"What's the matter? It's something alive in there? A bomb? A rabbit? It's squashable? No, I got it—a lady's hat!"

Rosa hugged the box; she was feeling foolish, trivial. Everything was frivolous here, even the deepest property of being. It seemed to her someone had cut out her life organs and given them to her to hold. She walked the little distance to the bed—three steps—and set the box down against the pillow. When she turned around, Persky's teeth were persisting in their independent bliss.

"The fact is," he said, "I didn't expect nothing from you tonight. You got to work things through, I can see that. You remind me of my son. Even to get a cup of tea from you is worth something, I could do worse. Tomorrow we'll have a real appointment. I'm not inquiring, I'm not requesting. I'll be the boss, what do you say?"

Rosa sat. "I'm thinking, I should get out and go back to New York to my niece—"

"Not tomorrow. Day after tomorrow you'll change your life, and tomorrow you'll come with me. We got six meetings to pick from."

Rosa said doubtfully, "Meetings?"

"Speakers. Lectures for fancy people like yourself. Something higher than pinochle."

"I don't play," Rosa acknowledged.

Persky looked around. "I don't see no books neither. You want me to drive you to the library?"

A thread of gratitude pulled in her throat. He almost understood what she was: no ordinary button. "I read only Polish," she told him. "I don't like to read in English. For literature you need a mother tongue."

"*Lit*erature, my my. Polish ain't a dime a dozen. It don't grow on trees neither. Lublin, you should adjust. Get used to it!"

She was wary: "I'm used to everything."

"Not to being a regular person."

"My niece Stella," Rosa slowly gave out, "says that in America cats have nine lives, but we—we're less than cats, so we got three. The life before, the life during, the life after." She saw that Persky did not follow. She said, "The life after is now. The life before is our *real* life, at home, where we was born."

"And during?"

"This was Hitler."

"Poor Lublin," Persky said.

"You wasn't there. From the movies you know it." She recognized that she had shamed him; she had long ago discovered this power to shame. "After, after, that's all Stella cares. For me there's one time only, there's no after."

Persky speculated. "You want everything the way it was before."

"No, no, no," Rosa said. "It can't be. I don't believe in Stella's cats. Before is a dream. After is a joke. Only during stays. And to call it a life is a lie."

"But it's over," Persky said. "You went through it, now you owe yourself something."

"This is how Stella talks. Stella—" Rosa halted; then she came on the word. "Stella is self-indulgent. She wants to wipe out memory."

"Sometimes a little forgetting is necessary," Persky said, "if you want to get something out of life."

"Get something! Get *what*?"

"You ain't in a camp. It's finished. Long ago it's finished. Look around, you'll see human beings."

"What I see," Rosa said, "is bloodsuckers."

Persky hesitated. "Over there, they took your family?"

Rosa held up all the fingers of her

two hands. Then she said, "I'm left. Stella's left." She wondered if she dared to tell him more. The box on the bed. "Out of so many, three."

Persky asked, "Three?"

"Evidence," Rosa said briskly. "I can show you."

She raised the box. She felt like a climber on the margin of a precipice. "Wipe your hands."

Persky obeyed. He rubbed the last of the cruller crumbs on his shirt front.

"Unpack and look in. Go ahead, lift up what's inside."

She did not falter. What her own hands longed to do she was yielding to a stranger, a man with pockets; she knew why. To prove herself pure: a Madonna. Supposing he had vile old man's thoughts: let him see her with the eye of truth. A mother.

But Persky said, "How do you count three—"

"Look for yourself."

He took the cover off and reached into the box and drew out a sheet of paper and began to skim it.

"That has to be from Stella. Throw it out, never mind. More scolding, how I'm a freak—"

"Lublin, you're a regular member of the intelligentsia! This is quite some reading matter. It ain't in Polish neither." His teeth danced. "On such a sad subject, allow me a little joke. Who came to America was one, your niece Stella; Lublin, Rosa, this makes two; and Lublin's brain—three!"

Rosa stared. "I'm a mother, Mr. Persky," she said, "the same as your wife, no different." She received the paper between burning palms. "Have some respect," she commanded the bewildered glitter of his plastic grin. And read:

DEAR MS. LUBLIN:

I am taking the liberty of sending you, as a token of my good faith, this valuable study by Hidgeson (whom, you may recall, I mentioned in passing in my initial explanatory letter), which more or less lays the ethological groundwork for our current structures. I feel certain that—in preparation for our talks—you *will* want to take a look at it. A great deal of our work has been built on these phylogenetic insights. You may find some of the language a bit too technical; nevertheless I believe that simply having this volume in your possession will go far toward reassuring you concerning the professionalism of our endeavors, and of your potential contribution toward them.

Of special interest, perhaps, is Chapter Six, entitled "Defensive Group Formation: The Way of the Baboons."

Gratefully in advance,
JAMES W. TREE, PH.D.

Persky said, "Believe me, I could smell with only one glance it wasn't from Stella."

She saw that he was holding the thing he had taken out of the box. "Give me that," she ordered.

He recited, "By A. R. Hidgeson. And listen to the title, something fancy—'Repressed Animation: A Theory of the Biological Ground of Survival.' I told you fancy! This isn't what you wanted?"

"Give it to me."

"You didn't want? Stella sent you what you didn't want?"

"Stella sent!" She tore the book from him—it was heavier than she had guessed—and hurled it at the ceiling. It slammed down into Persky's half-filled teacup. Shards and droplets flew. "The way I smashed up my store, that's how I'll smash Tree!"

Persky was watching the tea drip to the floor.

"Tree?"

"Dr. Tree! Tree the bloodsucker!"

"I can see I'm involved in a mistake," Persky said. "I'll tell you what, you eat up the crullers. You'll feel better and I'll come tomorrow when the mistake is finished."

"I'm not your button, Persky! I'm nobody's button, not even if they got barbed wire everywhere!"

"Speaking of buttons, I'll go and push the elevator button. Tomorrow I'll come back."

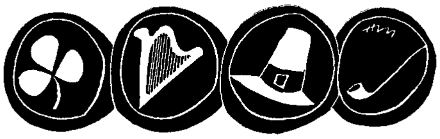
"Barbed wire! You took my laundry, you think I don't know that? Look in your dirty pockets, you thief Persky!"

In the morning, washing her face—it was swollen, nightmares like weeds, the bulb of her nose pale—Rosa found, curled inside a towel, the missing underwear.

SHE went downstairs to the desk; she talked over having her phone reconnected. Naturally they would charge more, and Stella would squawk. All the same, she wanted it.

At the desk they handed her a package; this time she examined the wrapping. It had come by registered mail and it was from Stella. It was not possible to be hoodwinked again, but Rosa was shocked, depleted, almost as if yesterday's conflagration hadn't been Tree but really the box with Magda's shawl.

She lifted the lid of the box and looked down at the shawl; she was indifferent. Persky too would have been indifferent. The colorless cloth lay like an old bandage; a discarded sling. For some reason it did not instantly restore Magda, as usually happened, a vivid thwack of restoration, like an electric jolt. She was willing to wait for the sensation to surge up whenever it would. The shawl had a faint saliva smell, but it was more nearly imagined than smelled.



Under the bed the telephone vibrated: first a sort of buzz, then a real ring. Rosa pulled it out.

The Cuban's voice said, "Missus Lublin, you connected now."

Rosa wondered why it was taking so long for Magda to come alive. Sometimes Magda came alive with a brilliant swoop, almost too quickly, so that Rosa's ribs were knocked on their insides by copper hammers, clanging and gonging.

The instrument, still in her grip, drilled again. Rosa started: it was as if she had squeezed a rubber toy. How quickly a dead thing can come to life! Very tentatively, whispering into a frond, Rosa said, "Hello?" It was a lady selling frying pans.

"No," Rosa said, and dialled Stella. She could hear that Stella had been asleep. Her throat was softened by a veil. "Stella," Rosa said, "I'm calling from my own room."

"Who is this?"

"Stella, you don't recognize me?"

"Rosa! Did anything happen?"

"Should I come back?"

"My God," Stella said, "is it an emergency? We could discuss this by mail."

"You wrote me I should come back."

"I'm not a millionaire," Stella said. "What's the point of this call?"

"Tree's here."

"Tree? What's that?"

"*Doctor* Tree. You sent me his letter, he's after me. By accident I found out where he stays."

"No one's after you," Stella said grimly.

Rosa said, "Maybe I should come back and open up again."

"You're talking nonsense. You *can't*. The store's finished. If you come back it has to be a new attitude absolutely, recuperated. The end of morbidness."

"A very fancy hotel," Rosa said. "They spend like kings."

"It's none of your business."

"A Tree is none of my business? He gets rich on our blood! Prestige! Peo-

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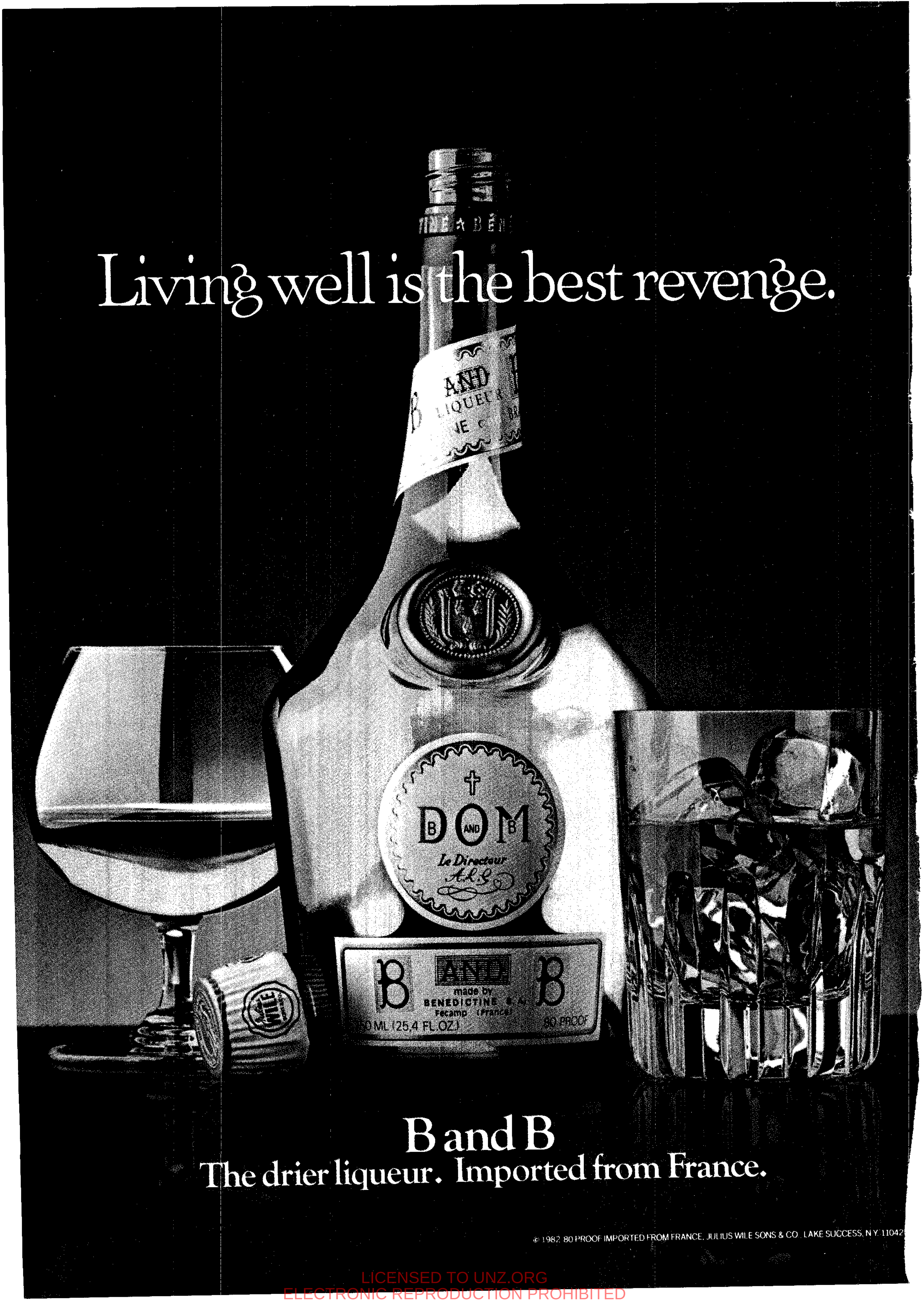
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ple respect him! A professor with specimens! He wrote me baboons!"

"You're supposed to be recuperating," Stella said; she was wide awake. "Walk around. Keep out of trouble. Put on your bathing suit. Mingle. How's the weather?"

"In that case you come here," Rosa said.

"Oh my God, I can't afford it. You talk like I'm a millionaire. What would I do down there?"

"I don't like it alone. A man stole my underwear."

"Your *what*?" Stella squealed.

"My panties. There's plenty perverts in the streets. Yesterday in the sand I saw two naked men."

"Rosa," Stella said, "if you want to come back, come back. I wrote you that, that's all I said. But you could get interested in something down there for a change. If not a job, a club. If it doesn't cost too much, I wouldn't mind paying for a club. You could join some kind of group, you could walk, you could swim—"

"I already walked."

"Make friends." Stella's voice tightened. "Rosa, this is long-*dis*-tance."

On that very phrase, "long-*dis*-tance," Magda sprang to life. Rosa took the shawl and put it over the knob of the receiver: it was like a little doll's head then. She kissed it, right over Stella's admonitions. "Goodbye," she told Stella, and didn't care what it had cost. The whole room was full of Magda: she was like a butterfly, in this corner and in that corner, all at once. Rosa waited to see what age Magda was going to be: how nice, a girl of sixteen, girls in their bloom move so swiftly that their blouses and skirts balloon, they are always butterflies at sixteen. There was Magda, all in flower. She was wearing one of Rosa's dresses from high school. Rosa was glad: it was the sky-colored dress, a middling blue with black buttons seemingly made of round chips of coal, like the unlit shards of stars. Persky could never have been acquainted with buttons like that, they were so black and so sparkling; original, with irregular facets like bits of true coal from a vein in the earth or some other planet. Madga's hair was still as yellow as buttercups, and so slippery and fine that her two barrettes, in the shape of cornets, kept sliding down toward the sides of her chin—that chin which was the marvel of her face; with a different kind of chin it would have been a much less explicit face. The jaw was ever so slightly too long, a deepened oval, so that her mouth, especially the lower lip, was not crowded but rather made a definite mark in the middle of spaciousness. Consequently the mouth seemed as significant as a body arrested in orbit, and Magda's sky-filled eyes, nearly rectangular at the corners, were like two obeisant satellites. Magda could be seen with great clarity. She had begun to resemble Rosa's father, who had also had a long oval face anchored by a positive mouth. Rosa was enraptured by Magda's healthy forearms. She would have given everything to set her before an easel, to see whether she could paint in watercolors; or to have her seize a violin, or a chess queen; she knew little about Magda's mind at this age, or whether she had any talents; even what her intelligence tended toward. And also she was always a little suspicious of Magda, because of the other strain, whatever it was, that ran in her. Rosa herself was not truly suspicious, but Stella was, and that induced perplexity in Rosa. The other strain was ghostly, even dangerous. It was as if the peril hummed out from the filaments of Magda's hair, those narrow bright wires.

My Gold, my Wealth, my Treasure, my Hidden Sesame, my Paradise, my Yellow Flower, my Magda! Queen of Bloom and Blossom!

When I had my store I used to "meet the public," and I wanted to tell everybody—not only our story but other stories as well. Nobody knew anything. This amazed me, that nobody remembered what happened only a little while ago. They didn't remember because they didn't know. I'm referring to certain definite facts. The tramcar in the Ghetto, for instance. You know they took the worst section, a terrible slum, and they built a wall around it. It was a regular city neighborhood, with rotting old tenements. They pushed in half a million people, more than double the number there used to be in that place. Three families, including all their children and old folks, into one apartment. Can you imagine a family like us—my father who had been the director-general of the Bank of Warsaw, my sheltered mother, almost Japanese in her shyness and refinement, my two young brothers, my older brother, and me—all of us, who had lived in a tall house with four floors and a glorious attic (you could touch the top of the house by sticking your arm far out its window; it was like pulling the whole green ribbon of summer indoors)—imagine confining *us* with teeming Mockowiczes and Rabinowiczes and Perskys and Finkelsteins, with all their bad-smelling grandfathers and their hordes of feeble children! The

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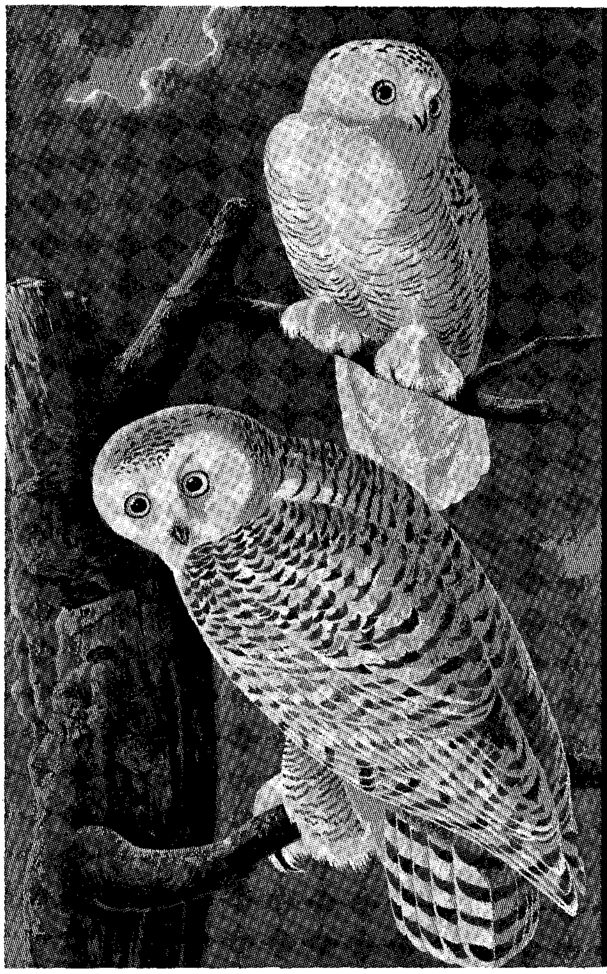

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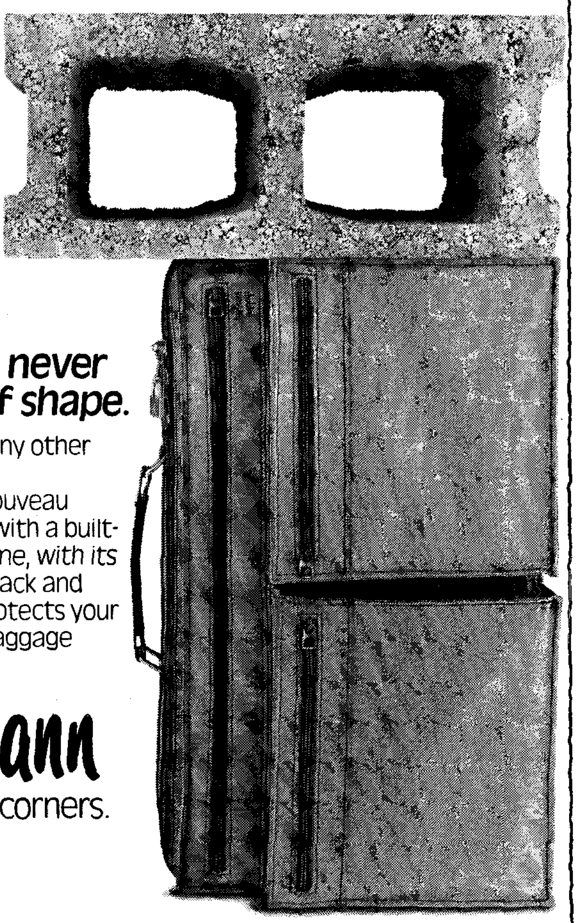

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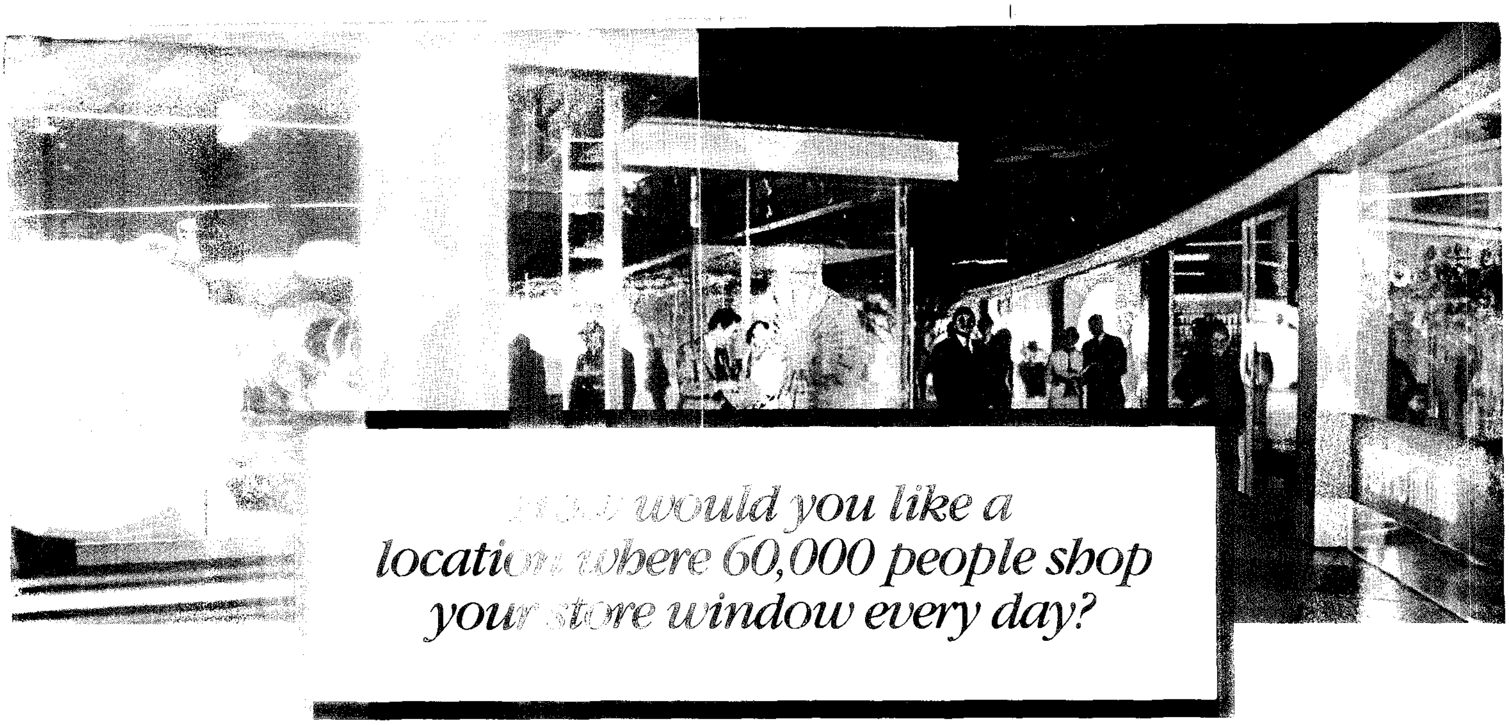
children were half dead, always sitting on boxes in tatters with such sick eyes, pus on the lids and the pupils too wildly lit up. All these families used up their energies with walking up and down, and bowing, and shaking and quaking over old rags of prayer books, and their children sat on the boxes and yelled prayers, too. We thought they didn't know how to organize themselves in adversity, and, besides that, we were furious: because the same sort of adversity was happening to *us*—my father was a person of real importance, and my tall mother had so much delicacy and dignity that people would bow automatically, even before they knew who she was. So we were furious in every direction, but most immediately we were furious because we had to be billeted with such a class, with these old Jew peasants worn out from their rituals and superstitions, phylacteries on their foreheads sticking up so stupidly, like unicorn horns, every morning. And in the most repulsive slum, deep in slops and vermin and a toilet not fit for the lowest criminal. We were not of a background to show our fury, of course, but my father told my brothers and me that my mother would not be able to live through it, and he was right.

In my store I didn't tell this to everyone; who would have the patience to hear it all out? So I used to pick out one little thing here, one little thing there, for each customer. And if I saw they were in a hurry—most of them were, after I began—I would tell just about the tramcar. When I told about the tramcar, no one ever understood that it ran on tracks! Everybody always thought of buses. Well, they couldn't tear up the tracks, they couldn't get rid of the overhead electric wire, could they? The point is they couldn't reroute the whole tram system; so, you know, they didn't. The tramcar came right through the middle of the Ghetto. What they did was build a sort of overhanging pedestrian bridge for the Jews—they couldn't get near the tramcar to escape on it into the other part of Warsaw. The other side of the wall.

The most astounding thing was that the most ordinary streetcar, bumping along on the most ordinary trolley tracks, and carrying the most ordinary citizens going from one section of Warsaw to another, ran straight into the place of our misery. Every day, and several times a day, we had these witnesses. Every day they saw us—women with shopping sacks, and once I noticed a head of lettuce sticking up out of the top of a sack. Green lettuce! I thought my salivary glands would split with aching for that leafy greenness. And girls wearing hats. They were all the sort of plain people of the working class with slovenly speech who ride tramcars, but they were considered better than we, because no one regarded us as Poles anymore. And we, my father, my mother—we had so many pretty jugs on the piano and shining little tables, replicas of Greek vases, and one an actual archeological find that my father had dug up on a school vacation in his teens, on a trip to Crete—it was all pieced together, and the missing parts, which broke up the design of a warrior with a javelin, filled in with reddish clay. And on the walls, up and down the corridors and along the stairs, we had wonderful ink drawings, the black so black and miraculous, how it measured out a hand and then the shadow



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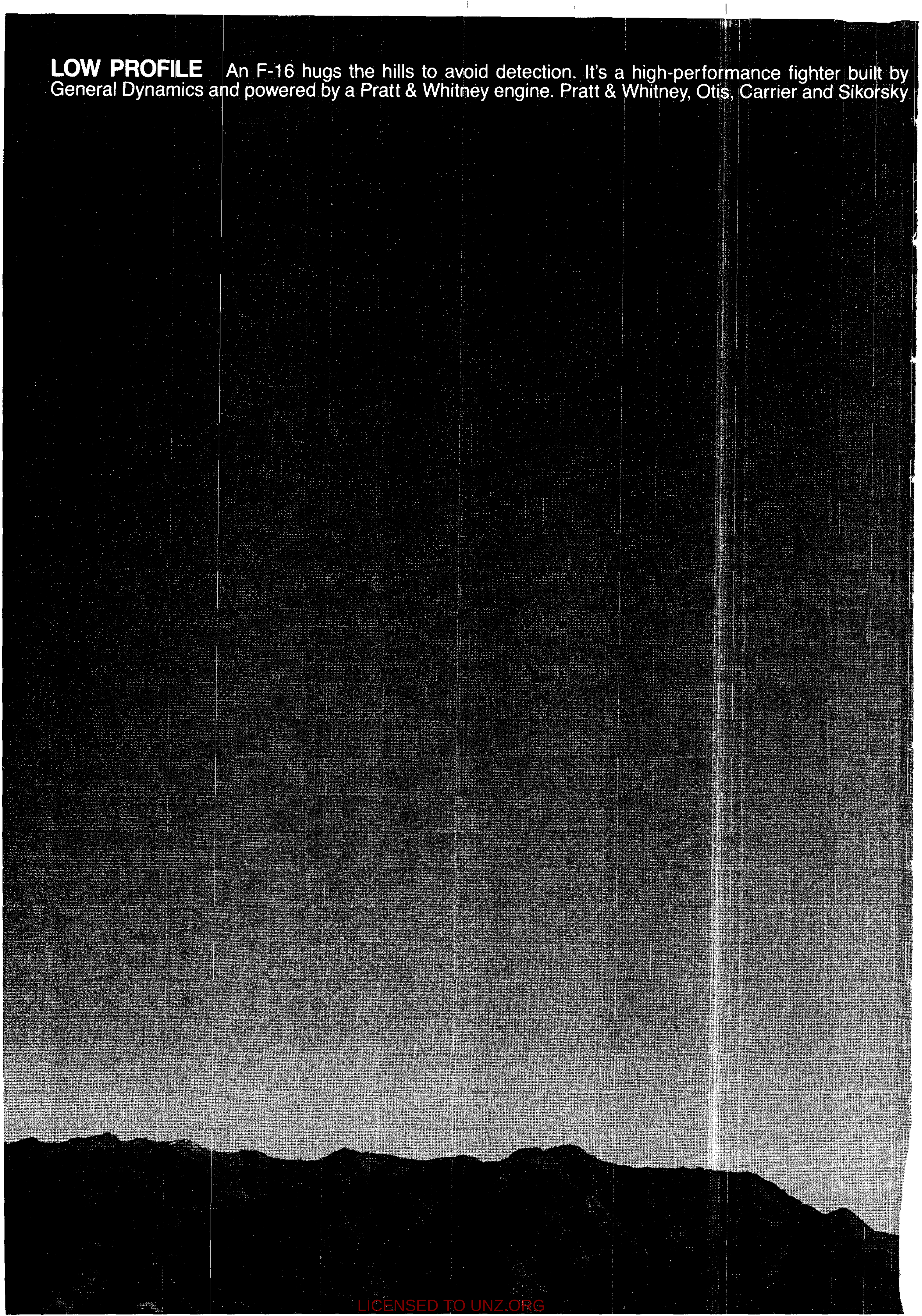

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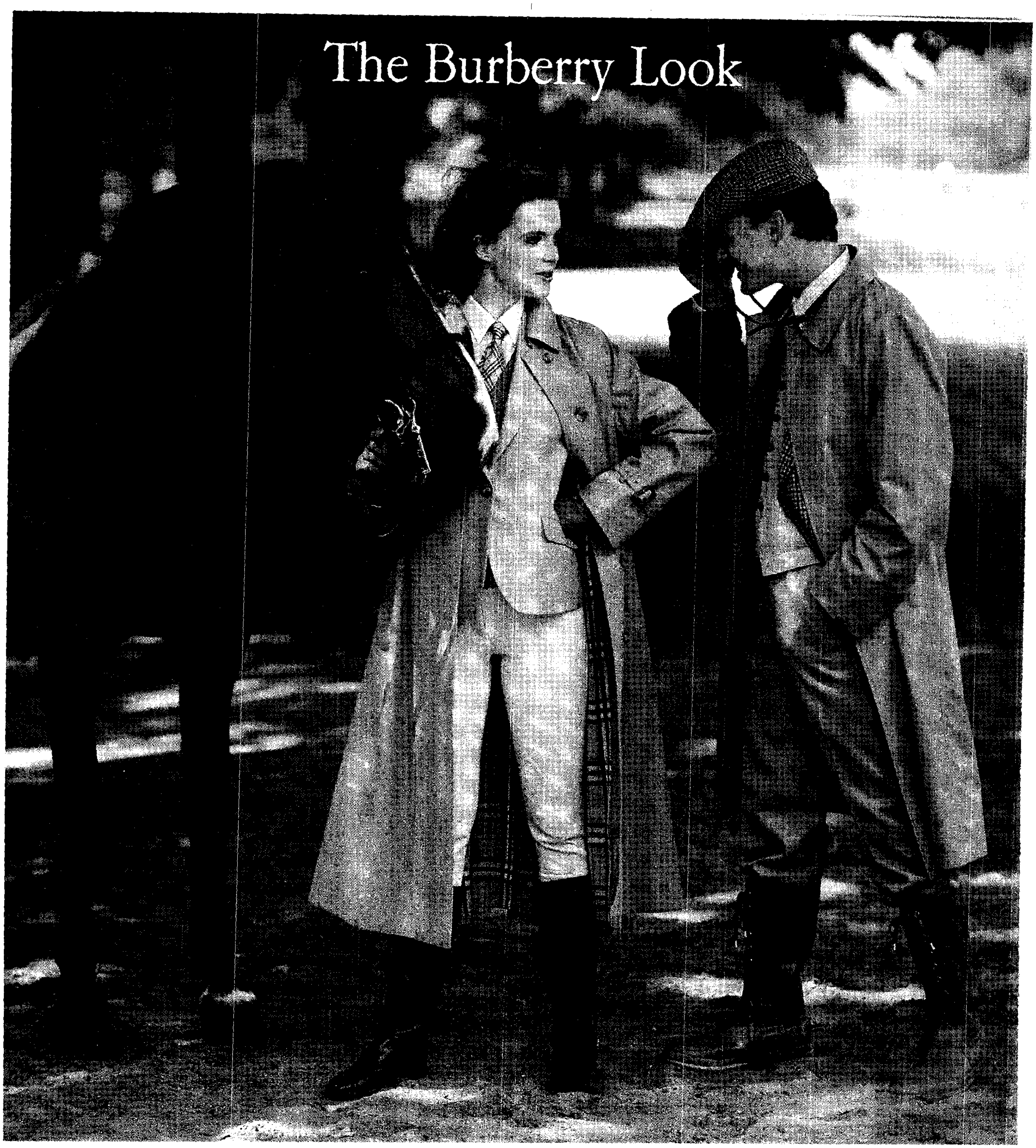

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of the hand. And with all this—especially our Polish, the way my parents enunciated Polish in soft calm voices with the most precise articulation, so that every syllable struck its target—the people in the tramcar were regarded as Poles—well, they *were*, I don't take it away from them, though they took it away from us—and we were not! They, who couldn't read one line of Tuwim, never mind Vergil, and my father, who knew nearly the whole first half of the Aeneid by heart. And in this place now I am like the woman who held the lettuce in the tramcar. I said all this in my store, talking to the deaf. How I became like the woman with the lettuce.

Rosa wanted to explain to Magda still more about the jugs and the drawings on the walls, and the old things in the store, things that nobody cared about, broken chairs with carved birds, long strings of glass beads, gloves and wormy muffs abandoned in drawers. But she was tired from writing so much, even though this time she was not using her regular pen, she was writing inside a blazing flying current, a terrible beak of light bleeding out a kind of cuneiform on the underside of her brain. The drudgery of reminiscence brought fatigue, she felt glazed, lethargic. And Magda! Already she was turning away. Away. The blue of her dress was now only a speck in Rosa's eye. Magda did not even stay to claim her letter: there it flickered, unfinished, like an ember, and all because of the ringing from the floor near the bed. Voices, sounds, echoes, noise—Magda collapsed at any stir, fearful as a phantom. She behaved at these moments as if she were ashamed, and hid herself. Magda, my beloved, don't be ashamed! Butterfly, I am not ashamed of your presence: only come to me, come to me again, if no longer now, then later, always come. These were Rosa's private words; but she was stoic, tamed; she did not say them aloud to Magda. Pure Magda, head as bright as a lantern.

The shawled telephone, little grimy silent god, so long comatose—now, like Magda, animated at will, ardent with its cry. Rosa let it clamor once or twice and then heard the Cuban girl announce—oh, "announce"!—Mr. Persky: should he come up or would she come down? A parody of a real hotel!—of, in fact, the MARIE LOUISE, with its fountains, its golden thrones, its thorned wire, its burning Tree!

"He's used to crazy women, so let him come up," Rosa told the Cuban. She took the shawl off the phone.

Magda was not there. Shy, she ran from Persky. Magda was away.

—CYNTHIA OZICK

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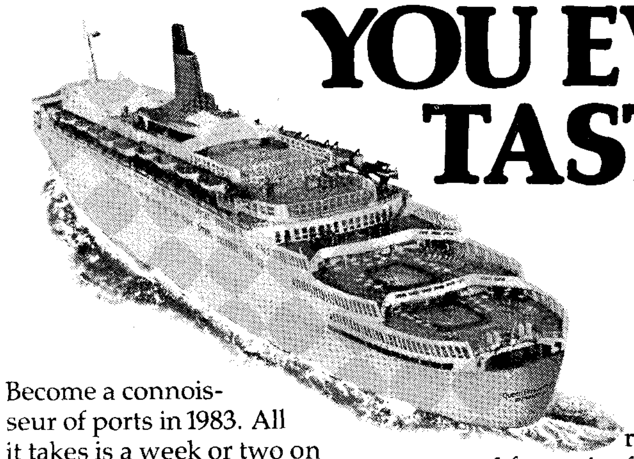

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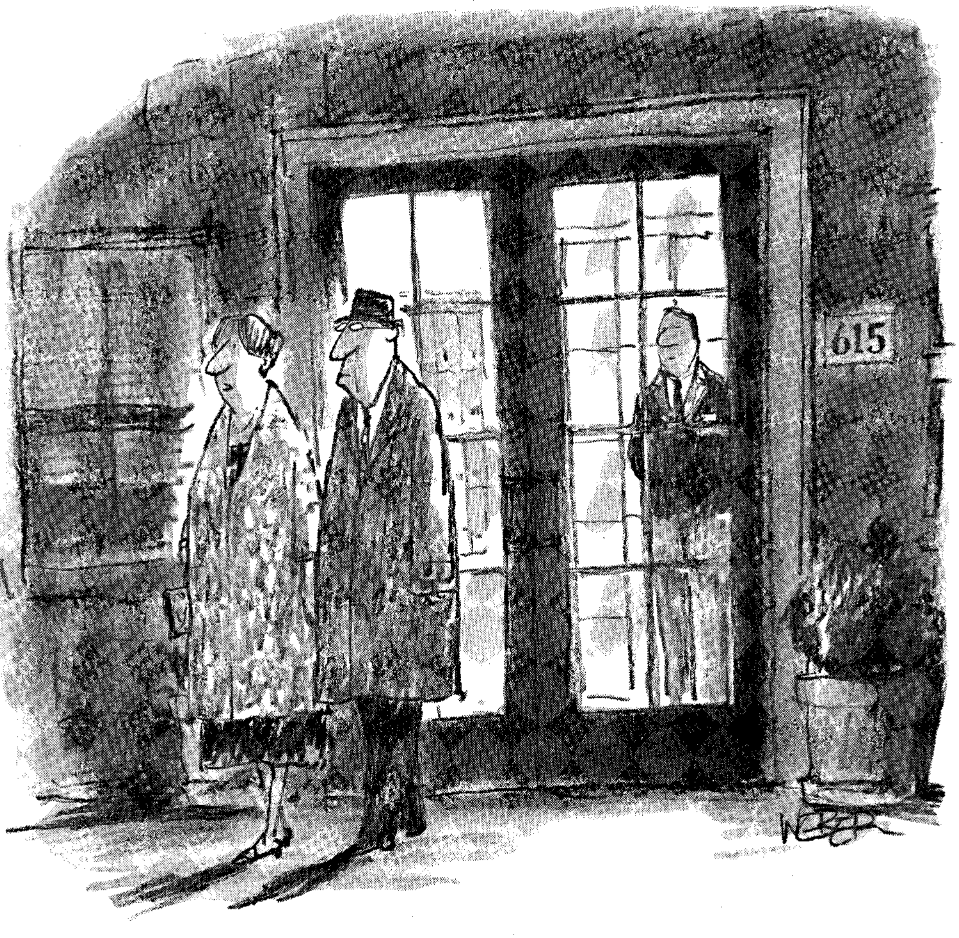
AROUND CITY HALL

TOUCHING TIMES

ELEVEN of the twenty-three tall windows across the front of the second floor of New York's two-and-a-half-story City Hall look out from the Governor's Room, the collective name given to three rooms—one large chamber with a smaller adjoining one on each side—that in 1814, two years after City Hall was completed, were designated as headquarters for the governor of the state when he came down to the city from Albany. After the governor got to town, in the era when the state capital was not an hour-long plane hop but a several-day stagecoach journey away, he could settle in for a while and treat with local officials in this convenient place. The mayor of the city sometimes made the equally arduous trip to Albany, but under the state constitution cities—even New York City (which its present mayor, Edward Koch, has called "a stroke of genius")—are legally merely creatures of the state, and there was no similarly convenient Mayors' Room in the state capitol. Even after the dramatic improvement in public transportation over the nineteenth century, New York governors continued to exercise their City Hall privileges. The last head of the state to make official use of the Governor's Room was Alfred E. Smith, in the nineteen-twenties; as far as anyone at City Hall knows, no one thought to take a picture of that Tammany stalwart, with his brown derby and his cigars, as Smith—who often mentioned that he was the first Irish Catholic to be elected governor—and his cronies tended to the state's business amid the graceful tables and Duncan Phyfe-style chairs with which the room has been furnished since it opened. Nor is there any record of whether Smith and his staff were put off by having to work under the stern eyes of twenty-three Founding Fathers and other early American figures, many of them in knee breeches, whose portraits line the walls of the Governor's Room. Twelve of the portraits are by John Trumbull, known as "the painter of the Revolution," who was once an aide-de-camp to General George Washington, and whom long-ago city governments commissioned to do the portraits, most of them from life. Dominating the main chamber of the Governor's Room is a giant painting, by Trumbull, of General Washington, showing, in the background, the artist's version of events at Bowling Green and the Upper Bay of New York Harbor on November 24, 1783, the day of the evacuation of the city by the British. In 1975, when New York was overtaken by its fiscal crisis—a phrase that is in as routine use here to describe a time of great peril and public fervor as the term "the Troubles" is in Ireland—well-meaning New Yorkers suggested all kinds of resources that might be used to help pull the city through financially. Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman proposed that to improve its cash-flow position the city should sell the Brooklyn Bridge and then lease it back. Another informal proposal was that the city consider selling some of the art work it owned, such as the Trumbull paintings at City Hall. In the end, no such rash actions were deemed necessary. Instead, the state, under Governor Hugh Carey, established an Emergency Financial Control Board to oversee the city's finances—a move that eventually helped persuade Congress to come to the rescue with, in late 1975, a program of revolving federal loans and, in 1978, over a billion and a half dollars in federal loan guarantees. Last October, it was suddenly discovered that the city might again be in financial peril. The danger was partly a result of what many New Yorkers regarded as an unduly generous contract with the municipal unions, agreed to by Mayor Koch not long before last September's Democratic primary; Koch was a candidate for the nomination for governor and expected to need the unions' support in the general election. In addition, the lower national inflation rate had brought an uncounted-on shortfall in city revenues. In January, the Mayor offered a tentative budget for the coming fiscal year which provided for a reduction of eleven thousand four hundred city personnel, nearly half of whom would face actual layoffs, and the phrase "fiscal crisis" was no longer being used here just retrospectively. One headline over a *News* account of the city's predicament was "KOCH TO ALBANY: HELP!" The Reagan Administration's relative indifference to urban problems meant that this time help could come only from the state. For-



"Jessie Mayhew introduced us to everyone as the 'zany' McMullens. What was that all about?"

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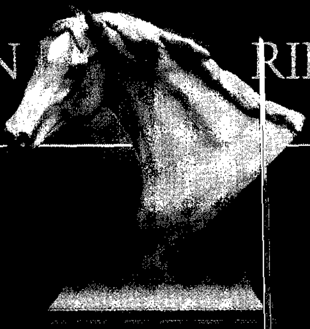

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tunately, the state budget proposed on January 31st by New York's new governor, Mario Cuomo, included a number of measures that—if upstate legislators agreed to them—would go a long way toward closing the city's five-hundred-and-eighty-million-dollar deficit for the next fiscal year. Recently, the city did arrange to sell a horse farm it owned in Orange County, but the Trumbulls are currently considered safe, even from a sell-off-and-lease-back arrangement. The Governor's Room is now a museum, open for a few hours each day. From this serene precinct, visitors can see City Hall Plaza and the small park beyond it, where, on almost any given day, crowds of angry demonstrators may be gathered, shouting and waving signs in protest against this or that alleged atrocity by the Mayor or some other figure in the city government. A favorite chant is "All fired up—won't take no more!" But then that is not so far from the onetime message of the Revolutionaries who look down from the walls of the Governor's Room.

THE biggest thrill for many of those who stop by the Governor's Room is the chance to see the writing desk used by President Washington in the period between April of 1789 and August of 1790, when this city was the nation's capital. Governor Cuomo, who was sworn in on January 1st, has shown no interest in exercising his rights to space at City Hall. For his local headquarters, he chose an office on the fifty-seventh floor of the southern tower of the World Trade Center, a few blocks southwest of City Hall. From there, beyond a forest of steel-and-glass skyscrapers, the Governor can see Bowling Green and the Upper Bay of the Harbor. Angry demonstrators will undoubtedly gather beneath his windows, but they will be tiny, inaudible figures in a distant landscape. Though he won't be working at Washington's writing desk, in his Albany office Cuomo is using a desk with other Presidential connections. On the second-floor landing of the Governor's Mansion, someone discovered for him a desk that was used from 1929 to 1933 by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, the last New York politician to go to the White House. Turning to F.D.R. for guidance and inspiration was not just fitting but inevitable, the new Governor said at this month's commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of Roosevelt's first Presidential inauguration, where Cuomo was the

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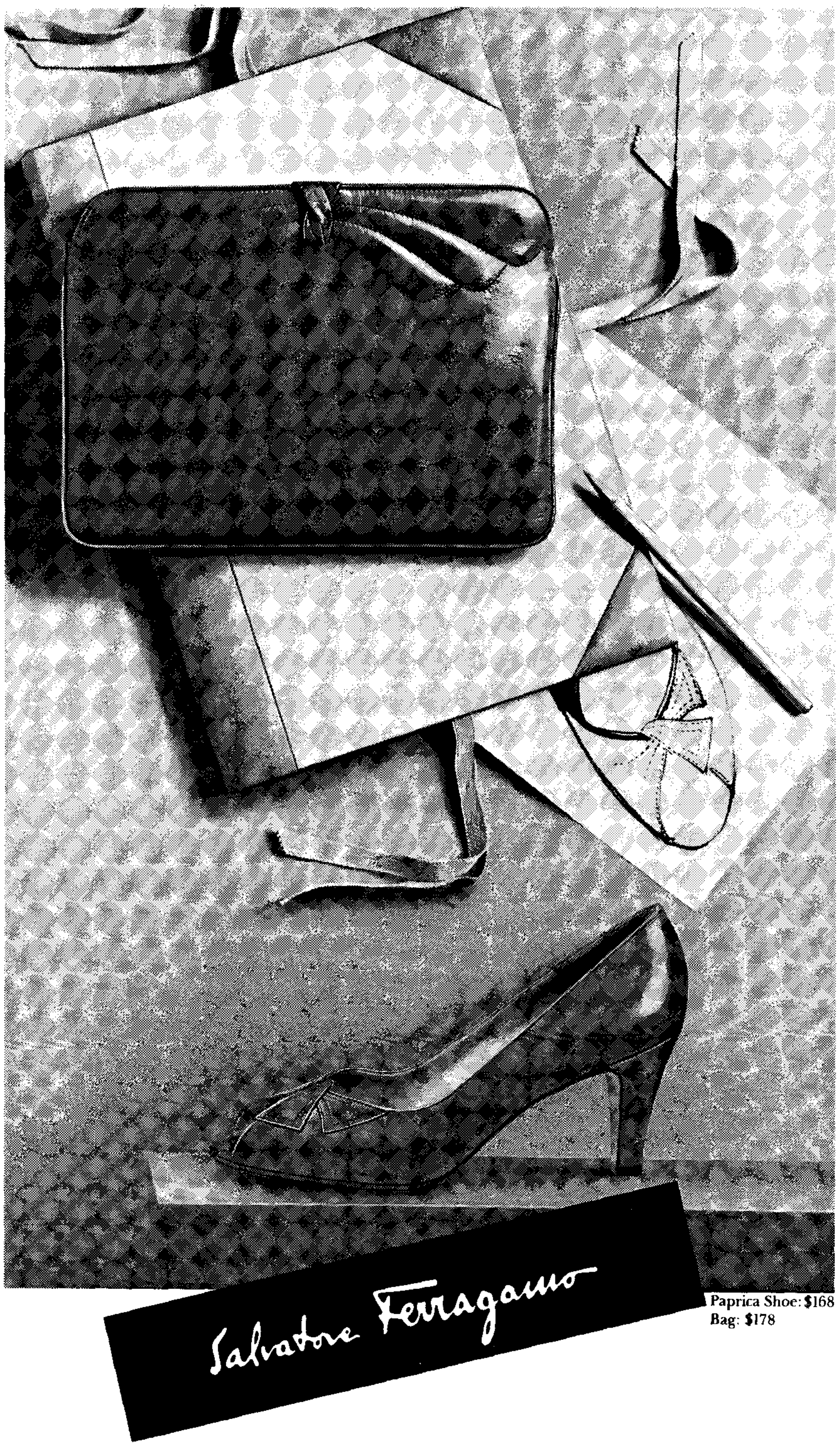

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main speaker. "How could I not?" he asked the crowd gathered in the Roosevelt family church in Hyde Park. "I, who sit this day at his very desk, the desk scarred by a thousand contacts with a wheelchair which failed to keep Roosevelt from moving a whole world." After Koch was sworn in as mayor in 1978, he made a similar find. From someone's outer office in City Hall he retrieved a desk that had been used by Fiorello LaGuardia, mayor of the city from 1934 through 1945. Some New Yorkers have been surprised to learn that, according to recent biographers, during his last years in office the Little Flower was disconsolate because he had been unsuccessful in his efforts to persuade national political leaders that he should be taken seriously as a Presidential candidate and would confound the well-established tradition that New York municipal office is a political dead end.

On very rare occasions, the Governor's Room is used for a ceremonial event. During President Jimmy Carter's 1978 visit to City Hall to sign the federal-loan-guarantee bill, a huge affair attended by hundreds of local civic leaders and all the politicians who could squeeze themselves onto the invitation list, a reception was held in the Governor's Room. The actual signing was done on City Hall's front steps, on President Washington's desk, which had been brought downstairs for the occasion. The desk survived the ordeal intact, although a Steuben crystal apple, set out as a symbolic decoration during the signing, was made off with by a New York congressman. (He was later persuaded to return it.) The most recent ceremony in the Governor's Room was a reception on January 21st after Koch gave the city's Gold Medal, its highest award, to former Governor Hugh Carey, who left office at the end of last year. As the two men posed for pictures under Trumbull's portrait of George Clinton, New York's first governor, Carey gave a display of the self-absorption only too familiar to those who spend much time with politicians. Someone asked him whether his future plans might include a race for the White House, an address that, according to precedent, those who have served as governor of New York have something of a lien on. In February of 1982, Koch, only a few weeks after he was sworn in for his second term as mayor, announced that he would be a candidate for governor, and his counsel, Robert Tierney, was asked whether, once Koch was nominated and elected to that office—events that were then looked upon as virtually foregone conclusions—he would eventually run for the Presidency. Tierney's answer was that such speculation "goes with the territory." In the first twenty-one Presidential elections after the end of the Civil War, seventeen of the major candidates were from New York. In fifteen of the elections, the nominees were present or former governors of the state, and in 1944 *both* Franklin Roosevelt and Thomas E. Dewey were in that category. Carey's answer on the day he received the Gold Medal was that he had no Presidential plans. However, he told reporters, "If I should run for anything, I'll win. Remember, in all my political life, when I was at the head of the ticket, I've never lost an election, including a primary." At Carey's reference to never having lost a primary, a brief flicker of distress crossed the face of the Mayor, standing beside him. As everyone knew, last September he had been defeated by Cuomo in the Democratic primary for the governorship—a stunning upset. (That result has now, of course, been eclipsed in the stunning-upset category by the unexpected victory last month of Harold Washington in the Chicago Democratic mayoral primary—a contest like the one between Koch and Cuomo in that a big turnout of black voters was critical.) There was evidence that it was not without forethought that Carey uttered his needling remark close to the left ear of the Mayor, who, despite the honor he was paying the former Governor that day, had often spoken with scorn of his performance in Albany. Carey had carefully included in his boast the qualifying phrase "when I was at the head of the ticket." He had in fact lost a primary race. In 1969, he was defeated for the Democratic nomination for president of the New York City Council on a losing ticket headed by former Mayor Robert F. Wagner, who was trying for a political comeback. Four years earlier, another now prominent Irish-American politician from this city, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, had been beaten in a primary race for the same post. "The only thing worse than losing that race would have been winning it," Moynihan's wife, Elizabeth, later said. As it was, having escaped the long-term political trap of election to New York municipal office, Moynihan retired to the

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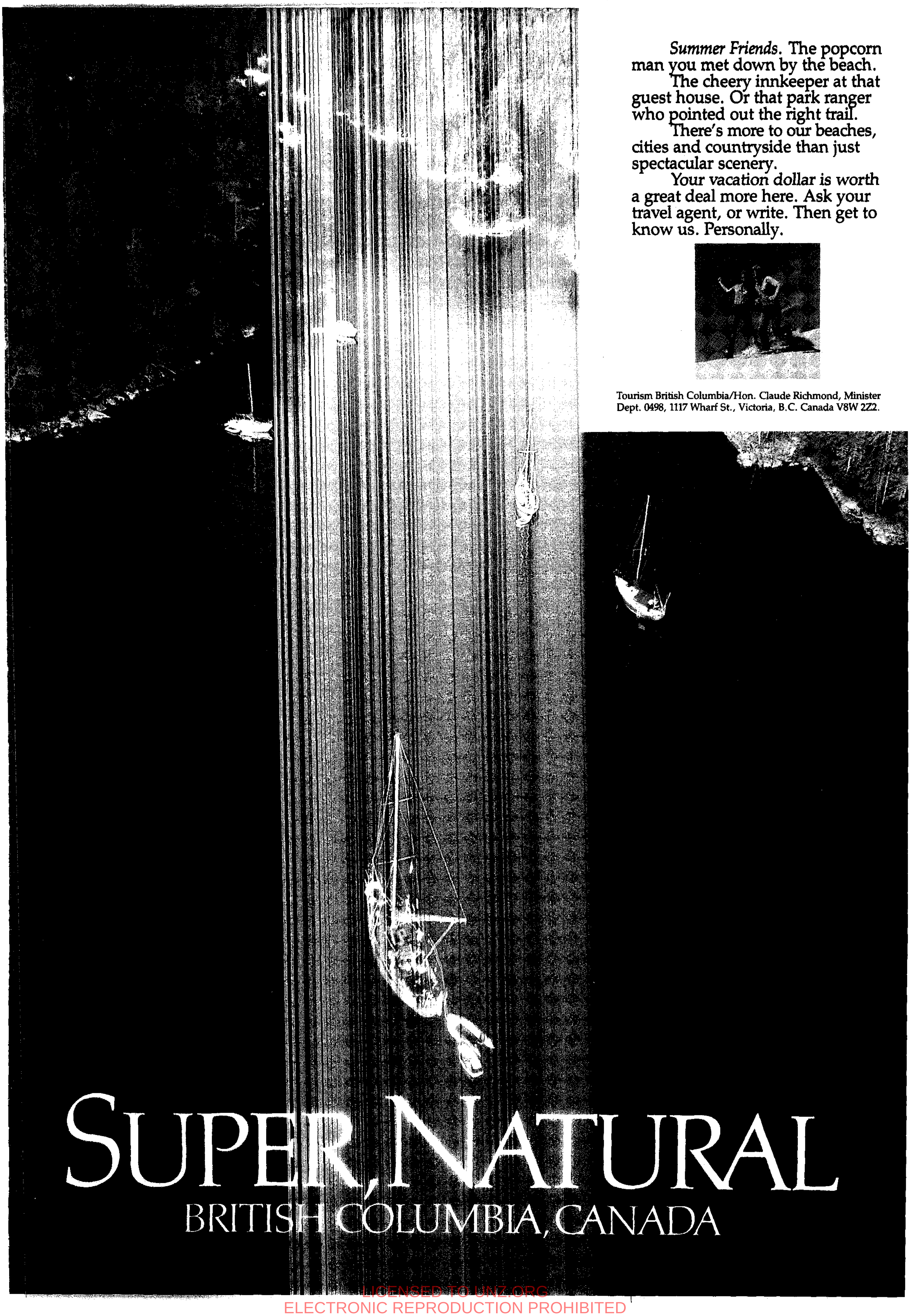

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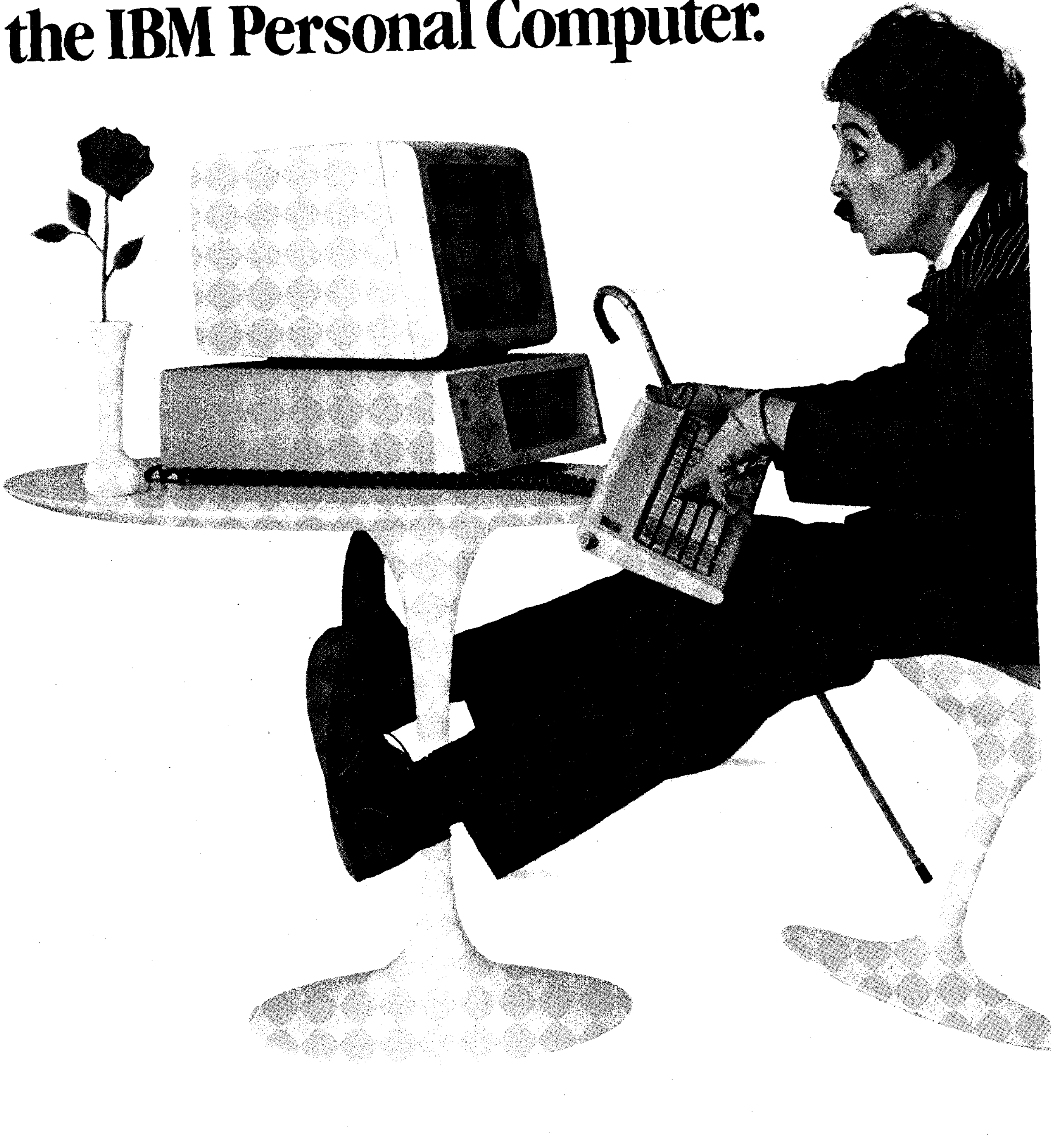

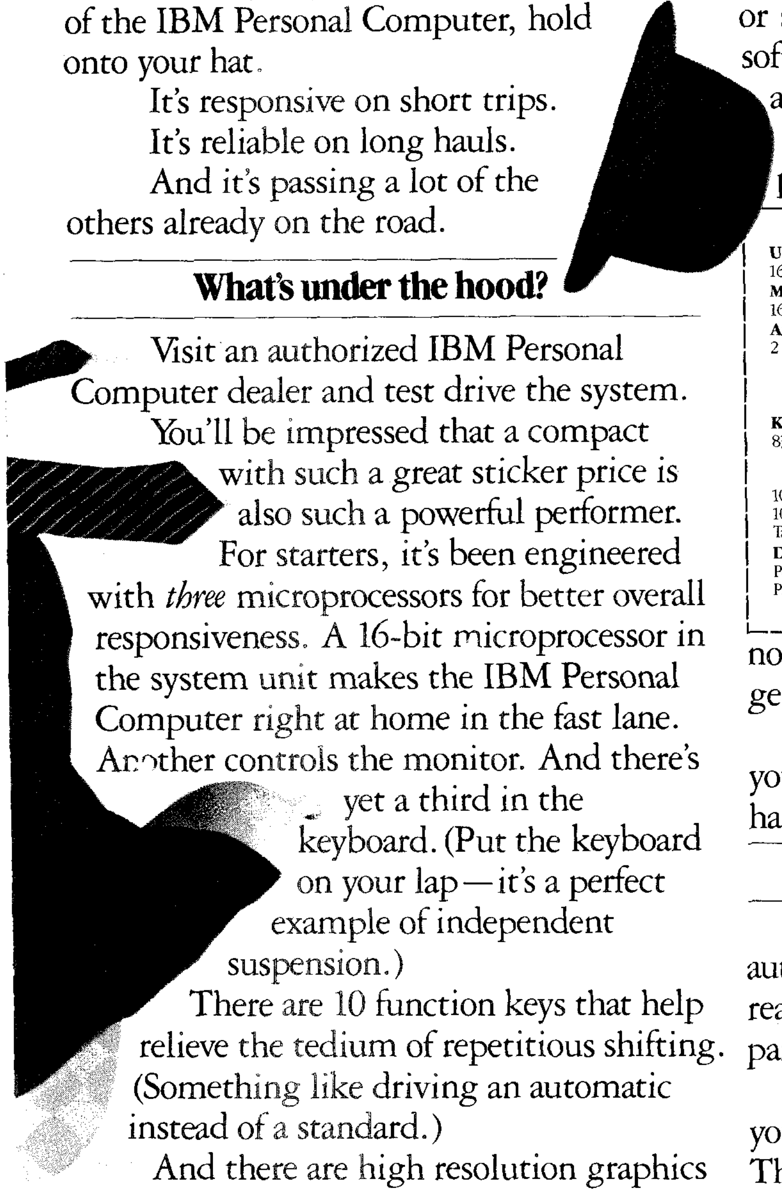

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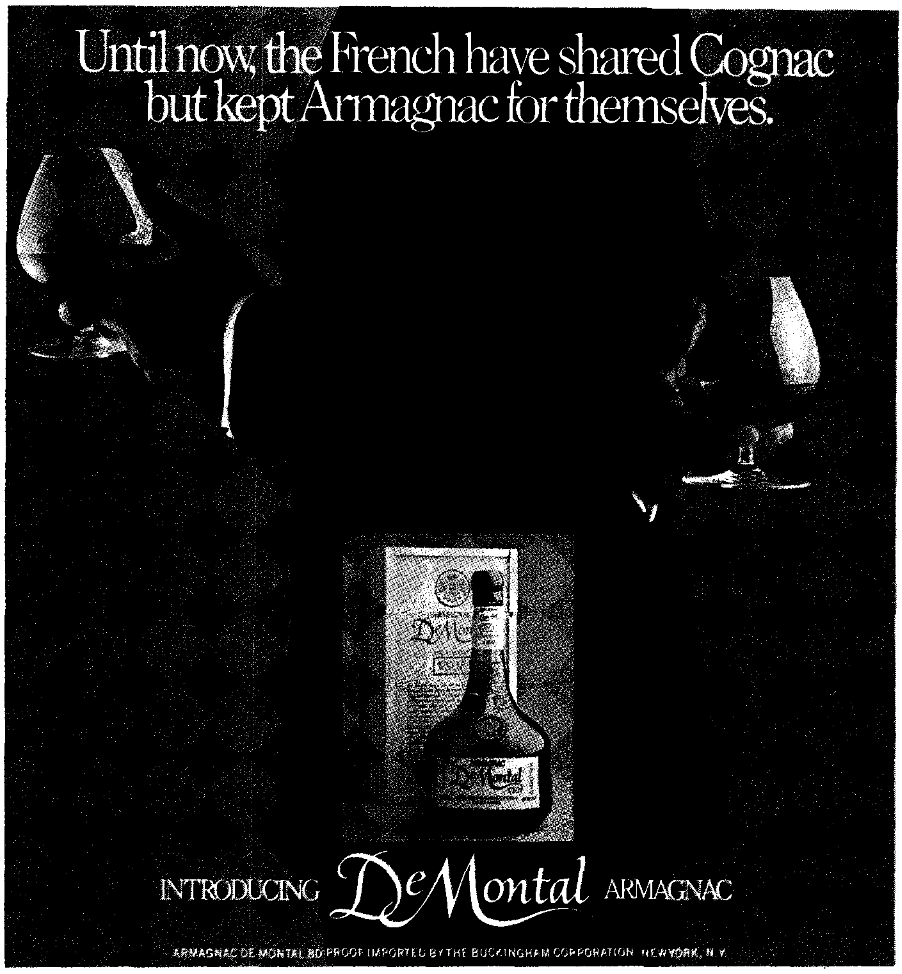
academic world, from which he returned to serve in appointive posts under two Republican Presidents before he was elected United States senator on the Democratic ticket, in 1976.

THE new Governor did not attend the City Hall ceremony for his predecessor, nor did Koch and Cuomo get together in Albany on February 9th, when the Mayor went there to plead with state legislators to support the Governor's budgetary proposals that would be helpful to the city. Certain to be part of the schedule on any Koch trip to the state capital nowadays are elaborately jocular references to how good the food there is. A few weeks before he knew he would run for governor, the Mayor described living in Albany as "a fate worse than death," mentioning also that the town didn't have a single good restaurant. On the morning after the primary, the carillon at Albany's City Hall played "Who's Sorry Now?" The two men did meet at the February 17th session of the Financial Control Board, whose main agenda item was to certify that the measures the city had promised to take to close its huge projected budget gap had a reasonable chance of doing the trick. Such meetings are held in a conference room on the fifty-eighth floor of the World Trade Center's southern tower—wonderfully convenient to the office of the new Governor, *who, by statute, serves as the* F.C.B. chairman. The board is made up of three appointees from the private financial and corporate communities, who play a largely ceremonial role, and four elected officials: the governor, the mayor, and the state and city comptrollers, who are now, respectively, Edward Regan, an upstate Republican, and Harrison Goldin, a local Democrat. During the gubernatorial primary campaign, the Mayor had argued that, in moving to Albany, he would *not* be abandoning the city, as some critics had charged, because he would have to give an important part of his attention to the city's problems in his role as chairman of the Control Board. The session last month was the first over which Cuomo had presided. The Mayor has always been uncharacteristically subdued at F.C.B. meetings. It is not a scene in which he is in full control of the often derisive give-and-take, as he is at City Hall press conferences, and the room is usually crowded with talkative sorts who, if he should break in, would be quick to ask him what *he* knew, since he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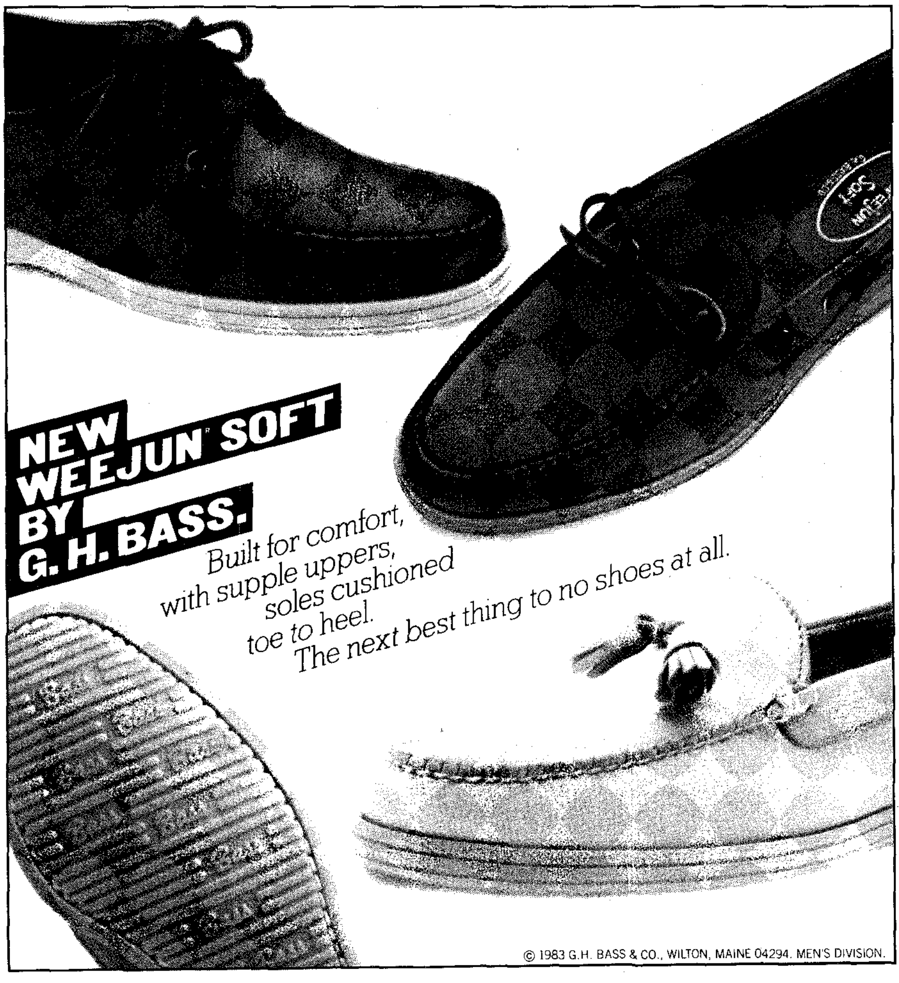
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came on the board only in January, 1978, long after "the Troubles" were at their height. Last month, as Cuomo, occupying the seat where Koch had hoped to sit, and Regan, who is believed to be already maneuvering to run against the Governor in 1986, bandied not always flattering comments on the Mayor's budget, Koch sat by, grim-faced but game, and held his tongue. In the end, the Control Board concluded that it would trust the Mayor to carry out the extensive program of reductions in the workforce and of improvements in employee productivity that—if more help from the state didn't come through—would be needed to achieve the balanced budget required by law.

During the F.C.B. discussions, and afterward, talking to reporters, Comptroller Regan had taken every opportunity to attack the fiscal soundness of the Governor's proposed budget. Later in the day, however, after a conference between the two men, Cuomo's counsellor, Timothy Russert, announced that everything had been straightened out. It had been a mere "stylistic disagreement," said Russert. ("It's going to be very hard to fight with me," Cuomo told the Republican leaders in Albany soon after he was sworn in.) Some might interpret Russert's recent change of assignment as an endorsement of the view that the interesting political action is now not in Washington but in this state. For six years, until December, 1982, Russert was on Moynihan's staff, serving, during the last two years, as the Senator's counsel and administrative assistant. The political skills of the thirty-two-year-old Buffalo native have received special recognition in some circles, where his name has been turned into both a noun and a verb. "Get me a Russert" was said to be the urgent message of Gary Hart, the United States senator from Colorado, now a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination, to those helping him assemble a campaign staff. Last year, when it seemed that former New York Representative Bruce Caputo, a conservative Republican, might pose a serious threat to Moynihan's reëlection, Russert helped some reporters discover that Caputo's campaign claims to having served in the Army during the Vietnam War were phony, a disclosure that led to Caputo's withdrawal from the race. Although Russert is celebrated for his amiable, soft-spoken manner, a troublesome political adversary who has been made to disappear from the scene

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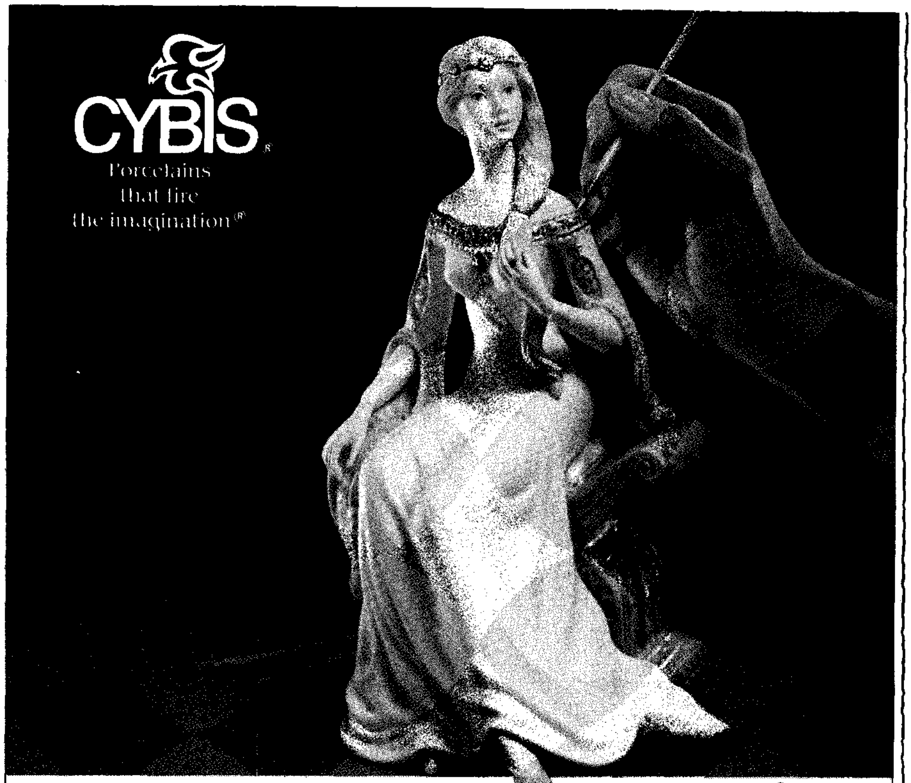

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is now referred to as having been "Russerted."

COMPTROLLER REGAN had had to be in town last month not only for the Control Board meeting but for the annual fund-raising dinner, the previous evening, of the Manhattan County Republican Committee, of which Senator Goodman is chairman. Although New York Republicans did not seem to have much to celebrate, having recently lost their third election for governor in a row (nine years ago, New York had a Republican governor and two Republican United States senators), there was a good turnout for the dinner, which was held at the Waldorf: Thirteen hundred people had bought tickets, at two hundred and fifty dollars a head. Trying to put the best face on things, Goodman, in his introduction of Lewis Lehrman, the Republican candidate whom Cuomo defeated in November, described Lehrman as having lost "by a scant hundred thousand votes," although Cuomo's margin was a hundred and eighty thousand. Goodman did not characterize the margin (about five thousand votes) by which another of the evening's speakers, Governor James Thompson, won in Illinois. In line with a recent political style that has led New York politicians of both parties to find events in foreign parts of far more compelling interest than those at home, it was reported that Lehrman would soon be going to Italy, where he expected to have an audience with the Pope. At Democratic fund-raisers, the politicians are all over the ballroom, pumping the hands of and bussing the paying guests. At last month's Republican affair, the dais was on a stage at the front of the room, and the eighty or so honored pols sat some six feet above the rest of the assembled company. There most of them remained, in aloof splendor. Among the few who came down and worked the crowd for a time were Regan, the only Republican holding statewide office, and Alfonse D'Amato, New York's Republican senator—a demonstration, perhaps, of why they had made it on Election Days when so many G.O.P. candidates were going down the tubes. D'Amato, as it happened, had just returned from Italy, where he conducted a personal inquiry into the attempted assassination of the Pope. When Goodman introduced D'Amato, the band, apparently at the instigation of some ill-informed person, played

"Pennies from Heaven," in honor of D'Amato's wife, Penny. Two days after the dinner, the Senator's office announced that D'Amato and his wife had signed legal-separation papers. It was no surprise that in discussing the economy the speakers at the Republican dinner did not mention the high unemployment rate, or that at the victory fund-raiser of the Democratic State Committee at the Sheraton Centre the following night, no speaker called attention to falling interest rates.

Of eight hundred people who attended the Democratic State Committee's Victory Night celebration—the victory, of course, was that of Cuomo, who was the evening's main speaker—some may have felt that they were more socially popular than they could afford to be. Twelve days before that dinner, many of those present had been invited to pay a hundred and twenty-five dollars a head to attend the annual dinner given at the Tavern-on-the-Green by the New Democratic Coalition, the most liberal of New York's Democratic groups. Members of the N.D.C. are in especially good spirits lately, because, for once, things had worked out so that nobody could jeer that their organization's initials stand for November Don't Count—a gibe based on their long history of supporting candidates who although they might win primaries had no chance in the general elections. Last May, the N.D.C. was the first statewide Democratic group to endorse Cuomo, and he was the chief speaker at their February 5th dinner this year. Because of the N.D.C.'s new association with political success, its leaders proudly reported that South Carolina Senator Ernest Hollings, who is a tentative Democratic candidate for the Presidency, had asked the coalition to consider endorsing him. Four days after the N.D.C. event and eight days before the Democratic State Committee dinner, local Democrats were invited to contribute their presence and five hundred dollars to the regional fund-raising dinner of the National Democratic Committee at the Grand Hyatt Hotel. Announced and about-to-announce candidates for the 1984 Presidential nomination had also been invited to attend. Senators Dale Bumpers, of Arkansas; Alan Cranston, of California; John Glenn, of Ohio; and Hart were on hand to mingle with the New York crowd, but not Walter Mondale. In 1980, Cuomo was campaign director for the Carter-Mondale ticket in New

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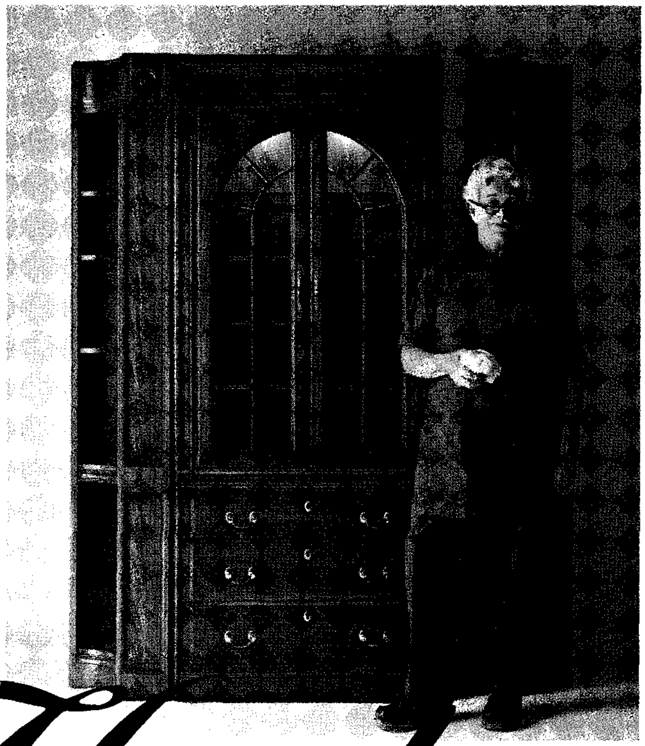

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York State, but the sense of loyalty that the former Vice-President had said required him, in the Chicago mayoral primary, to support Richard Daley, who came in third, was not operative here in last year's gubernatorial primary, where the loyalty principle would have worked out better. National Democratic Chairman Charles Manatt, who presided over the dinner, announced that "any governor of New York is of course a distinguished national figure and . . . Mario Cuomo should certainly be considered as among those that might be in the running for the Presidency in 1984." He also pointed out that New York is the most populous state with a Democratic governor. A speech by the new Governor was once again the main event, but Koch had been invited to give a welcoming address. Earlier that day, when he was in Albany seeking promises of financial help from the legislators, the Mayor had thrown out his arms as he entered the ornate marble Legislative Office Building and said in half-clowning, half-melancholy tones, "Just think—all of this could have been mine!" It was explained to the visitor from the city that the Legislative Office Building is not a governor's turf. During his welcoming speech, Koch said of the 1984 Presidential race, "If nominated, I will not run. If elected, I will not serve. Unless, of course, you absolutely insist, and provided the capital is moved back to New York City."

It is little wonder that the paying guests who turned out the following week for their third Democratic dinner in twelve days, the Democratic State Committee fund-raiser at the Sheraton Centre, gave a big hand to a remark that Moynihan, one of the evening's speakers, insisted John F. Kennedy had once made at a political gathering: "I am deeply touched by your presence here but not so deeply touched as you have been." Just before dinner was served at the Sheraton Centre affair, word went out that there had been a computer breakdown late in the day, while those in charge of the gathering were using the machine to assign guests to tables. It was announced that people could sit anywhere they wanted to. Stanley Fink, the Speaker of the State Assembly, joked about the Republicans, who, he understood, were so absolutely rigid in their thinking that they actually gave people a piece of paper telling them where they were to sit at a political dinner. When Cuomo spoke, he insisted that Fink had been wrong. "We *had* a seating list," he assured the crowd. "But we're Democrats. The first eighty people who saw the list—twenty-six challenges." Koch was not on hand to hear the crowd sing to Cuomo "Here's to the Winner." He did make an appearance at a cocktail party beforehand, but he was there so briefly that many guests swore he hadn't come. As the evening wore on, it became apparent that the jubilant crowd represented in many respects a new Democratic generation in the city: very few political figures were around who had been especially close to Carey, and there was almost no one from Koch's City Hall. Nearly all the county and district leaders in the area supported Koch last year, and few of them put in an appearance.

Cuomo had a prepared speech that night ("I suppose he's going to talk about the soul of the Party again," grumbled one guest), but he didn't use much of it. Instead, rocking back and forth on his heels, like an entertainer on a good roll, he kept the happy crowd even happier with stories of how he had been received around the state when, only too recently, he was seen as an errand boy for Governor Carey and as a born loser. He insisted that a few years back, on his arrival at one Brooklyn meeting with some information on state policy which the participants had asked for, he was introduced with the words "And here's the latest dope from Carey." ("I kept telling these stories until I finally won an election.") Of the many admiring references by previous speakers to the eloquence of his inaugural, State of the State, and budget messages, Cuomo (whose jokes, unlike those of many politicians, are often at his own expense) remarked, "Think of how low their expectations must have been! Three speeches in a row—and all in English!"

The main address that evening was not entirely lighthearted, however. In the course of it, the Governor discussed a program that he and Moynihan have proposed New York Democrats adopt as their approach to the 1984 Presidential election. Early last month, Mayor Koch suggested that Hugh Carey should be New York's favorite-son candidate at the 1984 Presidential Convention. "I just threw that name out simply to make trouble," he later explained. There was no trouble; indeed, almost no one seemed to notice that he had said it. City Hall pronouncements on national politics

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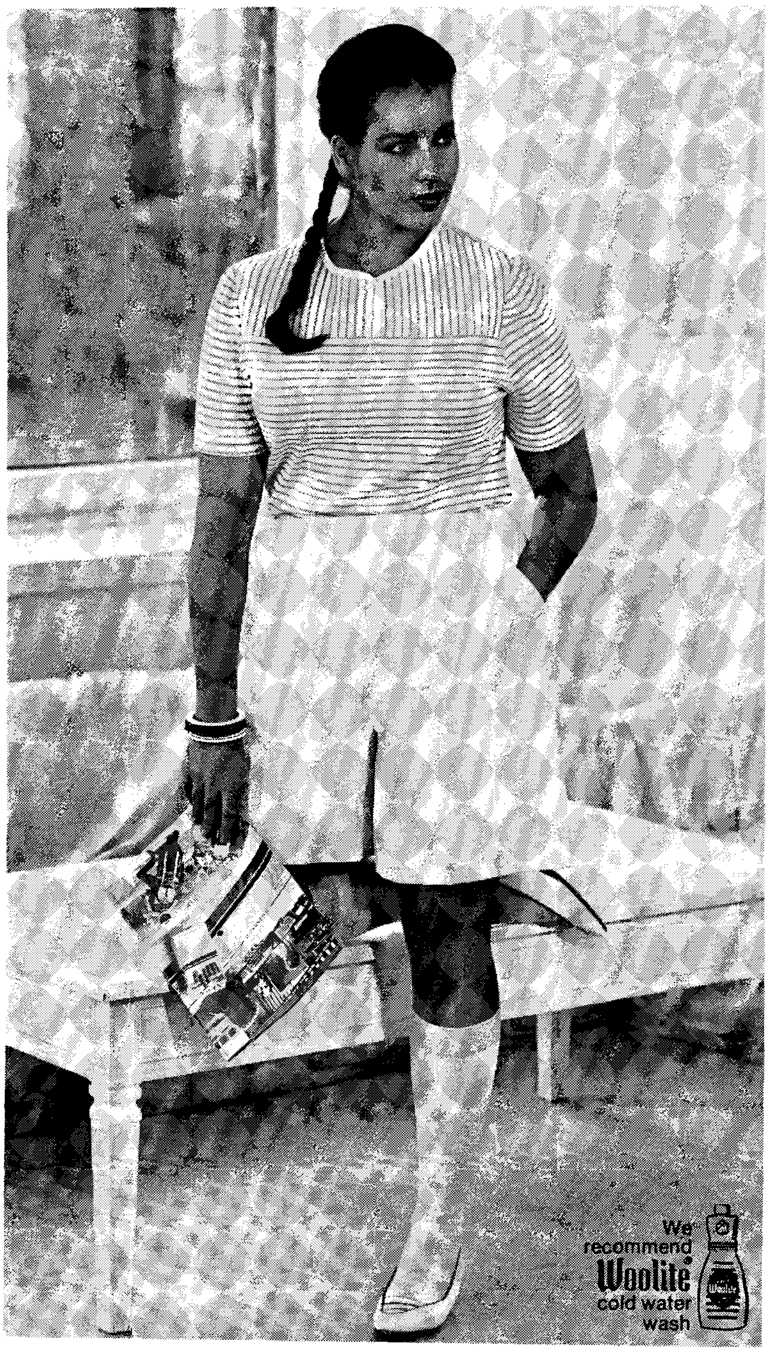
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don't carry the weight now that they once did. Assembly Speaker Fink received more attention when he suggested, around the same time, that both Cuomo and Moynihan should be New York's favorite-son candidates. The result was not, as some might have predicted, that the two nominees instantly struck adversarial poses, trying to outdo each other in looking Presidential. Moynihan had said he wasn't sure he wanted to be President—he wasn't even sure he would make a good President. Cuomo pointed out that during the campaign for governor he had promised he would serve a full four-year term in Albany. "I'm stuck. I gave my word," he said, sounding quite cheerful. Cuomo and Moynihan had met with many of the sixty-two county chairmen from around the state before the Sheraton Centre dinner. The discussions took place in the hotel's Presidential suite. In the same suite, a Presidential candidate—Jimmy Carter—had waited during two national Conventions in a row to be notified that he was his party's nominee, and it could conceivably serve the same purpose again, since New York City is still strongly in the running as the site of the 1984 Convention. It is also the suite where Cuomo watched the happy returns for last November's general election. The Governor and the Senator proposed to the chairmen that New York Democrats, instead of pulling their customary stunt of fighting among themselves, and dissipating their national strength and influence, make a pact not to back any Presidential candidate for much of the rest of this year. Individual candidates would be invited to appear at meetings around the state and would debate each other in a full-scale forum in this city next September. In the process, New York would gain some leverage over the choice of the candidate and the policies reflected in the platform. Asked whether the county chairmen had offered any dissent to the plan, Cuomo told reporters, "I didn't hear any. Of course, we were also talking about patronage."

Although the proposal by the state's two leading Democrats had been made seriously and was, at the least, worth discussing, the next day's papers paid it little attention. Cuomo was on the front page because he had rejected as inadequate a plan for the emergency evacuation of the area around a Long Island nuclear power plant. The headline that took up most of the front page of the *News*

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was "MOYNIHAN SHUNS ST. PAT'S PARADE," referring to the Senator's decision not to participate in the March 17th event, whose chosen grand marshal, Michael Flannery, an admitted gunrunner for the provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army, had announced that the parade would be a celebration of the I.R.A. ("I bless those that did send guns to the army—the same as people sent guns to George Washington," Flannery had said.) Moynihan had explained that he believed that I.R.A. violence did great disservice to the cause of Irish unity. A few days later, in announcing that he, too, would not march this year, Carey used the word "terrorism." Cuomo said that he would march, because he saw the parade as a celebration of all New Yorkers of Irish heritage—and also, it appeared, because he saw it as a dispute that should be left to the Irish-Americans to settle among themselves. Koch said that he was determined to march in the parade, since he wanted to try on one of the sweaters he had bought in Ireland during his European trip last October, and because he, too, considered it a day honoring all Irish-Americans. So far as the dispute over the I.R.A. was concerned, however, in the eyes of many Britishers he had already taken sides. In June of 1981, during Prince Charles's visit here, the Mayor had brought down on his head the wrath of the British press when he had shouted to a group of pro-I.R.A. demonstrators that Britain should "get the hell out of Ireland!" just before he went up the gangplank of a private yacht to have lunch with the Prince.

"New York City has a foreign policy all its own," President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt observed during a late-January meeting with the Mayor at Gracie Mansion. In recent days, Koch has been doing his part on the international scene. Early last month, he announced that on February 24th he would take off for his second foreign tour in four months. He was to travel to Israel with a party of friends—the group's expenses, except for air travel, being paid by the Israeli government. He had been invited by the Israeli foreign minister, who, according to Koch, had said that the Mayor was one of the very few American voices speaking out against unfair criticisms of Israel's actions in Lebanon.

Koch announced that, on what he at first described as his "fact-finding"

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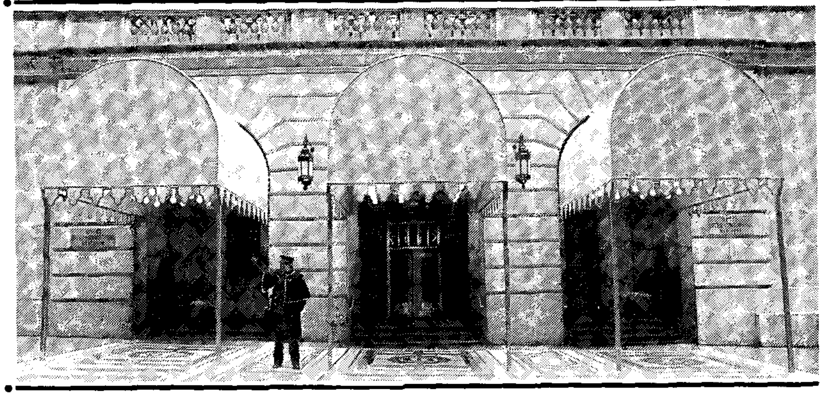

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mission, he would travel directly from Israel, across Israeli-occupied southern Lebanon, to Beirut, a move that the State Department rejected as a "derogation" of Lebanese sovereignty. The Mayor's response to this was "Ready or not—here I come!" Eventually, the State Department, preferring to avoid an international incident, accommodated him by arranging to have him enter Lebanon on an American helicopter that would take off from the carrier Nimitz. A few days after he reached Israel, however, the Mayor insisted on entering southern Lebanon in an Israeli Army helicopter, and the Lebanese government cancelled the carefully worked-out compromise. The Mayor said later that the cancellation had been Lebanon's loss. At one point while he was away, a front-page picture in the *Times* showed Cuomo being greeted by Speaker of the House Thomas (Tip) O'Neill in Washington, where Cuomo had gone to attend a conference of the National Governors' Association. The following day, as if to make things up to Koch, who is a favorite among *Times* editors, the paper ran a slightly larger front-page picture showing Koch in southern Lebanon, presenting a New York City tie to a Lebanese mayor in the Israeli-occupied area. In the picture, everybody was smiling. According to the account of the meeting on an inside page, however, Koch had complained that the Lebanese mayor had been "not very communicative" and that Lebanese reporters had been quite hostile. When he was greeted at the airport here by members of the more friendly home-town press corps on his return from the eight-day trip, Koch said that the prevailing emotion in Lebanon had been fear of the Palestine Liberation Organization. Anything else he'd like to report? "Well, the food wasn't too good," said the Mayor.

The night after his return, he dropped in at the annual hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar-a-head dinner dance of the Manhattan Democratic Committee, the historic descendant of Tammany Hall, long a home away from home for local Irish immigrants, which for seventy-five years after the fall of Boss Tweed had an Irish-American leader. It had not been certain that the Mayor would stop by, since the present boss, Herman (Denny) Farrell, was the only one of the five local county chairmen who had backed Cuomo in the gubernatorial primary.

However, Koch presumably plans to run for mayor again in 1985, and it would be awkward if, in that election, he were to lose Manhattan, his home borough, which he lost in last September's primary. The Mayor stayed only about eight minutes, leaving before the arrival of Cuomo, who once again was the evening's main speaker. Hoping for great things as a result of the Cuomo victory, for the first time in memory the Manhattan Democrats had felt flush enough to hold their fund-raiser in the grand ballroom of the Waldorf, where their counterparts, the Manhattan Republicans, had met two and a half weeks earlier. Except for the location, the scene was quite different. There was no lofty dais, nor was the dancing sedate. The Democratic dais was a long table at the edge of the dance floor. All evening, the paying guests swarmed around it, some of them bustling up to ask the Governor and other honorees to join in the dancing, which was often on the wild side. A favorite line in the speeches Cuomo has been making describes a great strength of the Democratic Party as its ability to bring together very diverse elements, and he usually adds, "If you don't believe me, just think of it! Denny Farrell is head of Tammany Hall!" In local political circles, he doesn't have to explain that Farrell, who is part Irish, is black.

Now that he is back on the scene, the Mayor will again be fighting the battle of the budget with city and state legislators. When anyone has time, there are other, long-range questions that should concern the city administration. No one, for example, has dealt with the full implications of the city's 10.4 per cent decrease in population in the nineteen-seventies, the most dramatic loss since the early seventeen-eighties, when a third of New York's residents left town at the news that George III's troops had been defeated by the déclassé colonists. Even with all the problems, however, there will be perfectly good excuses for fun, and the usually high-spirited Mayor will surely find them. Two months from now, there will be the gala celebration of the centennial of the Brooklyn Bridge. And next November 24th someone may decide to throw a big party honoring the bicentennial of the redcoats' evacuation of the city. Bunting could be hung around Bowling Green, bearing the saucy message "Brits Out of New York!"

—ANDY LOGAN

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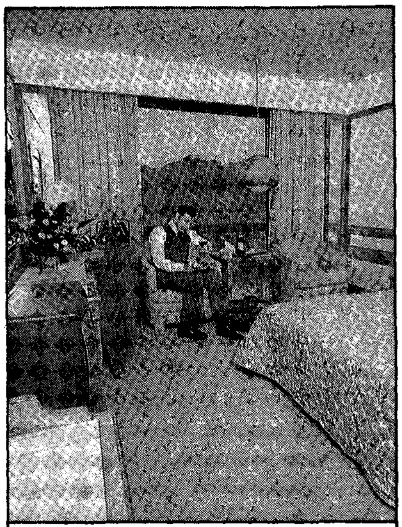

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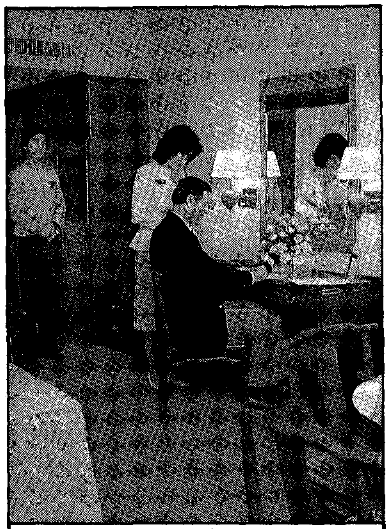

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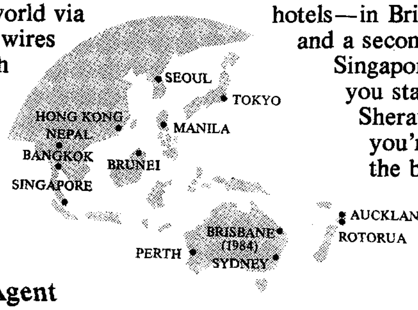

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THE ART WORLD

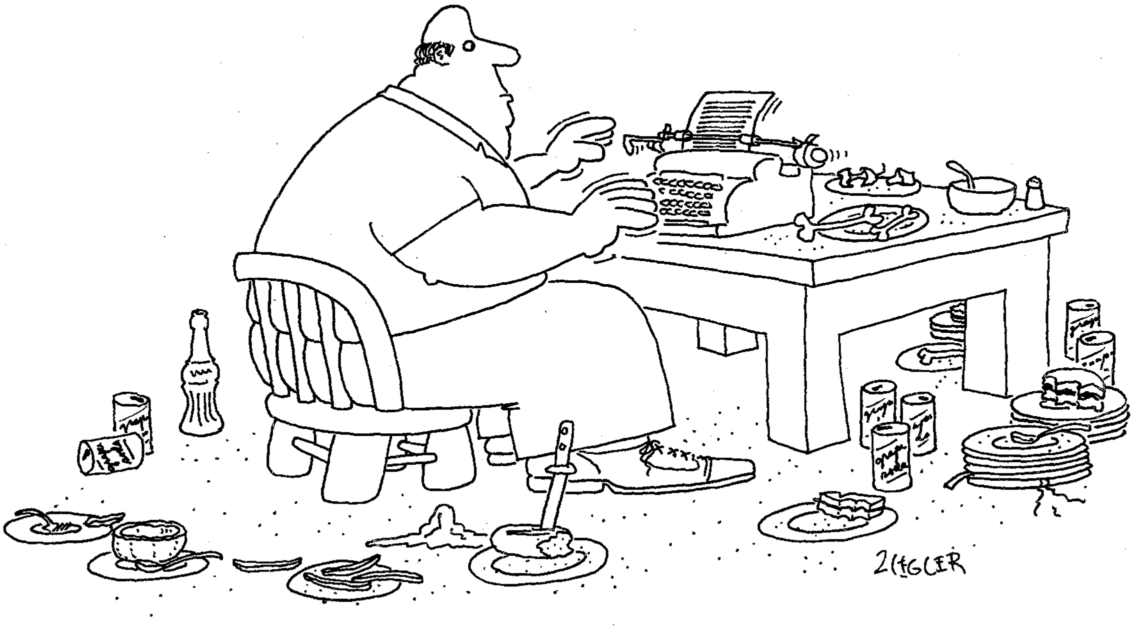
Like Water in a Glass

THE marriage of art and architecture admits many impediments. At the moment, though, this ancient, intermittent alliance appears to be entering an active new phase. Stimulated in part by the public-art projects of the last decade, a number of American artists have been moving toward architecture in their work. At the same time, for different reasons, a number of architects have been moving in the direction of art.

Robert Irwin, a California artist who is deeply engaged in public-art projects, had some provocative things to say on this score in a lecture last fall at Cooper Union. According to Irwin, public art provides the context for the necessary redefinition of art in our time. In this increasingly computerized society, he said, the artist's essential job is to maintain the human scale, to assert individual values in the midst of high-tech decision-making. Irwin's own current projects cover an extremely wide range, from the modestly functional to the highly aesthetic, but all of them have something to do with architecture. He has designed a pocket park for the city of Seattle, with trees and seating; it will be completed next month. A project for the San Francisco airport, by contrast, is monumentally sculptural—a pair of thirty-five-foot-high steel-and-aluminum gates, each with a large block of onyx at its base. In a eucalyptus grove on the campus of the University of California at San Diego, he is putting up two overlapping V-shaped configurations of thirty-foot poles; cross-members starting at a height of eighteen feet will support a violet-colored netting, creating an immaterial haze of color at the level of the treetops, and this will be echoed by a ground cover of violet-flowering ice plant. Irwin's project for O'Hare Airport, in Chicago, sounds equally immaterial and somewhat more startling. Invited by the Chicago Council on Fine Arts and the City Architect to make an airport piece, Irwin went there and noticed that when a traveller takes the train out to the airport, he then has to traverse several long, tunnel-like ramps that do little to enhance the spirit of travel. His proposal involves those blue-white strobe lights that are mounted on the wings of 747 airliners. Irwin's strobes, mounted overhead at ten-foot intervals, will go off in series at unpredictable times, causing an intense blue light to zip past the voyager, up an escalator, around a bend, and down the last ramp. They will do this approximately three times during the time it takes to walk the distance, and they will be accompanied by electronic sound from strategically placed speakers.

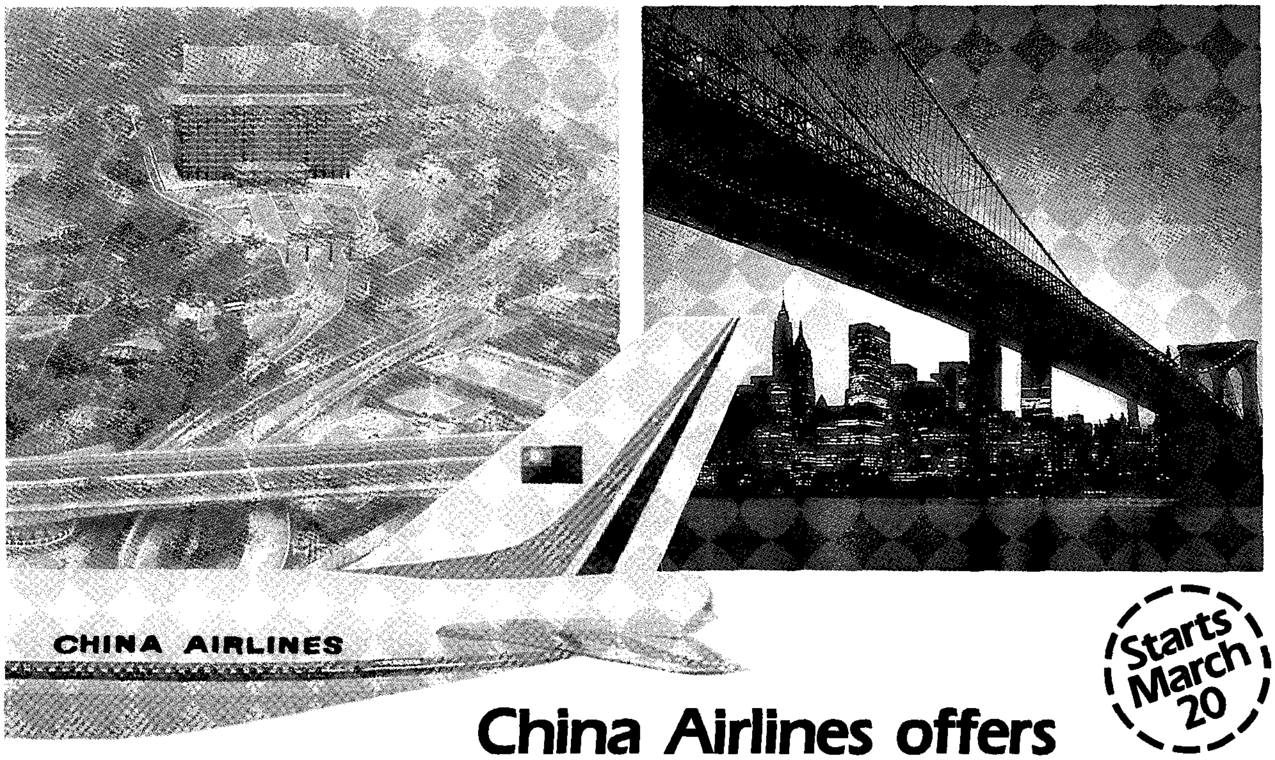
For every one of Irwin's projects that gets accepted and built, there are at least two that do not. His real problems are not with the art establishment but with safety engineers, politicians, and urban planners. (Most urban-art projects are not really urban, he says, because they tend to go in parks or vacant lots—supposedly out of harm's way.) In spite of the problems, though, there is an increasing demand for his work and for that of a handful of other artists who are rethinking the question of art in public places: Siah Armajani, Scott Burton, Richard Fleischner, Mary Miss, Jackie Ferrara, George Trakas, Nancy Holt, James Turrell, Athena Tacha, and maybe half a dozen more. Although several of these artists show in New York galleries (the Max Protetch Gallery, on West Fifty-seventh Street, represents Armajani, Burton, Fleischner, Miss, and Ferrara), their public work has been done for the most part outside New York. What they do borders on and is at times indistinguishable from architecture. They are interested in creating structures that exist in the world, often with a functional purpose, rather than in creating sculpture for galleries or private owners. This tends to make architects a trifle nervous. "Many architects feel that we are in competition with what they are doing," Armajani told me recently. "But our work is not meant that way. Our work is not meant to enhance architecture, or to alter it, but to be one in the other, like water in a glass. The public place engulfs us both."

Armajani, whose work is currently on view at Max Protetch's (through April 2nd), is greatly respected by the other artists in this group. Born in Teheran, he came to the United States in 1960, at the age of twenty, to attend Macalester College, in St. Paul, and he has lived in the St. Paul–Minneapolis



"The face of the pear-shaped man reminded me of the mashed turnips that Aunt Mildred used to serve alongside the Thanksgiving turkey. As he got out of the strawberry-hued car, his immense fists looked like two slabs of slightly gnawed ham. He waddled over to the counter and snarled at me under his lasagna-laden breath, 'Something, my little bonbon, is fishy in Denmark.' Slowly, I lowered my grilled cheese sandwich . . ."

A tail of two cities.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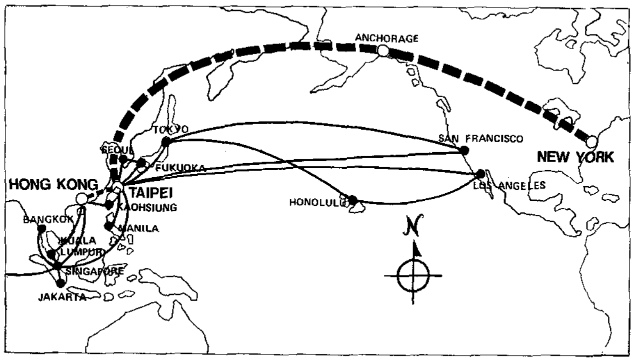
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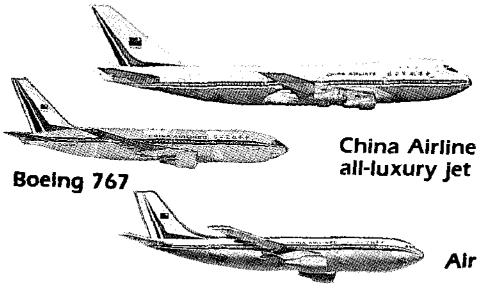

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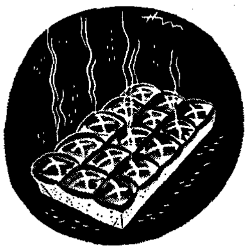
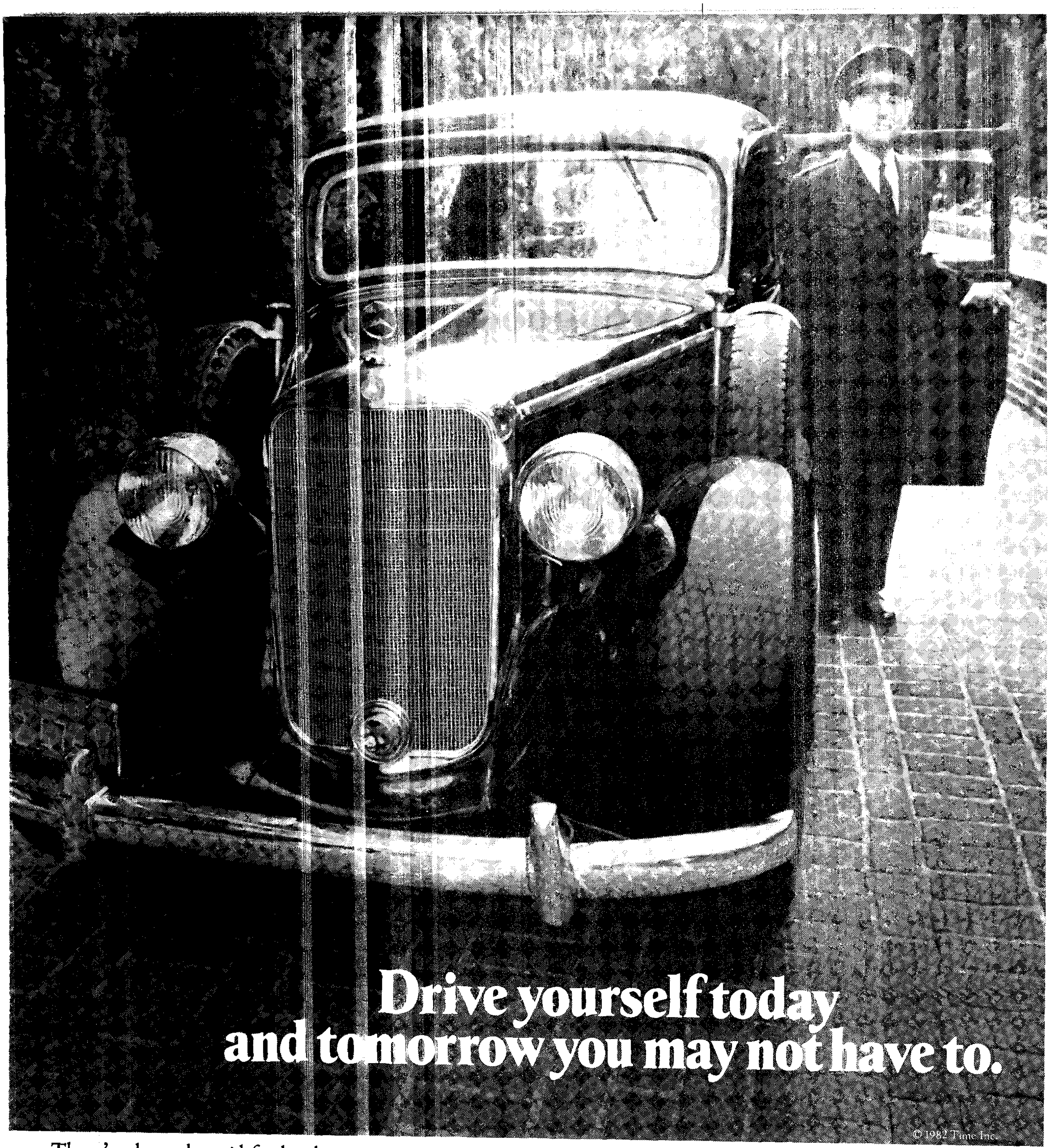
area ever since. The populist tradition is strong out there, and Armajani's thinking reflects it. Art for him is primarily a social discipline, a way to understand America. His studies of Early American architecture—log cabins, bridges, barns—led to his own early pieces: metaphorical bridges that led nowhere, made of pine lumber in the rough-and-ready style of the pioneers. He went on to design larger, functional structures—offices, reading rooms, newsstands—using ordinary materials and practical carpentry. His intention, he has said, is "to build open, available, useful, common, public gathering places," and his current commissions include a shopping mall in Sacramento; a "poetry garden" in Annapolis; a library for the Maryland College of Art and Design, in Silver Spring; a bridge for a park in Seattle; and a "room for Henry David Thoreau," one of his heroes, on a site not far from Walden Pond. None of these projects involve collaboration with an architect. Armajani believes that artist and architect could and should work together now, as they have done at certain periods in the past, but that we will probably have to wait for a new generation of architects before that happens. "There is still a great deal of hostility" on the part of architects, he says—"too much to make a free collaboration possible."

The sort of collaboration that Armajani and his colleagues have in mind goes far beyond the art-in-public-places programs of the last decade, in which artists were commissioned to make works for architectural spaces that already existed, either in plan or in fact. A lot of art works have been installed this way, under federal grants or local "per cent for art" building programs, and quite a few of them have been deplorable. In too many cases, the artist has simply taken one of his existing ideas or designs, blown it up in scale, and plopped it down in the lobby or the plaza assigned to him—"plop art," in the current vernacular. The artist has usually had no say in the design of the site, and very often the architectural surroundings—government office buildings and the like—have been insurmountably dreary. As a result of the public-art programs, though, some artists, and any number of ordinary citizens, have come to look at the whole question of public art in new ways. Architects have always tended to think of themselves as artists, of course. It is not at all uncommon for a contemporary architect to feel that public art can be successful only when the architect and the artist are combined in one person—a Bernini, for example. There is some justification for this point of view. The most impressive piece of public sculpture yet made here, in my opinion, is Eero Saarinen's stainless-steel Gateway Arch, in St. Louis.

Modern and postmodern architects, having largely rejected the austerities of the International Style, have grown increasingly free in their design thinking. Some of them use color to achieve painterly effects, and the return of ornament and sheer aesthetic playfulness is one of the hallmarks of architectural postmodernism. Architects' drawings, meanwhile, are the latest collecting vogue—this season Max Protetch has shown drawings by Robert Venturi, Michael Graves, and John Hejduk. The current "Habitats" exhibit at The Clocktower (through April 9th), one of the more enterprising downtown "alternative art spaces," suggests the extent of the crossover between disciplines. Work in a variety of media by more than eighteen artists and architects, including Armajani, Jackie Ferrara, Rafael Ferrer, Frank Gehry, Hejduk, Cletus Johnson, Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt, Sol LeWitt, Mary Miss, Charles Simonds, and the dress designer Issey Miyake, has been brought together to show "concepts of volume, enclosures, interiors and fantasy." If anything can be art, as twentieth-century artists have been at pains to demonstrate, it now appears that anything can also be architecture.



One of the built-in obstacles to any architect-artist collaboration is the vast difference in the way the two go about their work. Architecture is, above all, a social discipline, involving dealings with a variety of interests that have little or nothing to do with aesthetics. Everything an architect builds must be meticulously planned and designed, on paper, down to the smallest detail. Most artists work on a far looser, trial-and-error basis, and in very few cases nowadays does their finished work proceed directly from preliminary drawings. The problem was stated succinctly by Hugh Hardy,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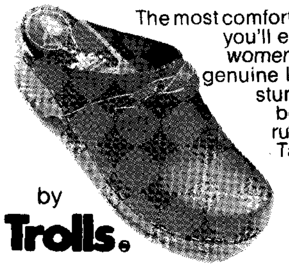

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of the architectural firm Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates, in an interview with Barbaralee Diamonstein for her book "American Architecture Now," published by Rizzoli in 1980. "Collaboration with artists muddies up the process that the architect envisions," Hardy said. "The last thing he wants is to have something all neatly organized and then have it all come apart, because artists are questioning it."

Although most established architects would tend to agree with Hardy, one of the most firmly established of them all, I. M. Pei, is currently working with three artist "consultants" on the design of the new Arts and Media Technology Facility at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The idea of bringing artists into the design process there at the earliest stage was suggested by Kathy Halbreich, the director of exhibitions for M.I.T.'s Committee on the Visual Arts. Pei, who was "interested but cautious," according to Halbreich, ended by accepting the proposal, and all hands agree that so far the collaboration has gone surprisingly well. Of the six artists who were invited to work on the project, three—James Turrell, Dan Flavin, and Alan Shields—dropped out early, for a variety of personal and professional reasons. The three who stayed with it—Richard Fleischner, Scott Burton, and Kenneth Noland—feel that they have had a significant effect on the over-all plan. Fleischner, who likes to work with large open spaces, has taken the building's outdoor plaza as his primary responsibility, and in this context he has worked closely not only with Pei but with Romaldo Giurgola, the architect of the new Health Sciences and Services Building, *adjacent to* Pei's. Burton, whose field is sculpture-as-furniture (his rough-hewn rock chairs and his smoothly elegant onyx dining table with interior lighting have been shown at the Whitney Museum and elsewhere), is doing the public seating in the lobby, whose main staircase was redesigned by Pei as a result of Burton's suggestions. Noland, the well-known color-field abstract painter, has worked out a color scheme for the building's main atrium wall, which is a hundred feet long and sixty feet high; it required Pei to alter certain aspects of the wall's material design. Pei himself seems to have been doing some thinking about the collaborative process. In his interview with Miss Diamonstein, he said of the M.I.T. building, "The artist's work will

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not be an individual work of art standing in space or hung on a wall. It will be part of the building, a permanent part of the environment." Pei also said that he thought the day was past when one man could be both artist and architect. "The technological complexity of modern life alone would inhibit Renaissance man. I don't think that we will ever see that again. Therefore, artist and architect must begin to understand each other. We have not perfected that. We are far, far away from it. Today, I think artists feel very much left out. They also feel that they have gone way beyond the architects, and they are right."

If a man of Pei's stature can express such heresies, it may not be necessary to wait for the next generation of architects. The climate for collaboration seems to be improving, at any rate. Art in public places is generally thought of now as an established social good—something that governments feel obliged to support and many citizens feel they ought to have. Although a large proportion of the public art in recent years has been unsuccessful—pleasing on neither aesthetic nor civic grounds—a process of thinking has been set in motion, and in this process certain artists, as Pei says, are well in advance of everyone else. "To make public art in America, it has to be American," Armajani insists. "We do not know what constitutes American public art yet, but we are looking. It is an open situation." One thing Armajani, Irwin, Fleischner, Burton, and their colleagues seem to agree on is that working in the public sector means getting rid of several common myths about being an artist. To a large extent, it means getting rid of the artist's ego. "As a public artist, you have to work within the decorum of public taste," Burton told me. "This requires temperamental changes. You're working with developers and architects and politicians, and you have to be able *not* to identify totally with one idea." Self-expression, which Irwin defines as the lowest form of artistic incentive, clearly has no place here. It is interesting that at this particular moment, when the galleries are awash in expressionist art of the noisiest kind, artists as influential as Irwin and Armajani are thinking in such decidedly anti-expressionist terms. To make significant public art today, they believe, it is necessary to take the public into consideration. In our century, this is a revolutionary idea.

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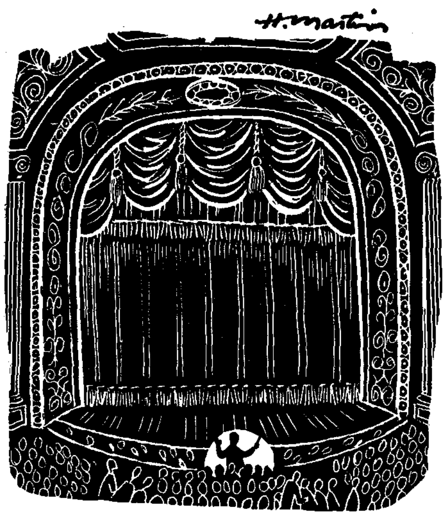
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

Ronald Ribman is a gifted dramatist, the author of "Harry, Noon and Night," "The Journey of the Fifth Horse," and "Ceremony of Innocence," among other memorable works of the sixties and seventies. In his ungainly new play, "Buck," which closed recently, after a brief run at the American Place, he still displayed his gifts, although they were frequently drowned in confusion and downright foolishness. The hero of "Buck"—and hero is what he is meant to be—is a writer-director-producer of cheap movies for a cable-television station, movies that purport to reënact real crimes and acts of violence, but with sadistic and pornographic embellishments. These films are cast with whores and strippers and street bums and other riffraff (in contrast to this show, which was cast with some of the best actors in New York, on or off Broadway). The film sets and the studio appeared to be in the run-down basement of a loft building, and most of the action shifted back and forth between them, while the cruelty depicted in the films seeped out into the studio. Buck, as he makes clear to his colleagues (and to the heavy-lidded audience), is dedicated to Truth, but the studio management on the floors above is equally dedicated to the audience ratings produced by the more lurid aspects of the cases portrayed in the movies. From time to time, a menacing clubfooted fellow arrives from upstairs by elevator (preceded by menacing sight and sound effects) to voice the management's complaints and to indulge in a bit of throwaway torture of his own—casually crushing the cameraman's foot with his outsize boot in the midst of a discussion of expense accounts, for example. Buck, who has elaborate family troubles, which crop up in a long, expository monologue and an equally extended phone call, is also in trouble professionally, since he has added a pompous voice-over (for the sake of Truth, of course) to a film about a prostitute who is murdered by a university professor. The quickie movies, or such portions of them as were acted out, were where most of the play's interest lay. They came off variously as horror comedy, plain horror, or in-and-out parody, but there was considerable imprecision of tone even within the individual segments. In the funniest of them, the kooky Madeleine le Roux, as the unlikely wife of an ambassador in some Latin-American country, was force-fed a pâté made from her ground-up husband by a native waiter who meanwhile talked incessantly of "the fever in the blood of my people," and who then raped her on camera (and very nearly off camera as well). There was also a touching scene—which could have been clearer and stronger—in which the marvellous Priscilla López, playing the whore who is murdered by the professor, had a talk with Buck about abandoning her life as a stripper in order to become a genuine actress.

But the action, on the whole, was murky and annoying. Mr. Ribman got little help from his director, and too many fine actors seemed to be floundering on the stage before us. It was the character of Buck, however, that sank the show; he is a self-important, self-pitying nuisance, and even the excellent Alan Rosenberg, who was stuck with the role, could do little to justify him in our eyes. Morgan Freeman, whose stage presence alone was worth the price of admission, played the management representative with the clubfoot, and Jimmy Smits was almost too persuasive as the Latin-American waiter, while the other members of the cast—too many to list here—were good, too. John Arnone's setting, as lighted by Frances Aronson, was extremely effective, and Mr. Arnone may be credited with designing the theatre's first truly threatening elevator. David C. Woolard designed the costumes.



Corinne Jacker's "Domestic Issues," at the Circle Rep, is about an American member of the international revolutionary underground who, with the help of his brother and Amnesty International, returns to the brother's house in suburban Chicago, where all the action takes place. The brother is a successful businessman, with a wife who is the essence of housewifery, and theirs is a casually observant Jewish household. We soon learn, when the ghost of a dead colleague appears, that his specialty has been making bombs and setting them off all over the map. We begin with a celebration of the revolutionary's birthday, at which his wife (who has been living in exile) makes an unexpected appearance. She is, if anything, an even truer believer than he has been. She frightens her sister-in-law, and is determined to leave the house with her terrorist husband for a large, explosive job that is in the offing. The play boils down, though, to a struggle between the two brothers, the businessman even offering the bombmaker a partnership in the family business just to keep him in town.

I must say, regretfully, that "Domestic Issues" is a disappointment—a startling one, from the author of "Harry Outside" and "Bits and Pieces." The play is, for a number of reasons, just unconvincing; at least, I didn't believe it, in spite of a number of well-written scenes and lines. One mistake that Miss Jacker makes is allowing her radicals to justify their past actions with explanations so lame and silly that, no matter what her own point of view is, they rob the characters of all strength and stature.

The actors, most notably Caroline Kava as the radical wife, offer decent performances under Eve Merriam's direction. David Potts' setting—kitchen, spacious-seeming living room, and bedroom on that minuscule stage—is the usual Circle Rep miracle. The exceptional costumes and lighting are by Joan E. Weiss and Dennis Parichy.

—Edith Oliver

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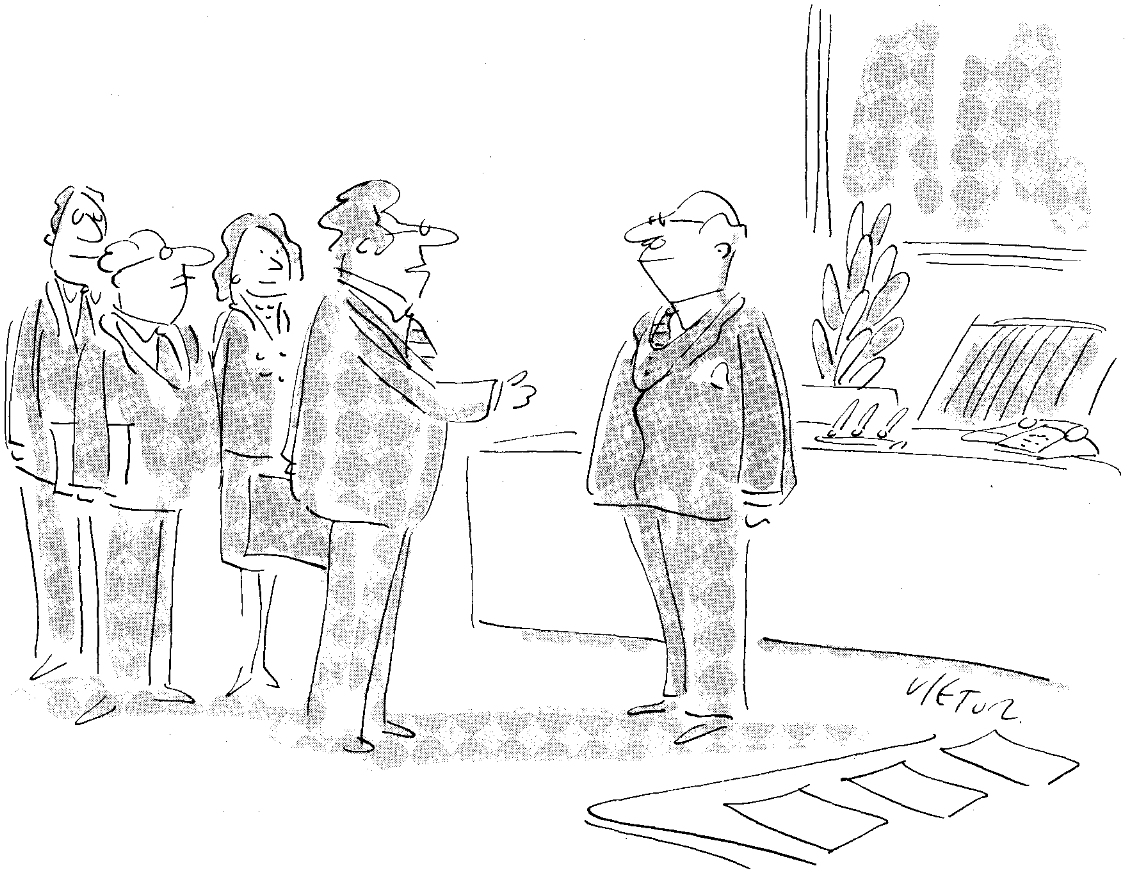
MUSICAL EVENTS

All-American

JOHN ROCKWELL'S "All American Music: Composition in the Late Twentieth Century," just published by Knopf, is an intelligent, impressive, and important book. There are twenty chapters, each dealing with a composer or (in two cases: the Art Ensemble of Chicago and Talking Heads) a group, and also with "broader issues epitomized by those composers, their music and their place in American cultural life." Thus, the first chapter treats of Ernst Krenek and "The Rise of American Art Music and the Impact of the Immigrant Wave of the Late 1930s;" the second of Milton Babbitt and "The Northeastern Academic Establishment and the Romance of Science;" the third of Elliott Carter and "American Intellectual Composers and the 'Ideal Public;' " the eighteenth of Babbitt's celebrated pupil Stephen Sondheim and "Urban Popular Song, the Broadway Musical, the Cabaret Revival, and the Birth Pangs of American Opera;" and the last of Talking Heads and "Art-Rock, Black vs. White, and Vanguard Cross-Pollination." The selection of composers, Rockwell says, is "based not just on the inherent quality of each composer's music (indeed, in a few cases I don't find the music of paramount interest) but also on what they suggest about contemporary American composition in general." The others are John Cage, Ralph Shapey, David Del Tredici, Frederic Rzewski, Robert Ashley, Philip Glass, Laurie Anderson, David Behrman, Max Neuhaus, Walter Murch, Keith Jarrett, Ornette Coleman, Eddie Palmieri, and Neil Young. There is much to agree with, much to feel challenged by, much to think about, and—for anyone less open than Rockwell to the full range of American contemporary composition—much to learn. During a decade in America, I have tried to remain open and have heard at least some music by all his twenty composers, but with eight of them can claim no more than slight acquaintance. While there are still Haydn quartets, Bach cantatas, Monteverdi madrigals, and Josquin masses I have never heard, I have grudged giving much time to, say, Ashley's "Perfect Lives (Private Parts)" or Anderson's "United States." Threescore years and ten is a short span in which to carry out Cage's prescription "If something is boring after two minutes, try it for four. If still boring, try it for eight, sixteen, thirty-two, and so on." And the Ashley and Anderson works go on for hours. In Rockwell's book there are no glib conclusions, but there does, as he hopes, emerge a tale, which he describes as "a tale of traditional, cultivated music opening itself up to the diversity of the true American musical experience."

THE New York pianist Alan Feinberg, a prize-winner in the first John F. Kennedy Center/Rockefeller Foundation International Competition for Excellence in the Performance of American Music, in 1978, gave a Merkin Hall recital this month. (The title of the event is now slimmed to International American Music Competition, and since 1981 Carnegie Hall has replaced Kennedy Center as co-sponsor.) Unable to attend the recital, I caught up with it on tape: Mr. Feinberg is someone not to miss. He is a virtuoso with a musical mind as quick and precise as his technique; a pianistic "presence;" a romantic in his ardent, elegant championship of whatever he plays. His program was assembled in the belief that the last half century has produced a body of piano music so rich and "pianistic" that performers can, as he put in a program note, have with it "the same relation that our current-day virtuosi have with the eighteenth, nineteenth, and perhaps the first decade or so of the twentieth centuries" (a still closer relation, one might suggest, insofar as Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and even Brahms and Debussy when played on a modern grand must be to some extent "transcriptions," while the music Mr. Feinberg plays is composed for the instrument on which he plays it) and can "tap with it the same excitement and desire for transport which make people attend



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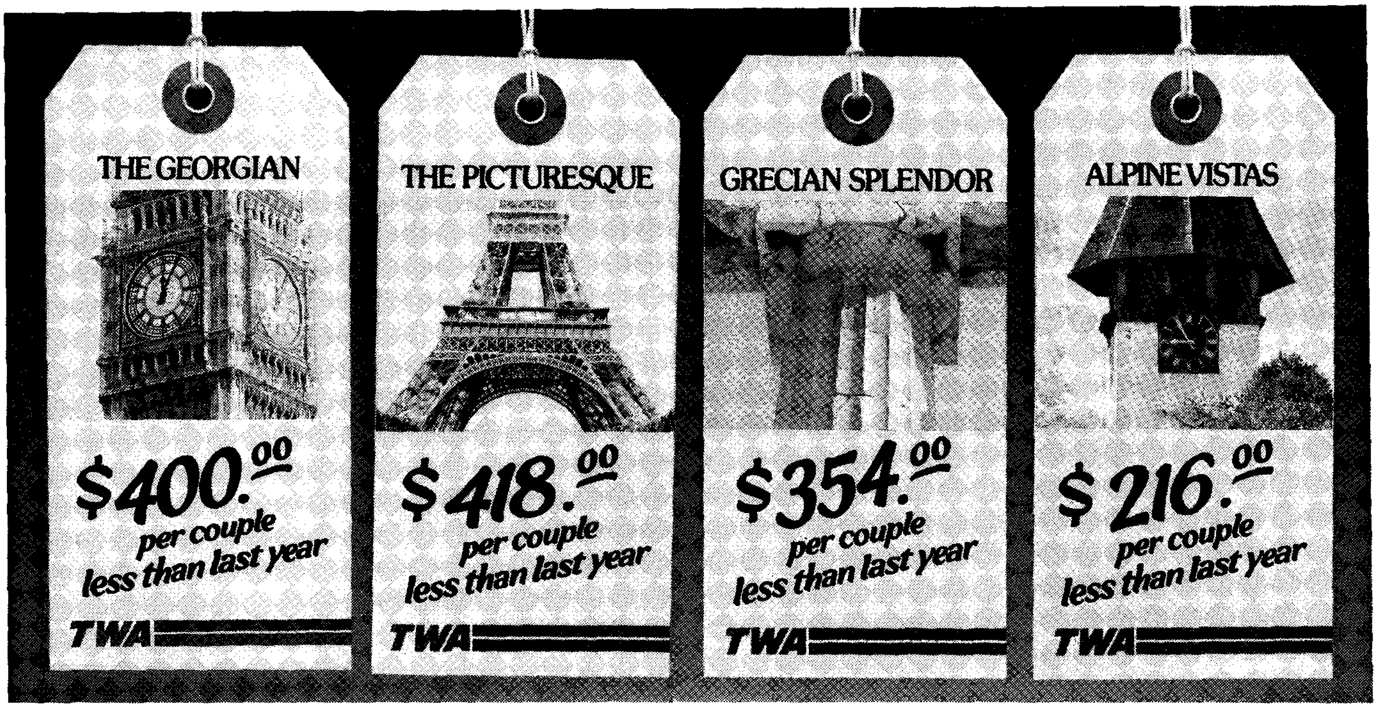
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piano recitals so avidly." In a program free of "the dulling effects of crusadership or academicism," he spanned more than the half century, including an exquisitely shaped, very beautiful account of Stravinsky's lyrical 1924 Sonata and ending with a captivatingly poetic Ravel "Ondine" (1908). The recital began with Charles Wuorinen's Capriccio, which was composed in 1981 for Robert Miller, inspirer and inspired advocate of much new piano music, but was first played as a memorial to Miller, by Mr. Feinberg in April last year. It is a rich, substantial piece, urgent and inventive. Stefan Wolpe's dark, strong Passacaglia was given a performance at once lucid and emotionally charged. Shulamit Ran's "Verticals" (1983)—a grand, passionate, Lisztian composition, rhapsodic and shapely, seventeen minutes long—had its première. Milton Babbitt's "My Complements to Roger" (1978), one of several pieces with which Babbitt has hailed Sessions birthdays, had its first public performance, as the centerpiece of three miniatures—the others being "Partitions" (1957) and "Playing for Time" (1977). Rockwell in his Babbitt chapter says stern things about Babbitt's complexity, his "polemics and proselytization," and the baleful influence of the "Columbia-Princeton school," but he also remarks, "Yet the surprising, rather wonderful thing is that . . . Babbitt's own music *sounds* so good." It certainly sounds good as Mr. Feinberg played it. The three pieces are fiendishly difficult in notes, in rhythms, and in dynamics, but when these are mastered they cohere. Miniatures in length only—"Partitions" lasts two minutes, "Complements" rather less, and "Playing for Time" about two and a half—they then become jewelled constructions intricately wrought; airy towers of delight seven octaves high; a world of fantasy, swift emotion, and orderly wit. In his program note, Mr. Feinberg said, "As with Chopin études, one can never play them too well: these Babbitt works have all the exhilaration of virtuoso études together with a kind of Dixieland freshness."

I made less of Babbitt's one-movement Fifth String Quartet, given its New York première in October at the 92nd Street Y by the Sequoia String Quartet. It seemed scrappy. Since I am not reviewing the performance on tape and have no score, I will not try to suggest why but will wait to hear it

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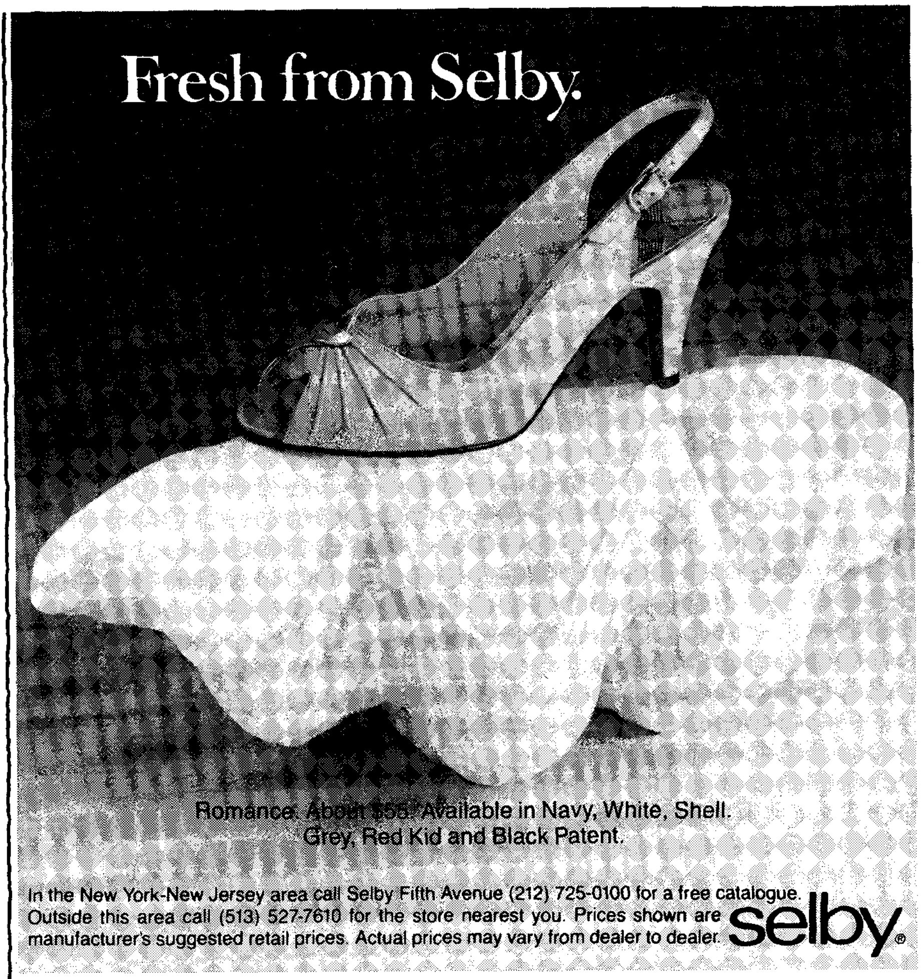
again. The New York première of Babbitt's "Ars Combinatoria" (1981), played in January by the Juilliard Symphony, has been mentioned in these pages. I was sorry to miss a New York deuxième of his buoyant "Images" (1979), for saxophone and tape, at a December League-ISCM concert. I enjoyed Aleck Karis's spirited account of Babbitt's "Reflections" (1974), for piano and tape, at a Robert Miller memorial concert put on by the Group for Contemporary Music, in Symphony Space in November. (Mr. Miller's own performance on New World Records NW 209—the piece was composed for him—is still more delicately and pungently thoughtful.) Several pianists joined in the memorial tribute. Matthias Kriesberg played his exuberant "a3520" (1980), dedicated to Mr. Miller. Ursula Oppens gave the New York première of Tobias Picker's "When Soft Voices Die," a lush outpouring that might be described as neo-Brahmsian. (It is recorded by Miss Oppens on CRI SD 427.) Kriesberg and Picker have both been Wuorinen and Babbitt pupils but do not qualify for inclusion in Rockwell's "generation of dry-as-dust, unthinking clones." Gilbert Kalish, one of the four pianists for whom Elliott Carter wrote his "Night Fantasies" (1980)—the others are Miss Oppens, Paul Jacobs, and Charles Rosen—became the third of them to play it in New York. He gave, I thought, a contained, measured, accurately shaped, but less than impulsive performance. It came at the end of a long evening filled with many exacting notes, and I was probably flagging. There had also been ensemble pieces: Webern's String Trio and the world première of Harvey Sollberger's "Life Study," an elaborate affair for mezzo, flute, and harp. Mr. Rosen plays "Night Fantasies" in Carnegie Hall next month, and his recording of it, on the Dutch label Etcetera (distributed here by Qualiton), is now published. Mr. Karis played the piece last month at a Guild of Composers concert in Christ and St. Stephen's.

Wolpe's Passacaglia has a complicated history. He composed it in Jerusalem in 1936 for piano, as one of "Four Studies on Basic Rows," and orchestrated it the following year. In America in 1971, he revised both the orchestral and the piano versions. At an American Composers Orchestra concert in Alice Tully Hall last month (broadcast by WNYC), Garrick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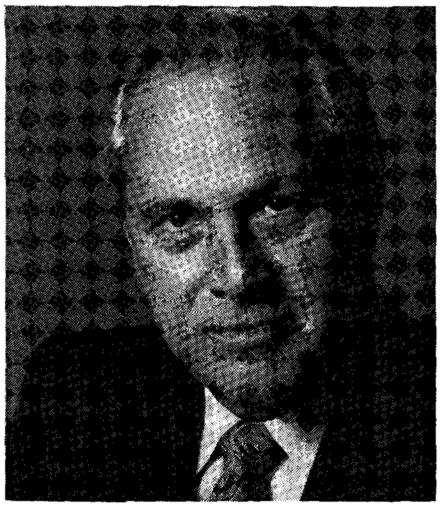
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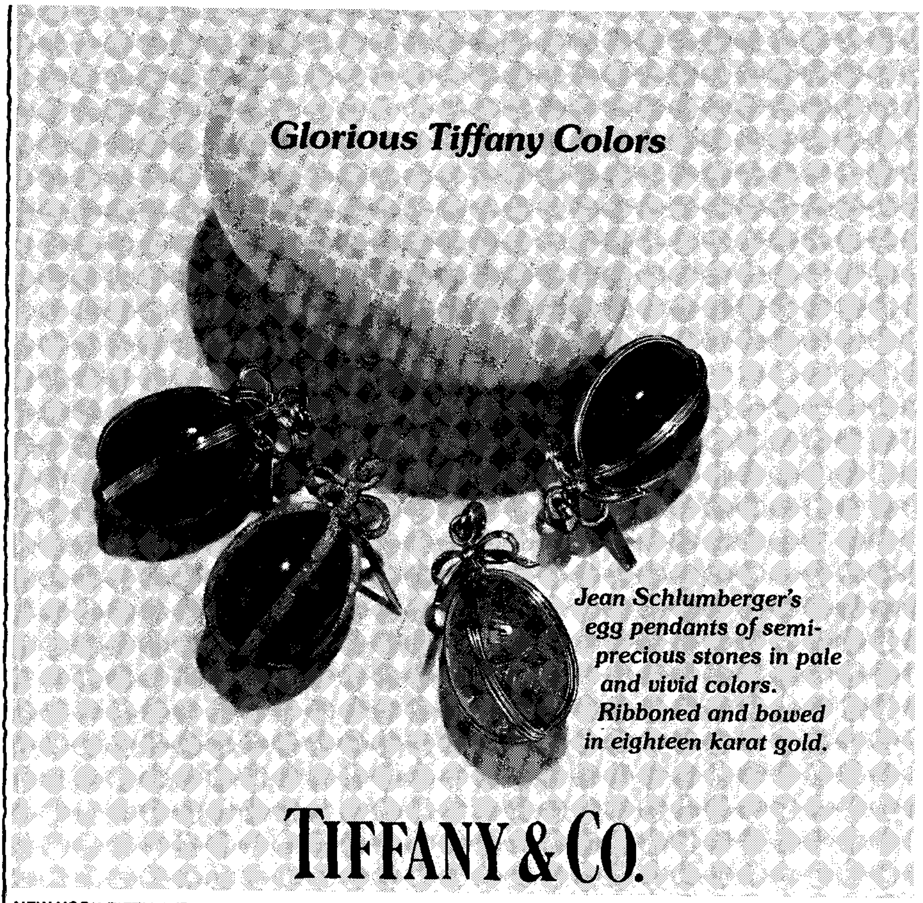
Ohlsson played the piano version—he gave a performance enthusiastic but less penetrating than Mr. Feinberg's—and then Mr. Wuorinen conducted the première of the orchestral score. Fascinating juxtaposition! The first statements of the theme and, above all, the coda are so pianistic that orchestral dress seems unneeded. But the tremendous climax gains in force, the linear play is clarified, and the instrumental tints are unexpected, individual. On the other hand, there seems to be something more heroic still in a single player's setting out to grapple with the exacting, exalted material. Either way, the Passacaglia is a landmark of German music by one of the most influential émigré masters who settled in this country. Wuorinen readily owns his debt to Wolpe. The A.C.O. concert began with the first performance of Wuorinen's Short Suite for Orchestra. Its "basic fabric" is derived from his glittering sextet "Arabia Felix" (1973). In six short movements, it exhilarated ear and mind.

More Wolpe—late, American Wolpe—began Speculum Musicae's December concert in Alice Tully Hall: his "Street Music No. 1" (1962). It's a rough, sketchy piece, not fully worked out, and the Speculum performance was less than convincing. The group, both here and at an October concert up at Columbia, was playing somewhat below its best form. It did not seem to know Peter Maxwell Davies' "Shakespeare Music" (1964) very well. But David Schiff's Elegy for String Quartet (1978), an excellent composition, was movingly done, with John Graham as the viola soloist, whose long, lyrical song runs like a cantus firmus through a shapely and arresting discourse. Davies' Fantasia and Two Pavans (1968), Purcell transformations, fared no better at one of Gerard Schwarz's Music Today concerts, in Merkin Hall in November. This concert brought the New York première of Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's "Passages" (1981), for soprano, flute, clarinet, string trio, piano, and percussion. It's a setting of six A. R. Ammons lyrics, with interludes in which the voice becomes an eighth instrument. It's fresh, bright, charming, intimate—a small recital in itself. Hearing it was like making a new friend who is at once the poet, the composer, and the singer—even if Clamma Dale's performance was hardly more than a lively first sketch. She didn't yet have the songs by heart. I hope she keeps "Passages" in her repertory. Elsa Charlston, I'm told, is also taking it up.

More Wuorinen—the première of his "New York Notes" (1982)—closed a good concert given by the New York New Music Ensemble in November in Carnegie Recital Hall. The Ensemble is a sextet—Schoenberg's "Pierrot" quintet (flute, clarinet, violin, cello, piano) plus percussion, like the Fires of London—with a director, Robert Black, who is also a fine pianist. In "New York Notes," which Mr. Black conducted, Wuorinen wrote for the six players as soloists, as duos, and as an ensemble: twenty minutes; three movements, the first intense, the second pensive, the third brilliant. Before it, there had been a quartet (Mario Davidovsky's short, striking "Synchronisms No. 2," of 1964, for flute, clarinet, violin, cello, plus tape; the balance was awry, the tape too soft), a trio (Ingolf Dahl's "Concerto a Tre," of 1947, for clarinet, violin, and cello, which wears well), and three duos. Mr. Black and Mr. Feinberg were trim in Stravinsky's Three Pieces (1914) for piano duet. Jayn Rosenfeld and Daniel Druckman were alluring in Barbara Kolb's succulent, skillful "Homage to Keith Jarrett and Gary Burton" (1976), for flute and vibes. Jean Kopperud and Eric Bartlett were lyrical in Ran's "Private Game" (1980), for clarinet and cello, which is brief, romantic, and attractive. That leaves unnamed only the outstanding violinist: he was Gregory Fulkerson, the 1980 winner of the American Music Competition.

RAN is one of two Chicago composers (the other being Shapey) who have been prominent in New York this season. Besides "Verticals" and "Private Game," there were New York premières of her "Excursions," at another of Merkin Hall's Music Today concerts, and "A Prayer" (1982), at a Composers' Showcase concert this month given by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Arthur Weisberg, in a cramped, acoustically bleak room in Sotheby's. The concert honored Paul Fromm and celebrated thirty years of activity by the Fromm Music Foundation, which commissions works from composers both new and established, and underwrites their performance at Tanglewood and across the country. Ran's piece, for horn, clarinet, bass clarinet, bassoon, and timpani, is beautiful: a stretch of affecting wordless song.

Mr. Fromm figures in Rockwell's Shapey chapter, which is subtitled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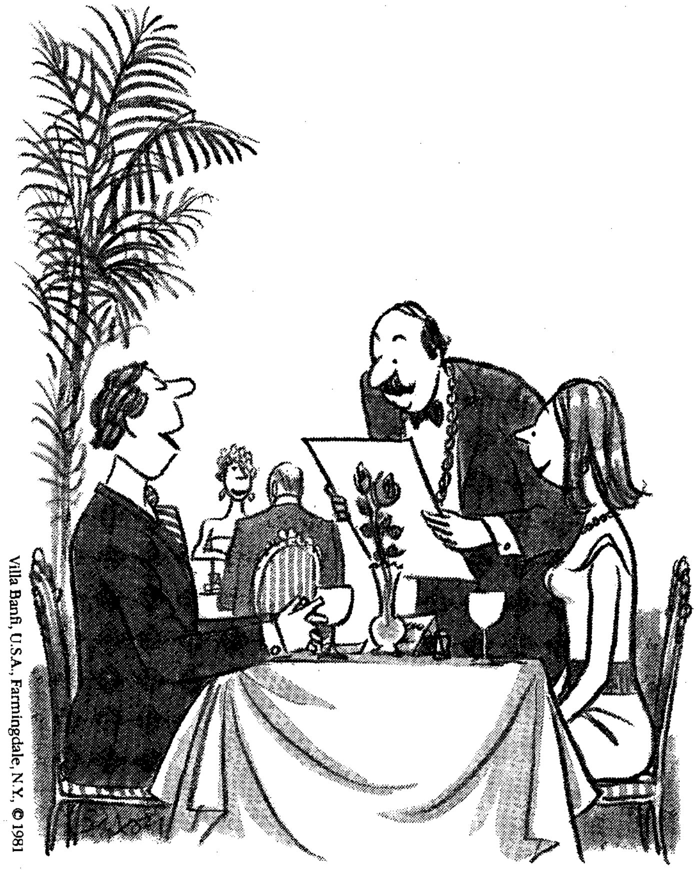

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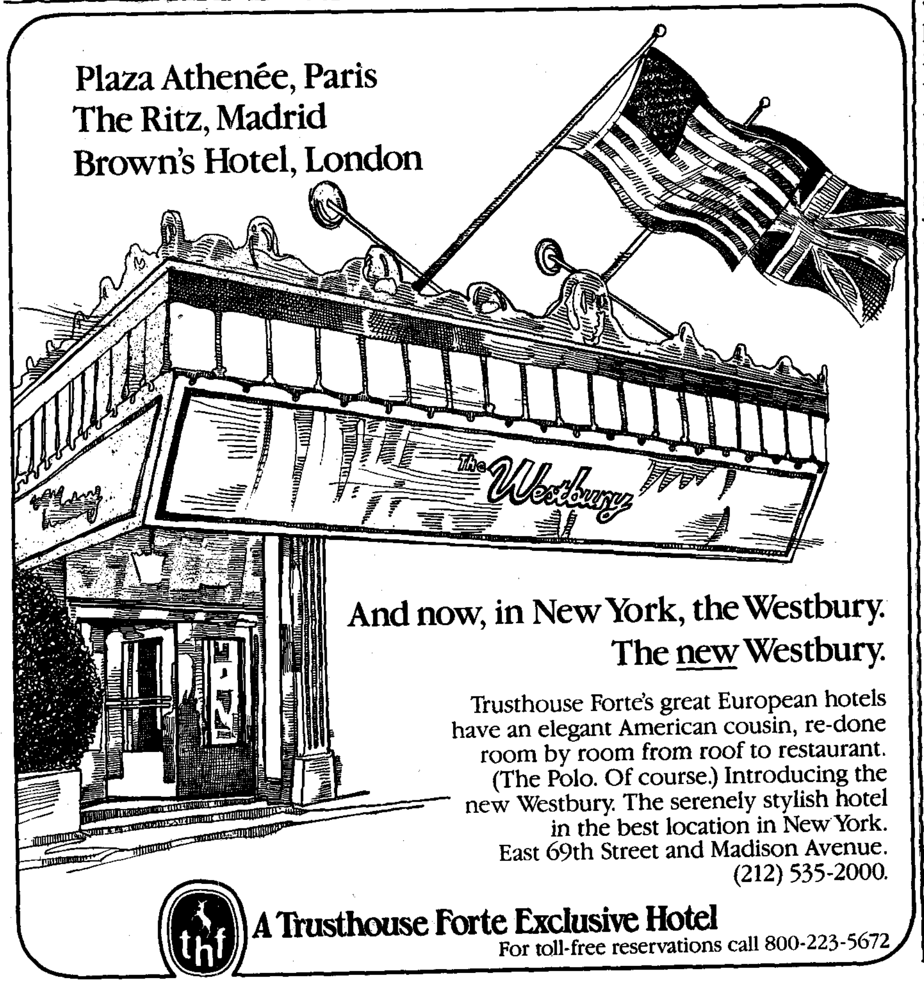

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"Romantic Defiance, Enlightened Patronage, and Misanthropy in the Midwest." Shapey's "Songs of Ecstasy" (1968), at the Showcase concert, a work the composer describes as "a paean to the joy of union between man and woman," seemed to me near-pornographic in its employment, on tape and from soprano soloist, of the glutted sighs and sexy murmurs of "ye-e-es" which accompany lovemaking. I missed his Concerto Grosso for Woodwind Quintette, given its première last month by the Boehm Quintette, at the Guggenheim. His Songs for Soprano and Piano, which had its première at Elsa Charlston's recital in Merkin Hall in November, is a more pleasing example of his passionate, visionary, defiantly individual music. The text is compiled from lines in the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations indexed under "dream," "hope," and "death" and is set as a kind of free-floating yet coherent poetic dream.

Miss Charlston—a vivid and precise interpreter of difficult new music—also gave the New York première of John Eaton's "A Greek Vision," for soprano, flute, and live electronics. Eaton defies categorization. He has an unmatched command of vocal gesture, a sure ear for telling, eloquent sound, and an amazing command of the expressive possibilities of new sounds and new harmonies made available by advanced instrumental and electronic techniques. He was trained at Princeton, where he worked with Babbitt and Sessions; he began his career as a jazz pianist; he works now in Bloomington, Indiana, away from either East Coast or West Coast "coteries." Although unmentioned in Rockwell's book, he exemplifies what Rockwell calls the "spiritual independence that seems, better than anything else, to define what is characteristic about the best American music." Since Eaton has asked me to collaborate with him on an opera, I'll say no more, but what I've said I also said years ago, after hearing his operas "Danton and Robespierre" and "The Cry of Clytaemnestra." —ANDREW PORTER

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DANCING

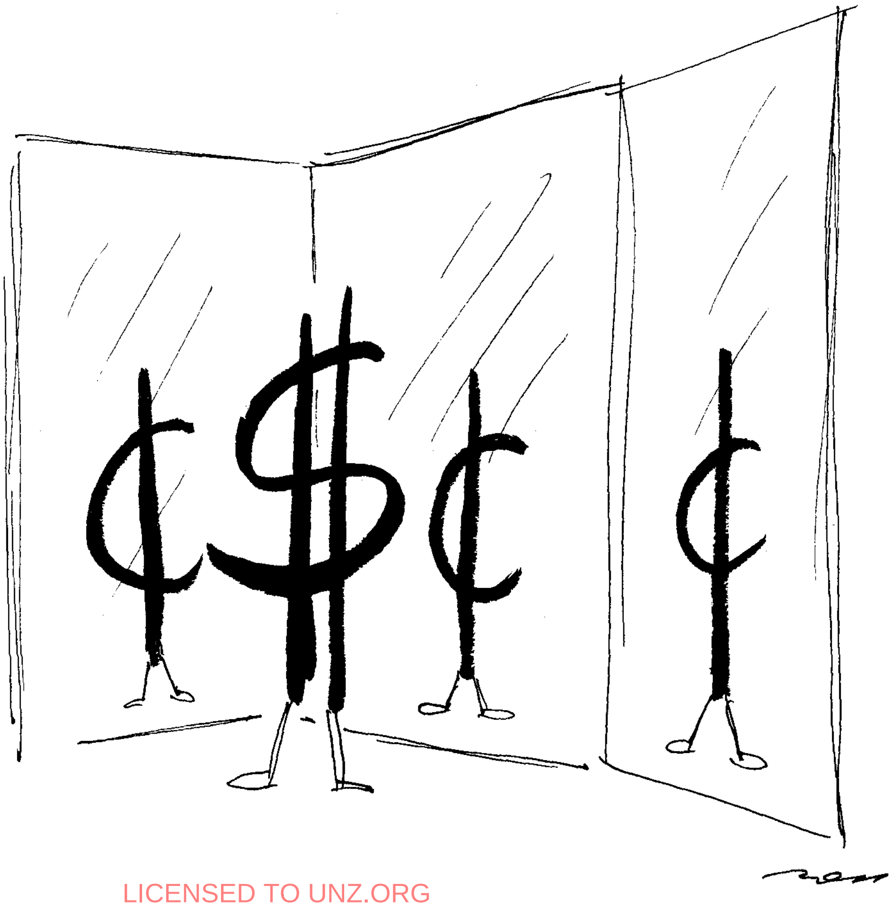
Doe, a Deer, a Female Deer

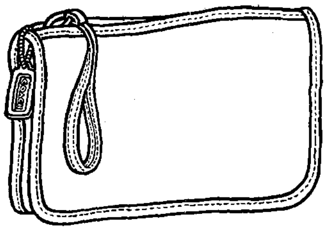
Dance Theatre of Harlem spent its annual City Center season piling up revivals from the four corners of the earth. It revived, to list just the main offerings, de Mille's "Fall River Legend" and Lichine's "Graduation Ball" and Balanchine's "Square Dance" (the old version, with the caller) and—most improbable choice of all—Nijinska's "Les Biches." Maybe the directors think that these dated pieces are appropriate training vehicles for young dancers. The company, handsome as ever, *is* younger these days, and greener, especially in the men's division. In any case, dealing in back numbers seems to have become house policy. D.T.H. appears to be trying on every style of ballet in the warehouse, just to see how it looks. How it looks in the dances, that is; the ballets are invariably redecorated. I attribute this to another house rule: visual design is carefully adjusted to skin color in every production. In the case of a famous décor, such as Benois's "Graduation Ball" or Laurencin's "Les Biches," the new costumes and scenery are modelled on the original, retaining what is notable and necessary (the yellow dresses and the uniforms in "Graduation Ball," the stinging sapphire blues and cloudy pastels in "Les Biches") and eliminating restrictive references (Laurencin's fair-skinned does and demoiselles). Otherwise, artistic direction is color-blind, as it should be. If there is such a thing as an international repertory, black American classical dancers have as much claim to it as white ones.

And, in fact, it was only the poor lighting (endemic to this company) that spoiled the authentic twenties-summer-resort look of "Les Biches." John C. Gilkerson's palette did a good job of warming up the pastels without blurring their delicacy, and the dancers in their plumed hats and taffy dresses looked ready to pose for Carl Van Vechten's camera. But visual credibility goes only so far. Apart from its good looks and scrupulous sound (the Poulenc score was given with its seldom heard choral parts—one voice for each part), this was a puzzling "Les Biches." But then it is a puzzling ballet.

"Les Biches" ("The Does," 1924) is worth reviving as a historical document. One of the handful of surviving works by Diaghilev's only woman choreographer, it is as intensely feminine a ballet as the "Polovtsian Dances" was masculine, not only in the quality of its experience but in its attitudes. Nijinska satirized fashionable Parisian society, and her satire is curiously estranged—neither cold nor envious but almost scientific in its scrutiny and in the bluntness of its conclusions. She presents a flock of women, silly for the most part, and only three men, who are even sillier. The point, though, is that the men are monolithic stud-athlete types, immediately boring, while there are various ages and conditions of women—some that had never been seen before on the ballet stage. "Les Biches" (which can be translated "The Darlings") could well have been a woman choreographer's revenge on a century or more of female stereotypes in the ballet. But Nijinska doesn't seem to have had anything on her mind except representing, to Poulenc's music, the highly artificial characters she saw around her. The diversity of female types—they include an ensemble of tumescent young girls, a flamboyant Older Woman wrapped in pearls and waving a cigarette holder, a somewhat enigmatic brooder, and two inseparables in gray, whom Cocteau compared to the female lovers in Proust—was Nijinska's idea (she did not work from a scenario), and it was, in 1924, highly provocative. Misia Sert and Chanel, close friends and Ballets Russes eminences, were involved in the preparations for the ballet and may have lent some of their personal flair to Nijinska's formulations. The result was another of Diaghilev's scandalous successes. The audience claimed to recognize itself in the ballet, and most reviewers characterized the entire work—dances, décor, and music—in terms of an atmosphere that these elements shared in creating: some indefinable compound of elegance and poignance and ambiguity. Those terms have clung to the ballet ever since.

Looking at the Laurencin designs, one begins to be captivated by the legend of "Les Biches." Listening to Poulenc's music, one begins to believe it. But, watching the ballet, one doubts whether the magical atmosphere ever existed or whether, if it existed, it could have lasted as long as people say it did. As late as 1946, Poulenc wrote that "Les Biches" was "a ballet in which you may see nothing at all or into which you may read the worst." And he went on to make what, in years since, has proved to be the most ambiguous of all comments





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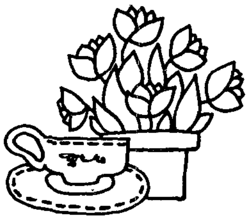

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on the ambiguity of "Les Biches": "In this ballet, as in certain of Watteau's pictures, there is an atmosphere of wantonness which you sense if you are corrupted but which an innocent-minded girl would not be conscious of." The trouble with the D.T.H. production is that it is innocent-minded, even puritanical. Any latent ambiguity in the dance of the two friends or in that of the Older Woman and her muscle-bound companions is blanked out or smothered in wholesome laughter. But beneath this misinterpretation lies the bare truth: there is simply not enough (left?) in Nijinska's dances to be ambiguous about. The ballet was reconstructed for D.T.H. by Juliette Kando, from Benesh notation, and staged by Irina Nijinska, the choreographer's daughter. The two previous productions I saw had Bronislava Nijinska's own supervision and were nebulous to a point of inanity. One could only conclude that by that time (the sixties) essence of Nijinska had evaporated.

Clearly, this is what has happened to the most famous character in the ballet, the enigmatic young woman who dances the Adagietto all by herself, in a short blue velvet tunic and white gloves. The brevity of the tunic—it comes to the top of the thigh—does not tantalize as it once did, and the épaulé poses and stalkings on point have lost their unique potency. (I kept seeing, superimposed on Nijinska's images, flashes from, of all things, Ruthanna Boris's "Cakewalk.") Yet La Garçonne, as she is sometimes called, is at the center of the ballet's mystique. One still reads that this figure "may be" a page boy (whatever that is) and not a woman at all, and that *that* "may be" the point of his/her duet with the principal athlete. Is there anything quainter than the androgynous glamour of the twenties and thirties? Even if we could still believe in it, there is nothing of androgyny in La Garçonne's movements. Rather, there's a melancholy, a strained introversion, which we identify with a certain kind of faded chic. The bisexual image of the Blue Girl (as Nijinska preferred to call her) may have been suggested more by the way Vera Nemtchinova, who originated the part, looked in it and in the costume than by any strict intention of Nijinska's. No one I have seen in the role has looked markedly different from D.T.H.'s Virginia Johnson, who is coolly beautiful and remote. (Johnson unaccountably adopts a hard makeup

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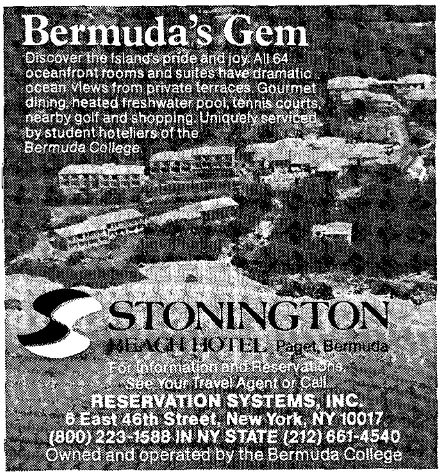

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with, I thought, a suggestion of whiteface, but it may have been the lighting.) The character, all artifice, was doomed to fade back into the iconography of the twenties, which spawned her. A forerunner of Garbo, she's as invisible to us today as the dangerous "androgynous" Garbo—lost, like the sweet "androgynous" Laurencin, to the annals of fashion and old perfume ads. Why does the mystique continue? The music, for one reason. And Poulenc's own enthusiasm for Nijinska's choreography was strong from the start. In a letter to Diaghilev, he wrote of one rehearsal in which things happened on the ballet's blue couch that would be remarkable today if one could only see them. The fact that one can't suggests either that Nijinska edited them out or that Poulenc was seeing things that weren't really there—a possibility he himself admits. The further fact, though, is that the reputation of "Les Biches" is built on the testimony of Poulenc, Cocteau, and legions of the suggestible. The ballet is a Rorschach test: Look, and you may see. The only thing you may not see is an inkblot.

In the Nijinska canon, "Les Biches" corresponds to Nijinsky's "Jeux" (as "Les Noces" corresponds to his "Sacre du Printemps"). Where her brother's ostensible subject was sport, Nijinska's is fashion, and both ballets are also about sex. Yet when Nijinska mentioned "Les Biches" in statements and interviews it was always to discuss formal matters—steps, positions, choreographic style—and to stress her allegiance to classicism. The D.T.H. program contains a typical quotation. Nijinska's way of talking about her ballets and those of her brother reflects the modern fixation on form; it leads us to think that whatever it was in "Les Biches" that aroused fascination was produced by pure and absolute dance expression. The bony dance structure—a divertissement without a plot—keeps us from seeing that "Les Biches" is not that kind of ballet. Nor is it the porous Fokine kind of ballet which dance-actors can interpret. The studied, self-conscious moves and poses are intended to speak for themselves, but they are no longer inhabited by meaning. When Nijinska predicted that her "choreographic discoveries" would be absorbed into the main body of classical dance, she was in a way prophesying the death of "Les Biches." We no longer see what the critic A. V. Coton meant when he called the pas de deux an "arch com-

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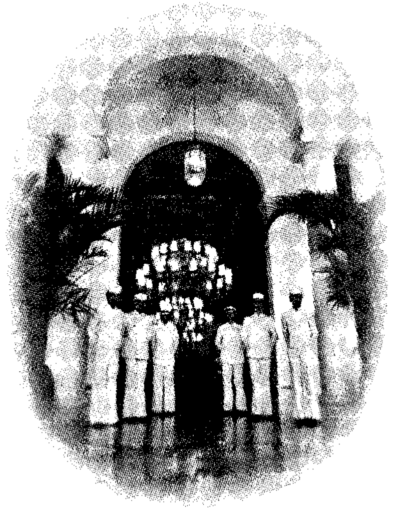

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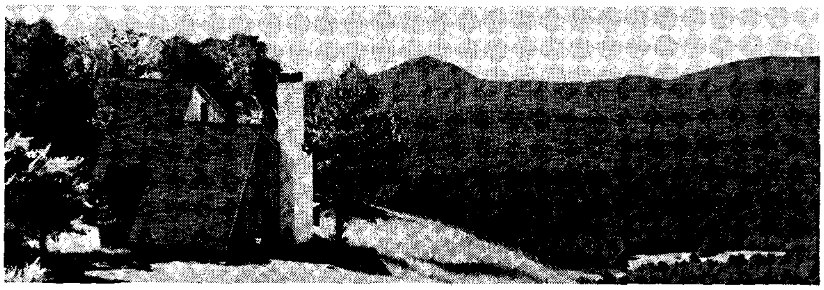

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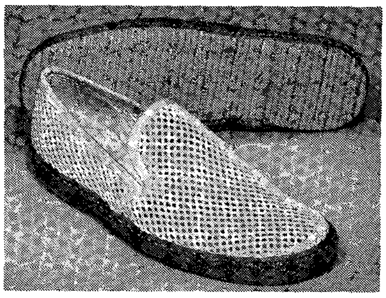

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ment on the rigors and difficulties of pure-line classical dancing." Nijinska's impurities ("phases of violent and harsh lifts and a final phase of acrobatics in which the female is supported at shoulder height in full extension whilst the Athlete struts proudly") have become common usage. The *draining, by time, of meaning* from movement creates an irremediable central emptiness that must be faced by anyone who thinks to revive this artifact of the golden twenties, with its glorious, undiminished score.

A FEW blocks south of the City Center, where one could see the Harlem dancers work themselves into a tizzy in their charming "Schéhérazade," lies the current revival of "On Your Toes," with its pseudo-"Schéhérazade" ballet "Princess Zenobia," originally created by Balanchine, and revived by Peter Martins with the addition of a pas de deux that really is a feat of see-it-or-not invention. The supported adagio, danced by Natalia Makarova and George de la Peña, is an "arch comment on . . . rigors and difficulties." For those familiar with such things, the contrivances and convolutions are a joke, but they're so evenly and engrossingly delivered that those who don't get the point don't miss it. Martins' pas de deux is a generalization of ballet's absurdities; it doesn't really have anything to do with "Schéhérazade." What follows is an approximation of Balanchine's gagged-up finale, in which somebody is always out of step. Here the joke is unmissable, although *it* has nothing to do with Fokine's ballet, either. A few exotic backbends and prances and a few tons of beads and satin pillows suffice for "Schéhérazade." True, it is no longer a very plump target, but then it isn't being seriously aimed at.

The satirical objective of the show and, it seems to me, its whole dazzle are concentrated in the person of Natalia Makarova, who makes of herself a delightful figure of fun. As a dancer she seems to be working in second gear, but she has so much energy and radiance as an actress that we don't need "Princess Zenobia" to establish her, or even "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" to bring her performance to a climax. Makarova has always known how to maximize her material. (She once danced a celebrated Blue Girl in London, which I would love to have seen.) She understands that the part of Vera Baronova, technically a Russian

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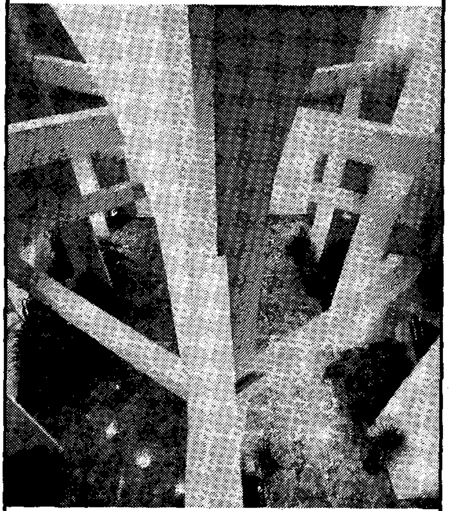

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ballerina, is really that of a thirties-Hollywood-movie screwball, and she plays it silky, pettish, and sly, with shrieking Lyda Roberti–Isabel Jewell outbursts. (With her blond thirties fringe, she even looks like Isabel Jewell. With her thick Russian accent, she sounds like Akim Tamiroff.) Makarova reincarnates the great movie tradition of beautiful and funny women. She fits so snugly into the heart of this thirties show that when she has to dance the ballets, which come from another world, she seems to be behaving with unreasonable respectability. (But it's better than if she turned them into camp.) "Slaughter" is a mixture of ballet and vaudeville-style apache dancing; it's very much an American Ballet product, and the costume designer has obviously looked at old George Platt Lynes photographs. In the two striptease dances (which have been altered to accommodate her) and in the seduction pas de deux, Makarova is almost disconcerting-y straight. She's also made up a little oo tartily. She may be mistaking the heavy-breathing, limb-flinging sexy acrobatics for real drama. The second pas de deux, in which she stops the bullet meant for the hero, is more her neat. It, too, has been slightly rearranged to take advantage of her bone-ess legato style.

Martins, in charge of all these adjustments, manages them without break in Balanchine's style, even hough he cannot have seen much more of the ballet than a few performances of the 1968 New York City Ballet revival, and had to entrust the ctual work of reconstruction to two City Ballet dancers, Susan Hendl and usan Pilarre. The new version differs from the 1968 one not only in the horeography for Makarova but in a few narrative particulars, such as having the warning note delivered to the Hoofer by a waiter, who makes a pecial entrance, instead of by the unead corpse of the Strip-Tease Girl, ying in full sight on the stage. The ote, of course, warns the Hoofer that e will be shot from the audience at he finish of his big dance. Lara Teeter, who performs this role, seems o have been cast on the strength of his ll-American looks. He's too big and olid a partner for Makarova, and not good enough dancer to fill out a role hat made Ray Bolger a star. For me, he part of the Hoofer is identified ith Arthur Mitchell, who danced it n 1968 opposite Suzanne Farrell, and ho soon afterward founded Dance

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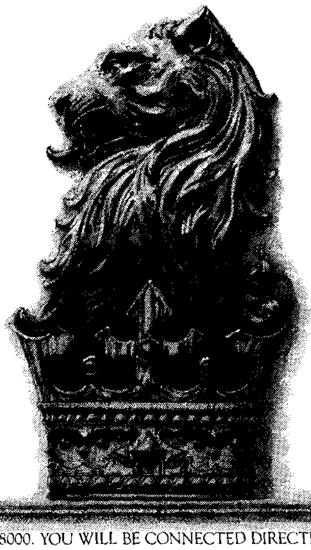

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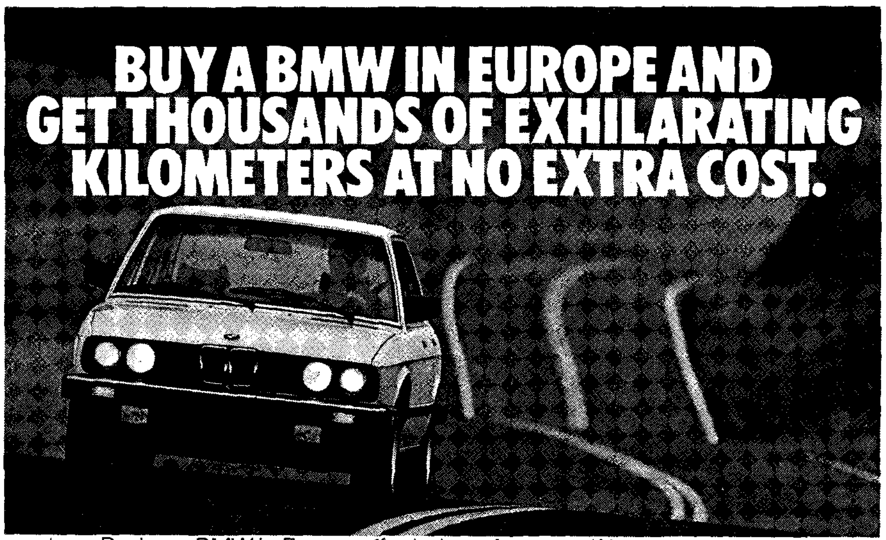

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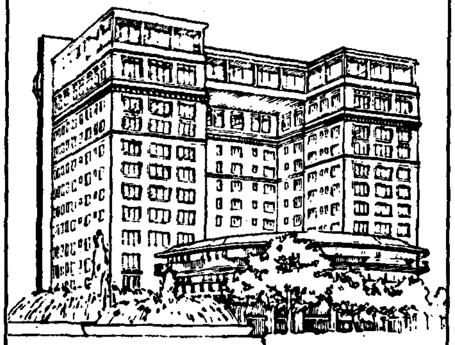

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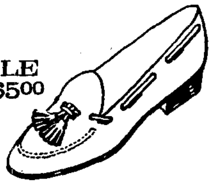

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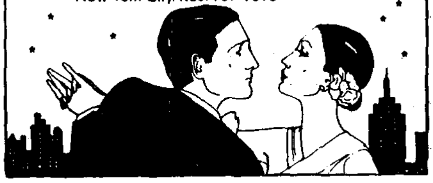

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Theatre of Harlem. When Teeter started tapping in circles, knowing each tap could be his last one, I thought of Mitchell and the way he built tension. Teeter's circling is too slow, and the terrified reprises taken to stay the assassin's bullet lack the ever more desperate ingenuity that in Mitchell's performance made them funny.

Ballet was new to Broadway in 1936, but in 1983 tap dancing is more of a curiosity than ballet. Perhaps it's a sign of the times that the star of today's "On Your Toes" is a ballerina, while the male lead's contribution to the tap dances is either tepid or nonexistent. The title number, which pits tap pyrotechnics against ballet ones, suffers from the nonparticipation of the Teeter character. But Donald Saddler, who devised all the non-ballet dancing in the show, solved the problem by blending the opposing factions into an ensemble blockbuster very much like the one Balanchine created for the 1938 film "The Goldwyn Follies." How many people it has taken to replace Balanchine! He's even had to replace himself.

—ARLENE CROCE

•

CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Police Log in the Corte Madera (Calif.) Twin Cities Times]

11:33 P.M. Tony Polito reported a subject in the area of 74 Summit resembling a vampire. The area checked, the vampire was gone.

•

Englewood-based Writer Corp. has filed a registration statement with the Securities and Exchange Commission for the proposed offering of 1 million shares of its common stock.

The company said it plans to issue 650,000 shares to retire debt. The balance of the shares will be offered by selling stockholders.—*Denver Post.*

An idea whose time has come.

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STEP 1. When you want to open and use it, don't put your hand on the end of up step board and down step, you must be put your hands on the fore leg and back leg that between of down cross bar and seat leg. OK! opening that's right.

STEP 2. When you want to take to the other place, pushing the plate spring with your hand of one, holding the belt with the other hand, take up the step stool with holding the belt hand. OK! you are success.—*Instruction sheet that came with a step stool made in Taiwan.*

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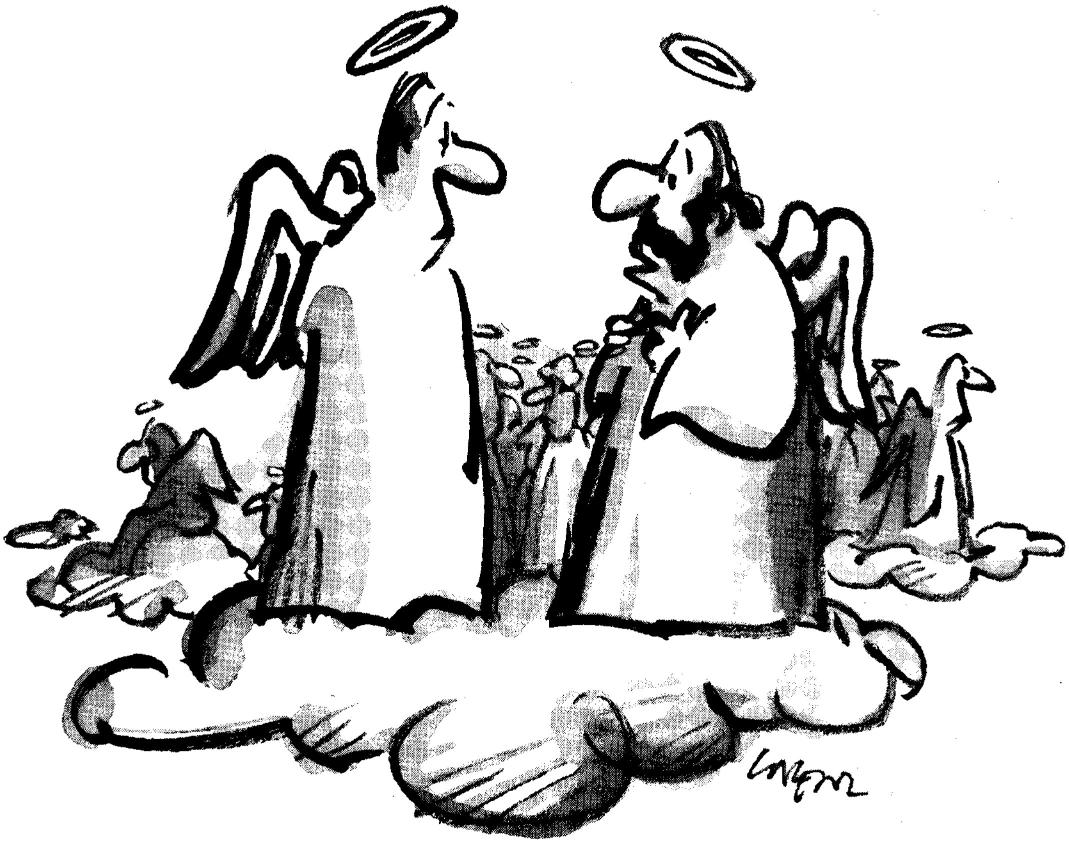
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Night Life

THE Scottish comedy "Local Hero" is misleading in the most disarming way imaginable. Experience at the movies has led us to expect a whole series of clarifications, but they don't arrive. After a while, their non-arrival becomes a relief, and we may laugh at ourselves for having thought we needed them. The film also offers a special pleasure to those of us who grew up listening to the recording of Sir Harry Lauder singing "Roamin' in the Gloamin'." We finally have a chance to experience that Scottish form of entrancement when the gloaming—an opalescent twilight—is made visible to us; night is magical in this movie, as it should be. In the opening section, set in a Houston skyscraper that houses the headquarters of Knox Oil, an ace mergers-and-acquisitions executive, Mac (Peter Riegert), is being sent to Scotland to buy Ferness, a fishing village on a bay which the conglomerate (headed by Burt Lancaster) has decided should be the site of a new refinery. It's a cheesy, coy opening, with poorly timed satirical gags, but there's a hint of something more subtle and original when Mac uses a phone to alk to someone who's only a glass partition away. And even before Mac reaches Ferness—when the tall Danny Peter Capaldi), a young Scots employee of Knox, is driving him to the coast, and og swirls around their car and causes them to hit a rabbit—the atmosphere, the tempo, everything changes. The wo men, who spend the night n the fogbound car, seem ecalmed. And by the time Mac and Danny (with the tunned rabbit in the back eat) reach the village, Mac, he fireball master of the elex, with a beeper watch and a briefcase that has a attery-powered lock, has nternalized the fog. He's tunned, too; he has gone soft n the head.

The writer-director Bill Forsyth observes the people in he movie—and especially his oung heroes—as if they were ne-of-a-kind creatures in a eculiarly haphazard zoo. Riegert brought off some stoned double takes as the amiable, sponging friend of the hero in "Chilly Scenes of Winter;" here his role requires him to sustain one big, rapt double take for the whole picture. He's the butt of Forsyth's humor, and at the same time he's the person we empathize with. That may be part of the film's seductiveness, and it helps that Forsyth is rarely explicit about anything—the picture is like one of those lovely Elizabethan songs that are full of tra-la-la-la-la-las. Riegert's tranced-in Mac never formulates his infatuation with the villagers, the crescent of beach, the glistening bay, the starlight, and the good, dark beer; we see the effect it all has on him in his wistful, stupefied face. He's experiencing something new to him: happiness. And he doesn't know what to make of it—for Mac, happiness is indistinguishable from lunacy. Capaldi's Danny, who observes what's going on around them—that the practical-minded villagers are secretly holding meetings to discuss how they can get the highest prices out of Mac—doesn't intrude on Mac's preoccupation. Danny, with his child's head smiling from on top of his galumphing body, as if it weren't quite sure how it got up there, grabs his chances to go off and spend time in the bay with a marine biologist (Jenny Seagrove), who also works for Knox. Danny has a stiff, jerky walk; when he makes a getaway from Mac he hunches his shoulders, pulls his elbows in close to his body, and takes off at a run, his lower arms gyrating. He's like a big, floppy gooney-bird. The enticing biologist, who seems to live in the water, has a hint of iridescence about her; the possibility that she's a mermaid doesn't faze Danny any more than anything else in life does.

The other young hero—the most relaxed actor of a large, relaxed cast—is Denis Lawson, as Gordon, the village innkeeper, pub owner, accountant, unofficial mayor, and great lover. Lawson plays Gordon's functions as different aspects of his personality. Gordon the pub owner is a genial companion, but Gordon the innkeeper is brusque and formal: he will do exactly what is required of an innkeeper, and not a hairbreadth more. Gordon the accountant is a slippery fellow—he oozes insincerity. Gordon the leader of the community is frank and good-humored. And Gordon the man-of-the-world lover is smugly pleased with himself when he's alone with his bride (Jennifer Black). There's something



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of the dandy in Denis Lawson's approach to comedy; he makes each of Gordon's functions funny in a suavely different high style—each has its own tics and gestures, its own type of self-satisfaction. Dark and intense, he's an ideal screen actor—he draws the camera by the control inside his ease.

The exchanges among these three men are low-key and very odd, with Gordon handling the negotiations for the villagers and sizing up Mac, figuring out how far he can push him, and Danny taking sidelong glances at Mac and vaguely wondering if he's as out of it as he seems. (Danny is too giddy to give it a lot of thought.) The humor is dry, yet the picture is romantic in spirit, and Burt Lancaster has something to do with that. He doesn't have a large role, and he's at a disadvantage because most of his scenes are in crosscuts back to unenchanted Houston, but Lancaster is convincing as a sturdy, physically powerful man, and even more convincing as a man of authority whose only intimacy is with the stars above. In his penthouse office-apartment in the Knox skyscraper, this tycoon presses the button that opens the sliding dome of his planetarium and he stands under the constellations. Lancaster has an imperial romantic aura; he belongs there, on top of a tower under the stars, and I doubt if there are many actors who could convey so much by just standing there. The tycoon's telescope has an echo effect in moviegoers' memories: Lancaster was also devoted to astronomy in Visconti's "The Leopard," and Forsyth may have carried that theme over. But there's something more deeply right about the image here. A stargazing reserve has become apparent in Lancaster's recent performances: it's as if he finally felt free enough to be himself on the screen—to let us see that he has thoughts he feels no need to communicate. The welcome familiarity of his speech rhythms tells us something: he, too, is one of a kind. There's nobody else in the world with a voice like that—the smoothness with the remnant of roughness underneath. Forsyth, by glorying in the plumage of each person's singularity, somehow makes one-of-a-kindness seem infinitely wonderful and absurd.

This young (thirty-five) writer-director has invented his own form of poetic comedy. His style is far more personal and aberrant than that of the popular British comedies of the fifties, which, in general, were made from tightly knit, cleverly constructed

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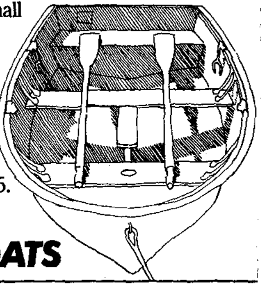

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cripts. Forsyth seems to go where mpulse and instinct guide him; he's n entertainer-filmmaker who gives ree play to his own sense of the ridic- lous and his own sense of beauty. He ets a lyrical performance from the ilvery surf at night, and there are reat happenings in the luminous skies —the aurora borealis and a whizzing neteor shower. The village and the ay live up to the dream-stricken ex- ression on Mac's face. Mac has found aradise, and in a place where English s spoken—a transformed English, nade softer and more lulling by ca- ences that drift upward.

"Local Hero" isn't any major chievement, but it has its own free- orm shorthand for jokes, and it's true o itself. No conflict ever emerges in his film (though one is clearly seeth- ng inside Mac's head); nobody even hrows a punch. Forsyth's understate- ent—his muting of effects—creates delicately charged comic atmosphere. here are no payoffs to gags; you get sed to some oddity and then it disap- ears. The humor is in people's idio- ncratic behavior, and once Forsyth ets into his stride everything is unex- ected and nothing is forced. (The nly thing that isn't distinctive about Local Hero" is its prosaic title, hich doesn't seem to refer to anyone particular.) Sometimes Forsyth's eas are close to quaint—as in the aracter of Victor (Christopher Ro- cki), the captain of a Russian trawl- , who is as robust as all getout. But orsyth carries out even this idea in way that redeems it—the Russian's cent is just what's needed at a erness celebration when he sings Lone Star Man" with The Ace ones, a group of adolescent local ys whose country rock has a slightly oozy cross-cultural sound. (One of e musicians is John Gordon Sinclair, ho was the hero of Forsyth's last m, "Gregory's Girl.") You may ar yourself laughing at jokes you n't really explain, such as Mac's witting violation of protocol: he's lking to a group of village men who ng out together, and, pointing to an fant in their midst, he asks "Whose by?" Nobody answers.

In the scene that I like best, Mac, one on the misty beach, takes off his atch, so that he can stick his hands to the water and scoop up shells. He ts it on some rocks and moves a all distance away. And the forgot- n watch, inundated by the tide, beeps derwater to the sea creatures swim- ng by. That's an almost perfect ex-

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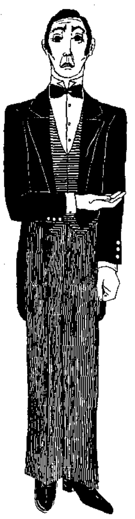

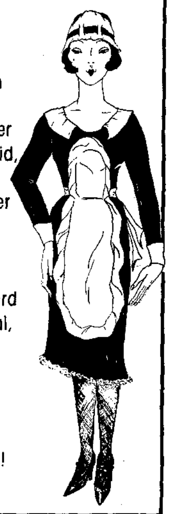

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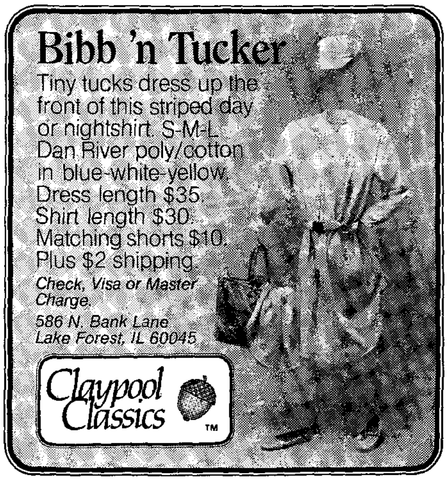

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ample of how Forsyth handles the theme of the collision of cultures. It isn't the Scots who are offended by the American hotshot's business equipment; it's the fish.

EVERY once in a while, the highly accomplished Ben Gazzara gets a film role that he's itching to play and a director who's in love with that marvellous oily, enigmatic face of his. Gazzara is handsome yet guarded, like an armadillo. He could be a survivor of an ancient (and untrustworthy) race. As Charles Serking, the drunken, permanently hung-over, semi-famous poet in the Italian director Marco Ferreri's "Tales of Ordinary Madness," he gets to cut loose and do things onscreen that he has never done before—that probably nobody has done onscreen before. Ferreri is known for carrying ideas to extremes ("The Ape Woman," of 1964, "La Grande Bouffe," of 1973, "The Last Woman," of 1976), and his script is based on the stories and the spirit of the American poet and novelist Charles Bukowski, a master of rut who writes about the gutbucket pain and elation of being human. The specific story drawn on for this movie (made in English) is "The Most Beautiful Woman in Town," from the City Lights book "Erections, Ejaculations, Exhibitions and General Tales of Ordinary Madness." The story is written in the first person, and that's who Gazzara is playing—his Serking is an interpretation of Bukowski.

"Tales of Ordinary Madness" isn't for people who are disturbed by four-letter words or sexual acts performed with lewd gusto. That should still leave quite a few of us. It's a startling movie, partly because it's so simply presented. Though it's about many of the same themes as an Ingmar Bergman picture, it isn't stark—it has the matter-of-fact, one-thing-after-another plainness of an Abbott and Costello movie. Serking, a skid-row scrounger with a gray beard and with seat-sprung pants hanging down from his shrunken body, swigs from a bottle in a brown paper bag and sniffs like a stray dog at a succession of fat, mean, and sleazy women. The sleazier they are, the more he likes them. He sees the brutish comedy in what he's doing, and that's part of why he does it. (At times, he's a lot like Mailer the grizzled challenger.) Between sexual bouts, he reads his poetry at a college, raises hell at a foundation that tries to

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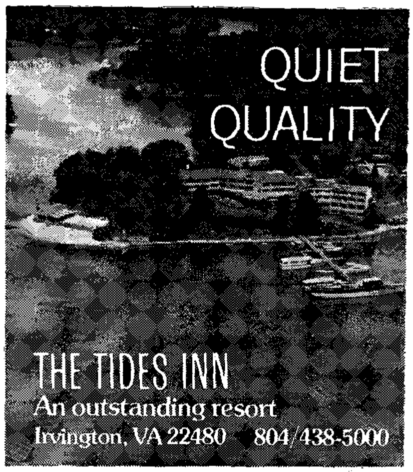

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treat him as an artist-genius, drinks until he pukes, and then drinks some more. The movie, with its artist-bum as hero, has a slight resemblance to the 1970 "Tropic of Cancer," in which Rip Torn played Henry Miller, but this bum Serking is also a sufferer, and the picture is far more sexually explicit. It goes beyond raunchiness—it's naked. And the bare, functional filmmaking intensifies our awareness of what the coupling human beings on the screen are doing to each other—there's nothing else to look at. Visually, the film seems washed out at the start, and then it becomes brighter; sunlight seems to become one of Ferreri's themes. It isn't likely that anyone imagined that Joseph Strick, who directed "Tropic of Cancer," shared Miller's excitement about women of any age or shape. Here you feel that Ferreri, who has his own wild man's understanding of comedy, has also got right down inside Bukowski's self-mocking lust and self-dramatizing temperament. Certainly Gazzara has felt his way in—his reptilian eyes shine with the mischief his role makes possible. They almost pop out in his scenes with Susan Tyrrell, as a loco who's perhaps the gamiest and funniest of the women he has bouts with. (She yells so violently during sex he has to cover her mouth.)

Except for side excursions to the college, to the foundation in New York, and to the ocean, the movie is set in Bukowski's old habitat, Los Angeles, where he has spent most of his life. (His books sell moderately well there and spectacularly well in Europe, especially in Germany, and he now lives a more stable and prosperous existence in San Pedro, California.) Serking's L.A. is mostly Hollywood at its crummiest—flophouses, rooming houses, cheaply built garden apartments, and bars where broken-down hookers hang out. It's in one of these bars that Serking meets Cass, "the most beautiful woman in town." Ornella Muti, who plays the role, fully lives up to the description; she's as lithe as a cat, and has the soft radiance of the young Hedy Lamarr in the coital scenes of "Ecstasy." And Ferreri, who has worked with her before (in "The Last Woman"), lights her to perfection. (He appears to take more care with her scenes than with the rest of the film.) Ornella Muti's Cass is sloe-eyed, dark-haired, and high-waisted, with the long legs of a Balanchine dancer. Convent-bred, she's mysteriously, uncannily beautiful

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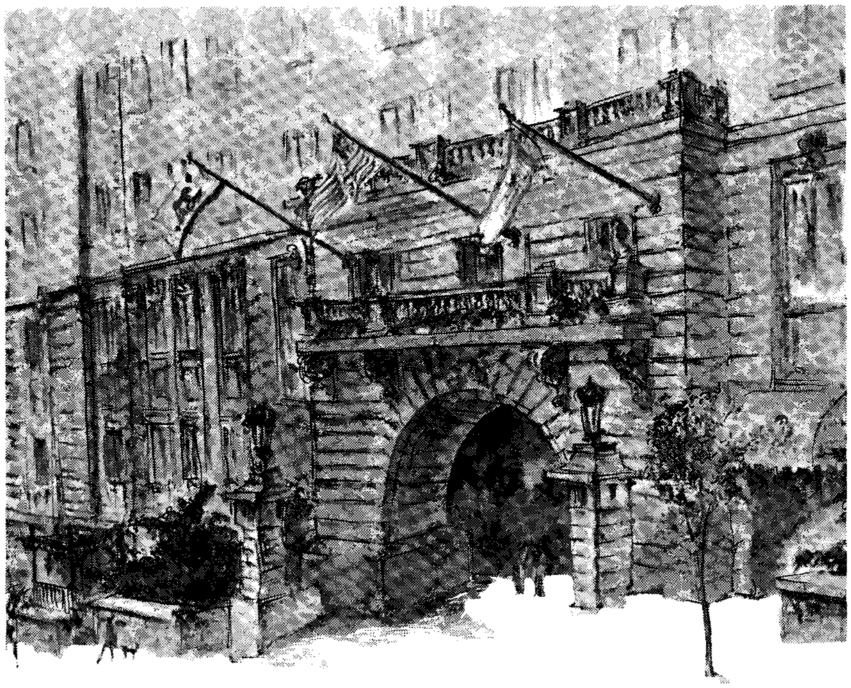

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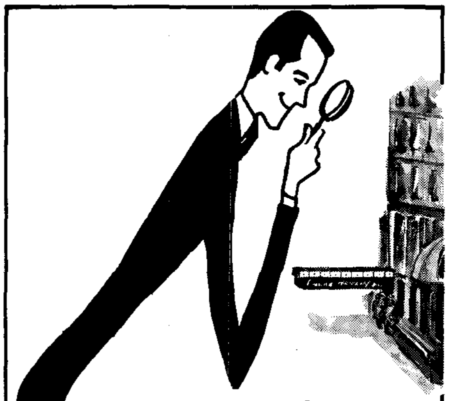

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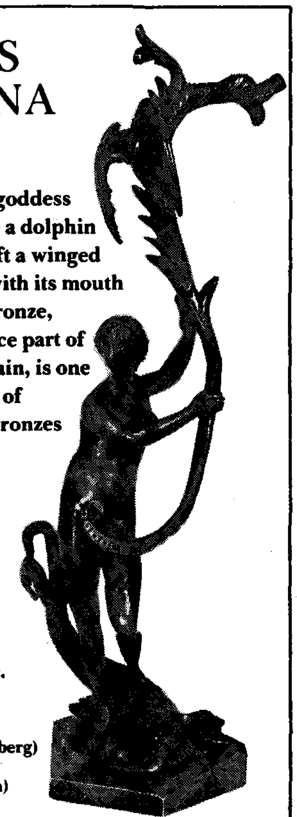
—a carnal Madonna who punishes herself by working as a prostitute. Cass, whose beauty would open any doors, picks up men in the cheapest sour-smelling dives. This degradation isn't enough: she mutilates her flesh. She's intelligent but crazy, and she has nothing binding her to life.

This beautiful woman, with her inverted narcissism—she costumes herself in dramatic, mood-fitting ensembles, with special attention to the neck she has sawed away at—is like a mad nun. Cass is a trite, preposterously overdramatic creation—a fallen angel with crosses dangling from her ears and a faraway look in her eyes—and yet something about her rings true. She has elements of every self-destructive Catholic girl I've ever known or heard of; her self-love and her self-hatred aren't just a made-up subject. And her ringing true helps to validate Serking's attitudinizing and his despair. Cass is a sex goddess, she's walking poetry—and Serking, who loves her, can't hang on to her. He gets her out into the sun, but he can't infuse his own love of life into her.

The early parts of this movie have a shocking comic power (and sometimes the comedy drains away and leaves a deliberately sad tawdriness), but the sequences don't have much impetus. After Cass's story takes shape, though, the picture develops its own kind of rhythm. And by the end Serking, whose pants are always about to fall down to his knees, begins to seem—well, valiant. He's resigned to failure, but he keeps trying—he wants to believe in the dream he had of a life with Cass. Meanwhile, there are all those Hollywood locos, and even a fresh young thing who asks him "Where does poetry come from?" That heartfelt question may call for a half grapefruit in the face, but the vain Serking, touched, responds very tenderly. After all, for him women hold the mystery of creation.

At the beginning of the movie, when Serking is speaking in a deep voice in an ornate, sparsely filled college auditorium, he says, "To do a dangerous thing with style is what I call art." It's a dangerous thing for Ferreri (who wrote the script with Sergio Amidei and Anthony Foutz) to use that line. Inevitably, it leads to thoughts of: Is "Tales of Ordinary Madness" art? A lot of skepticism wells up in me when poets go into their living-on-the-edge, deep-in-the-lower-depths boogie. From time to time, Serking does a voice-over narra-



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tion, and it could be a parody of the tough-guy narration in the Raymond Chandler detective movies, with Serking on a quest for truth and beauty. He says things like, “the defeated, the demented, and the damned—they’re the real people of the world, and I was proud to be in their company.” Since the director doesn’t appear to have the best grasp of how Americans talk, it’s sometimes hard to tell whether this kind of flatulence is meant to be taken straight. Chances are it is, but it also fits the character Gazzara is playing. Ferreri uses his deadpan simplicity to bring out the infantilism of middle-aged macho clowns who know they’re being infantile and getting high on excess but don’t know how to grow up, and don’t want to, anyway. There’s genuine audacity and risk-taking in this movie. It may not have the energy of great art, but its nakedness has an aesthetic force. When you come out of the theatre, you know you’ve seen something; it wasn’t just another picture.

The great thing about Marco Ferreri is that he gets to the point. In one image—Serking rams an enormously fat woman’s crotch with his head—the film sums up what a number of Rabelaisian writers have struggled to say about their desire to go back to the womb. That image cuts through the fake profundities that the film falls for. And even when Gazzara is lamenting bourgeois stultification and crying out “Can’t we awaken? Must we forever, dear friends, die in our sleep?” he knows that these are the words of a poseur. He makes Serking a big enough poseur to be a macho-clown artist.

“LA NUIT DE VARENNES,” a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI, is a French-Italian co-production and it was directed by Ettore Scola, but it’s almost the essence of the Old Wave. Here they are: the worldly, no longer young, but very sensual women—the women so mature that a half smile is always playing on their faces (Hanna Schygulla as a countess who is lady-in-waiting to Marie Antoinette, and Andrea Ferreol as the wealthy, beautiful widow of a winegrower). And here they are: the civilized old libertines (Marcello Mastroianni as the exhausted Casanova, and Jean-Louis Barrault as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne). There are also assorted historical and fictional personages (Harvey

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Keitel as Thomas Paine, Daniel Gelin as an arms manufacturer, and Jean-Claude Brialy as the countess's homosexual hairdresser). For diverse reasons, they're all travelling by carriage or stagecoach to Varennes. What makes the trip significant is that it's 1791, and the King, whose freedom has been curtailed since the Revolution in 1789, has fled with the Queen and is also on the road, in a coach ahead of them, hoping to make it to the border, so he can organize an army and return to fight the Revolution. (He failed, of course; he was arrested at Varennes.)

And what do the ladies and gentlemen who are trailing behind the King do in their carriages? They talk wisely and wittily about the great political issues of the day, and they talk and they talk, the royalist countess arguing with Tom Paine, and so on, while I, for one, sit there reading the subtitles, my eyes gradually glazing over. For two and a half hours, these people look knowingly at each other and talk literately. Once, after Casanova's carriage breaks down and he has been invited to join the others in the big coach, they all get out and walk for a bit in a forest—the grade is too steep for the horses to handle the load—and it's like a holiday for the audience. This interval is actually the high point of the proceedings, because one of the passengers is a jolly middle-aged touring opera singer (Laura Betti, who has a gift for playing eccentrics; a sense of fun bubbles up in her), and as this singer and Casanova walk up the grade together they sing a duet from "Don Giovanni," the opera about a lover much like Casanova which Mozart composed just four years earlier—with a helping hand on the libretto from the paradigm himself, it is said. For a minute or two, the music and the playful doubling up of Casanova legends are a restorative. But then back to the coach and all that wit and wisdom. Scola is an accomplished, sometimes remarkable director, but he has got himself into an arch and soggy genre. At the end, when a dismaying, lesson-for-today twist is sprung, there were unmistakable let-me-out-of-here groans from the audience.

It's a pleasure to see Barrault, who (like Gielgud) looks stronger and more human now than he did in his hollow-cheeked youth. (His profile, which Scola calls attention to, is an achieved work of art.) But the role of Restif has been written to make him a darling old reprobate. In the opening sequences, we're tipped to smile at his

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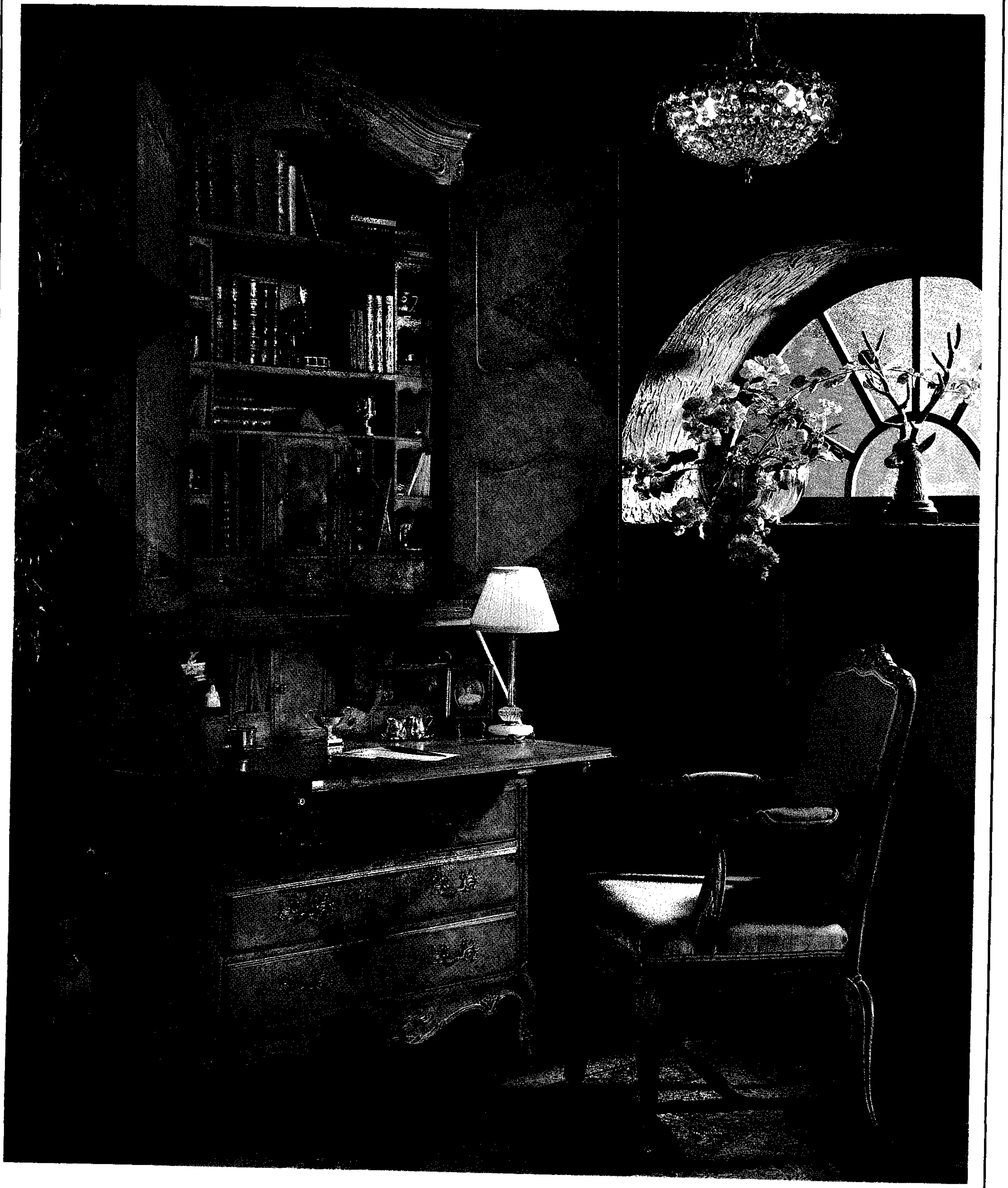

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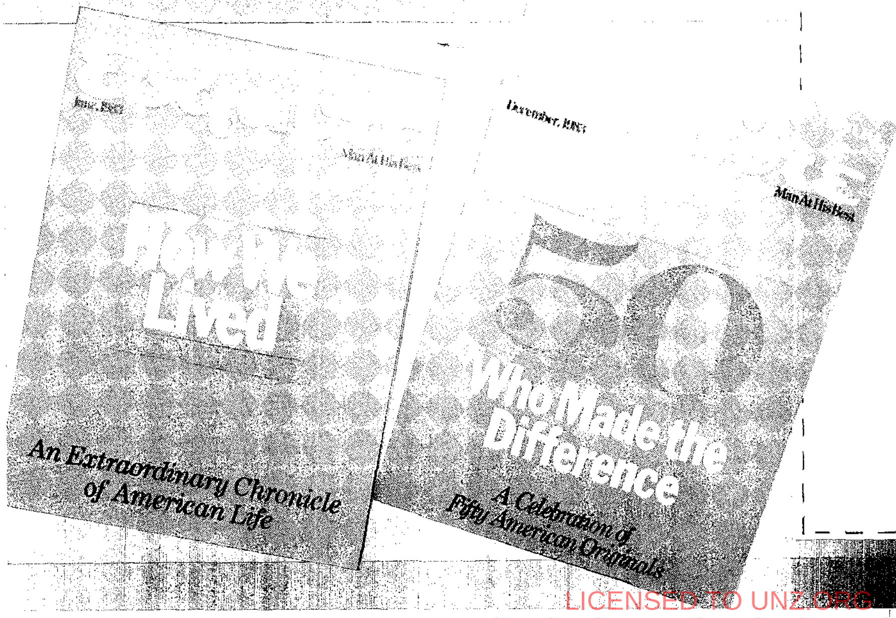

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You Must Reply by April 5th to Receive the June Issue naughtiness when he gets into bed with his adoring young daughter; this movie descends from a long line of "Gallic romps." Casanova has been made to seem the toweringly tall figure that he was, and Mastroianni, looking suitably ruined, and with his blotchy face pasty-white where he powders it, has at least one superb bit. Though impoverished and desperate (he faces arrest for debt), Casanova declines the offer of the widow, who, declaring herself passionately in love with him, wants him to come live on her estate. He declines gallantly and with supreme tact; then, as he leaves her, we see his eyes, and he looks hounded, as if he wanted to cry out, "Does she really think I could make love to her?" And Brialy, whose fussbudget hairdresser is almost a comic archetype of the snobbish priss, manages to give his character scintillating, stylized gestures—he flutters like a mechanical doll. But the hairdresser's attachment to the countess has more devotion and feeling in it than anything else in the movie, and it's too facile a ploy for Scola and his co-writer, Sergio Amidei, to have made this relationship the only model of reciprocal affection. Quel irony. It's on the same level as the countess's look of recognition when she sees the poor limping, decaying Casanova; it turns out he was her first lover. Quel big news.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

Altogether too much emphasis is placed on show, and not enough on substance. Nor, for all their formal trappings, are waiters really knowledgeable about the menu. In response to a query, our waiter said the chiffonade salad ($2.25) was made with butter lettuce and watercress, when in fact it turned out to be a pedestrian mixture of romaine, avocado, cucumber and tomato—and no beet or endive, which chiffonade should have. Accompanying it in a very unnecessary sauceboat was a very peppery vinaigrette that tasted bottled. Once set on the table, the waiter simply tipped the dressing over the salad.—*Bea Pixa in the San Francisco Examiner.*

All show, but entertaining nevertheless.

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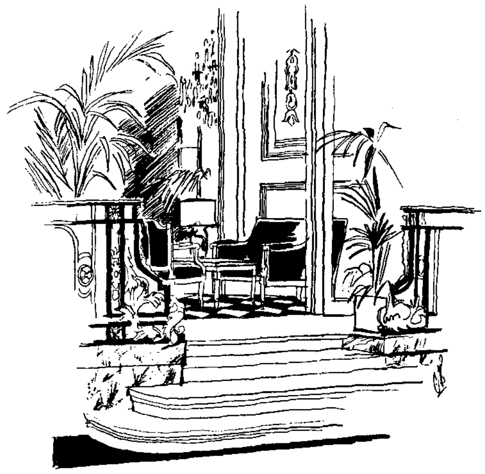

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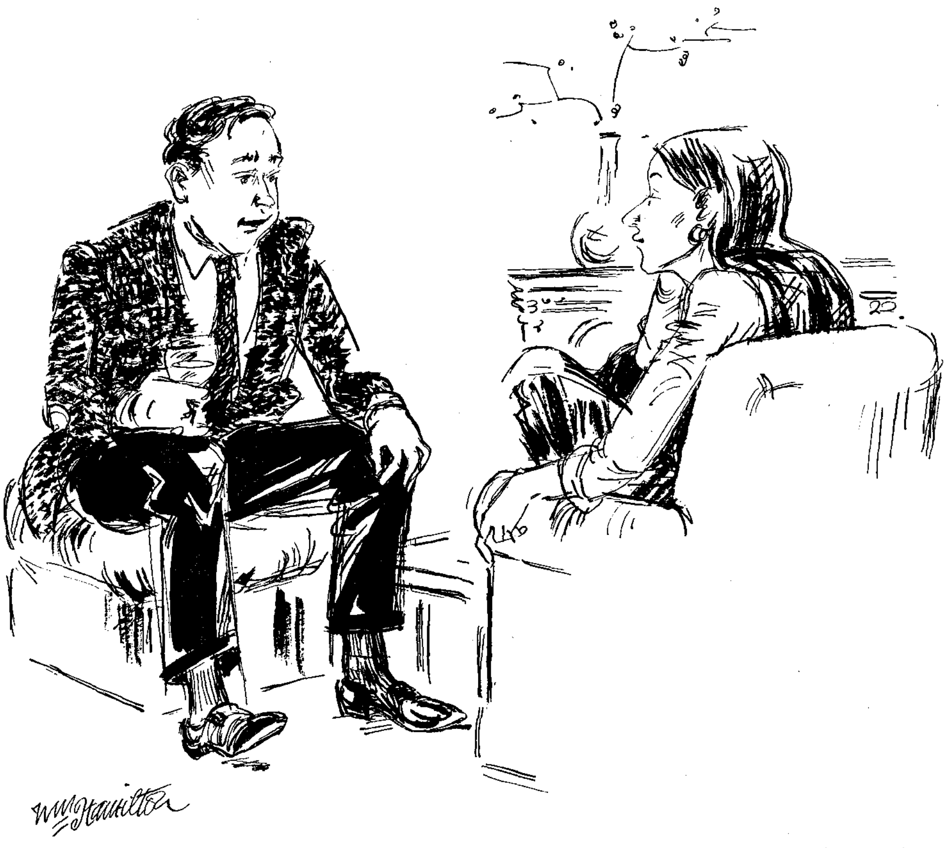
BOOKS

The Jones Boys

Bruce Chatwin, an Englishman who worked some years for Sotheby & Company, as auctioneer and director of the Impressionist department, and then became a traveller into such outré lands as Afghanistan, French West Africa, and Patagonia, writes a clipped, lapidary prose that compresses worlds into pages. "In Patagonia," an account of his wanderings in southern Argentina, won high praise five years ago for its witty obliquity, elegantly economical descriptions, wealth of curious historical and paleontological data, and perky word portraits of the drunken gauchos and homesick Scotsmen he encountered in this vast, raw region. The one virtue "In Patagonia" did not conspicuously possess, it seemed to me, was momentum; the traveller so deliberately minimized his personality and obscured his motives that the prose seemed to travel on ghostly legs of its own, snacking on scenery and bits of dialogue where it pleased, and hopping about so airily between past and present, between experienced incident and researched document, that the exotic reality was half-eclipsed by the willful manners of the invisible guide. Mr. Chatwin writes in such short paragraphs that he seems to be constantly interrupting himself. His narratives must be savored in short takes, like collections of short stories. His third book and second novel, "On the Black Hill" (Viking; $14.75), also skips, scintillatingly, across a vast terrain—a stretch of time: the eighty years that the Jones twins, Lewis and Benjamin, have lived in Radnorshire, a rural county of Wales bordering that of Hereford, in England.

Amos Jones, the twins' father, is a red-haired Welshman, the son of a "garrulous old cider-drinker, known round the pubs of Radnorshire as Sam the Waggon." Their mother, Amos's second wife, was Mary Latimer, the only child of "the Reverend Latimer, an Old Testament scholar, who had retired from mission work in India and settled in this remote hill parish to be alone with his daughter and his books." This clergyman drowns one day in a peat bog (the first of many violent deaths that stud Mr. Chatwin's bucolic chronicle), and, Amos having been smitten by the sight of Mary in church, a courtship ensues which overcomes their awkward differences of education, class, and race—for she is English, or as they say in Wales "Saxon." They marry in the year 1899 and lease, with money realized from the sale of some of her father's books, a farm named The Vision, where "in 1737 an ailing girl called Alice Morgan saw the Virgin hovering over a patch of rhubarb, and ran back to the kitchen, cured." Mary Jones is pregnant "by the time of the first frosts," and twin boys are born in August of the new century. They never leave, for long, The Vision. Two global wars rumble by at a distance, and new machinery enters the world, from airplanes and automobiles to video games, but the important events of the twins' lives are strictly local, if not familial—the deaths of their grandparents, the birth and eventual flight of their sister Rebecca, the feud with their neighbors the Watkinses, the financial flurry when the Joneses must buy their farm from their aristocratic landlords. Benjamin is carted off to Hereford Detention Barracks for refusing to fight in the First World War, and is cruelly treated there, and Lewis makes several attempts to find a woman for himself; yet both return always to the same house, the same chores, the same land. Weather, labor, loyalty, and other people's scandals make up the fabric of these two lives so intertwined as to be one life. They both live to be eighty, and Benjamin is last seen staring at his own reflection in his brother's shiny black tombstone.



"You're right, Margo. You are hearing a lot of pain. Happily, though, it's coming from these damned shoes."

The author lays out this tale of country narrowness in a mosaic of wonderfully sharp and knowing small scenes. Though Mr. Chatwin was born in 1940, the details of daily life early in the century seem an open book to him. Here is how a sleeping farmer looks to his young wife in 1900:

> Amos was asleep in his calico nightshirt. The buttons had come undone, and his chest was bare. Squinting sideways, she glanced at the heaving ribcage, the red hairs round his nipples, the pink dimple left by his shirtstud, and the line where the sunburned neck met the milky thorax.

It is "the pink dimple left by his shirtstud" that seems miraculously recovered. Here is how a recruitment speech sounded in 1914. Colonel Bickerton, the local squire, eases himself to his feet after a patriotic slide show climaxed by "an absurd goggle-eyed visage with crows' wings on its upper lip and a whole golden eagle on its helmet"—the Kaiser—and orates:

> "When this war is over, there will be two classes of persons in this country. There will be those who were qualified to join the Armed Forces and refrained from doing so, and there will be those who were so qualified and came forward to do their duty to their King, their country . . . and their womenfolk. The last-mentioned class, I need not add, will be the aristocracy of this country—indeed, the only true aristocracy of this country—who, in the evening of their days, will have the consolation of knowing that they have done what England expects of every man: namely, to do his duty."

We learn that the hall—the Congregation Hall of the Rhulen Chapel—is heated by a coke stove, that the squire's daughter wears a hat bearing a "grey-pink glycerined ostrich plume," and that there is considerable resistance from the Welsh to fighting on behalf of the English, whom they still see, after centuries, as enemies and occupiers. Mr. Chatwin tells us what this bygone world is made of: the oilcloth hoods of the horse cabs, the reek of Jeyes Fluid in the Town Hall committee room, the sable coat Queen Mary wears onto the balcony of Buckingham Palace on the "drizzly November morning" of Armistice Day. So, too, persuasively and solidly enough, are rendered the accents, the sermons, the festivities, the gossip, the types of conflict and satisfaction in a Radnorshire whose "leafy lanes [were] unchanged since the time of Queen Elizabeth." To be sure, one is reminded of Hardy. As if to placate the spectre of his mighty predecessor, Mr. Chatwin has Mary Jones read Hardy: "How well she knew the life he described—the smell of Tess's milking-parlour; Tess's torments, in bed and in the beetfield. She, too, could whittle hurdles, plant pine saplings, or thatch a hayrick—and if the old unmechanized ways were gone from Wessex, time had stood still, here, on the Radnor Hills." And if Radnorshire out-Hardys Wessex, a long scene of the Rhulen peace celebrations seems self-consciously to out-Flaubert, for satire and counterpoint, the agricultural fair in "Madame Bovary." Yet by and large Mr. Chatwin re-creates the past out of what seem not paper souvenirs but living memories, with an understated mastery of period detail and a loving empathy into the inner lives such detail adorned.

To what purpose? Why undergo what Henry James, in a letter to Sarah Orne Jewett in 1901, referred to as the "inordinate" difficulty, the "mere *es-*

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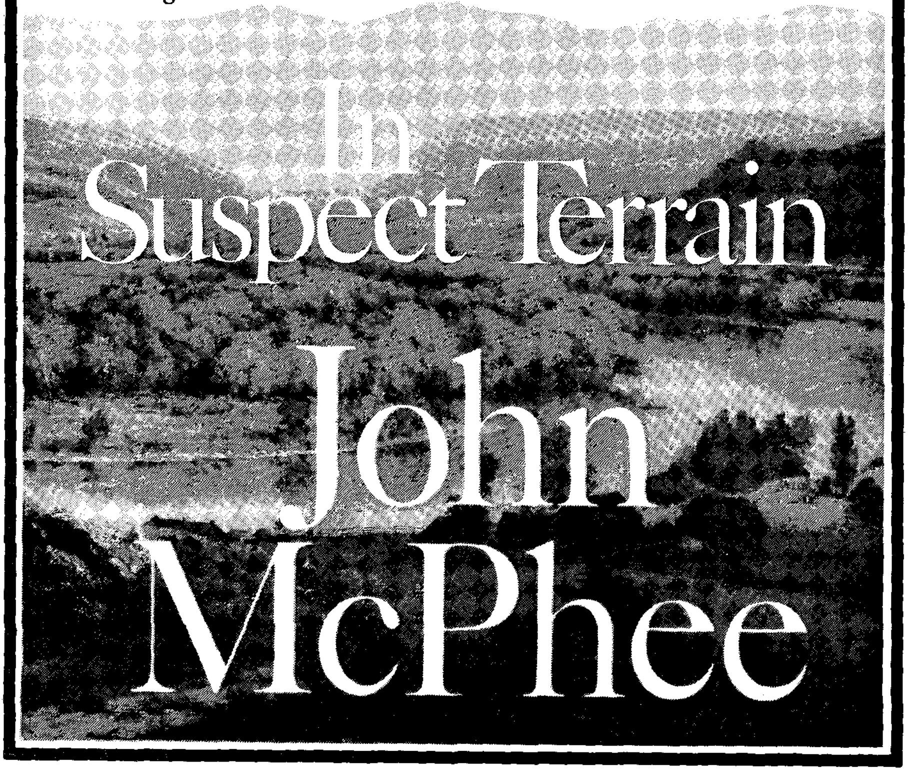

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camotage," the "humbug" of the "'historic' novel"? Mr. Chatwin might answer, "In order to display at full length the lives of my heroes, my magical twins." The Jones twins are his centerpiece, and the mysterious, infrangible connection between them somehow his moral. From toddlerhood on, they share the same sensations, and Lewis, the older and stronger, feels the pain that mishaps inflict upon Benjamin. Their earliest memories are identical, and even in old age they can dream the same dream. When Benjamin is at Hereford Detention Barracks and Lewis is still at The Vision, "from the ache in his coccyx, Lewis knew when the N.C.O.s were frog-marching Benjamin round the parade-ground . . . One morning, Lewis's nose began to bleed and went on bleeding till sundown: that was the day when they stood Benjamin in a boxing ring and slammed straight-lefts into his face." Whenever Lewis, who likes girls, ventures into sexual experience, Benjamin telepathically feels it, and hates it, and does what he can to discourage the attachment. He succeeds; Lewis remains single, and after their mother's death the two sleep together in their parents' bed as they had slept together when children.

Now, Mr. Chatwin, a demon researcher, must have a basis for these supernatural connections that the twins enjoy and suffer; but there is something creepy here, and perhaps allegorical, that strains belief. Their twinship is in fact a homosexual marriage, with Benjamin the feminine partner and Lewis the masculine. Benjamin's love is painted plain: "On days when *he* was too sick for school he would lie on Lewis's half of the mattress, laying his head on the imprint left by Lewis on the pillow." "Benjamin loved his mother and his brother, and he did not like girls. Whenever Lewis left the room, his eyes would linger in the doorway, and his irises cloud to a denser shade of grey: when Lewis came back, his pupils glistened." "At nights, he would reach out to touch his brother, but his hand came to rest on a cold unrumpled pillow. He gave up washing for fear of reminding himself that—at that same moment—Lewis might be sharing someone else's towel." Lewis's feelings about towel-sharing are less clear, and Mr. Chatwin's ingenuity at posing obstacles and long blank intervals is fully needed to suppress our wonder that a robust and prosperous male goes eighty years with no more than a

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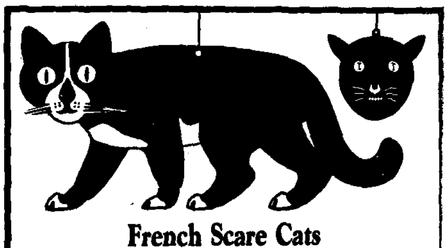

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few scratchy and aborted romances. Stranger still is the mother's role in this celibacy:

> As Amos's widow, Mary wanted at least one daughter-in-law and a brood of grandchildren. . . . There were times when she chided Benjamin, "What is all this nonsense about not going out? Why can't you find a nice young lady?" But Benjamin's mouth would tighten, his lower lids quiver, and she knew he would never get married. At other times, wilfully displaying the perverse side of her character, she took Lewis by the elbow and made him promise never, never to marry unless Benjamin married too.
>
> "I promise," he said, slumping his head like a man receiving a prison sentence; for he wanted a woman badly.

Since Mary has been portrayed as as happily heterosexual as one could be with a sometimes brutal husband, and her character in no way perverse but instead kind, lively, patient, and perfect, the devil that gets into her in regard to Lewis's mating may be an imp called in to enforce a fundamentally implausible conceit.

Nevertheless, the apparition of the linked twins chimes with much else that is slightly fabulous in their Welsh surround; we seem to see through them into a hilly, antique landscape drenched in flowers—dozens and dozens of botanical specifics are woven into the text—and overshadowed by dramatic clouds. There are many paragraphs as vividly atmospheric as this, at the moment when the twins' birth begins:

> On the 8th of August the weather broke. Stacks of smoky, silver-lidded clouds piled up behind the hill. At six in the evening, Amos and Dai Morgan were scything the last of the oats. All the birds were silent in the stillness that precedes a storm. Thistledown floated upwards, and a shriek tore out across the valley.

Though weather and growth pursue timeless cycles, culture and history irrevocably unroll, and this novel begins in the era of the horse and ends with the "electronic warbling" of a computer game in a pub and the sight of men hang-gliding from a Welsh precipice: "A stream of tiny pin-men, airborne on coloured wings, swooping, soaring in the upthrust, and then spiralling like ash-keys to the ground." A sense has been conveyed—and this only a novel to some degree "historic" can do—of the immensity of time a human life spans, a span itself dwarfed by the perspectives of history. Proust piled up his volumes toward this abysmal sensation, this visceral realization of the abstractly known, and Lampedusa achieved it in "The Leopard," and Anne Tyler last year in "Dinner

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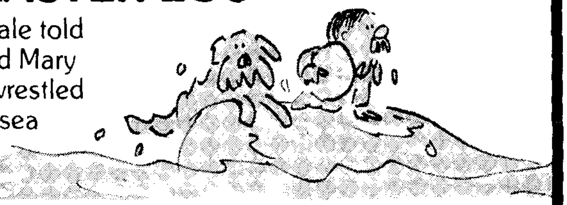

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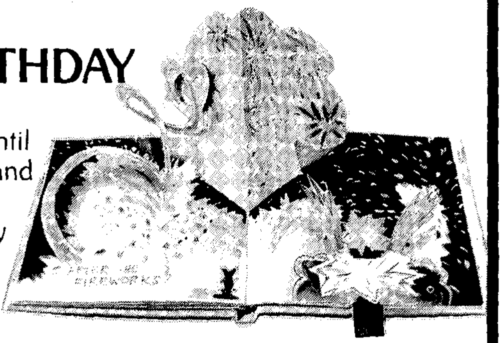

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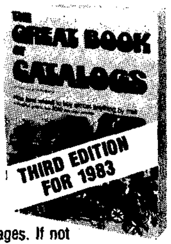

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at the Homesick Restaurant." It is a measure of Mr. Chatwin's compression that "On the Black Hill" achieves it in less than two hundred and fifty pages. His studied style—*with something in it of Hemingway's* chiselled bleakness, and something of Lawrence's inspired swiftness—*touches on the epic.* —JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LITTLE SISTER, by Margaret Gaan (Dodd, Mead; $13.95). An artful and memorable story, set in Shanghai, that focusses on the unprecedented protest demonstration of May 30, 1925, in which thousands of factory workers, merchants, and students took part: a demonstration that would provoke a "nationwide response" (as the author, quoting from a history of modern East Asia, explains in a prefatory note) that "marked the onset of high tide for the Nationalist Revolution." The demonstration is described here in terms of its impact on an appealing Eurasian family headed by Grandfather (as he is known to his relatives and servants), an American citizen. Six chapters are narrated, in rotation, by two of Grandfather's granddaughters (aged six and seventeen) and his adopted grandson, who has joined the Communist Party and is helping to organize silk-mill workers. The six-year-old (called Little Sister by everyone) is an intelligent and inquisitive creature who manages to hear—and, later, to say—more than she understands, mostly about family secrets and secret passions, past and present. The two other narrators learn what can happen when those secrets and passions collide with political ideals. Margaret Gaan, who grew up in her grandfather's house in Shanghai in the nineteen-twenties, provides a vivid study of a society in upheaval; her three narrators unwittingly juxtapose the classical Confucian traditions upheld in Grandfather's house with the scene a few blocks away as the demonstrators march straight through barbed-wire barricades manned by British officers and Sikh soldiers. With a map of Shanghai showing the route of the march, from the banks of the Whangpoo River to the edge of the Shanghai Race Club, where the cricket, tennis, and lawn-bowls clubs were off limits to all

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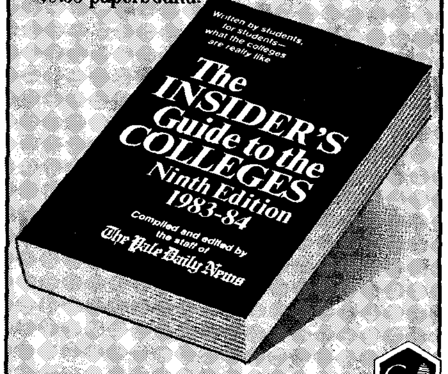
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GENERAL

Frida: A Biography of Frida Kahlo, by Hayden Herrera (Harper & Row; $21.95). Frida Kahlo was born in a suburb of Mexico City in 1907; her father was a German photographer, her mother a Mexican Indian. Frida was carefree and impudently rebellious as a young girl—dark, and almost fiercely beautiful. In 1925, she was horribly hurt in a trolley accident in Mexico City; while convalescing, she started to paint, lying on her back in bed. One day, when she was permitted to walk abroad, she went to the Ministry of Education building and called Diego Rivera, then the country's foremost mural painter and a man she did not know, down from a scaffolding, showed him several of her portraits, and bluntly asked if he thought she had talent. Rivera was struck by the paintings—by their "unusual energy of expression, precise delineation of character, and true severity"—and by her. In 1929, they were married. This biography tells of their life together; of their sojourns in the United States, where the Communist Rivera painted murals for the country's fattest capitalists; of Frida's triumphs in the art galleries of New York and Paris; and of the fatalistic grace of her last years. She died in 1954, and was given a public funeral in Mexico City; her blue house in the old section of Coyoacán—with her paintings and possessions all in place—is now the Frida Kahlo Museum. The book has more than a hundred illustrations, including thirty-three color plates of Frida's paintings.

Empire of Signs, by Roland Barthes, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Hill & Wang; $12.95). A brief, entertaining excursion in which the late philosopher, whose specialty was semiotics, or the study of signs and symbols, examines Japan to see what signals he can pick up about Japanese culture—in effect, what he can read without knowing Japanese. Barthes scrutinizes everything from simple Japanese food to sumptuous Japanese gift wrapping, and strays into literature for a moment to discuss the haiku. He is manifestly enchanted to find so much strangeness—for example, a predilection for space or emptiness or

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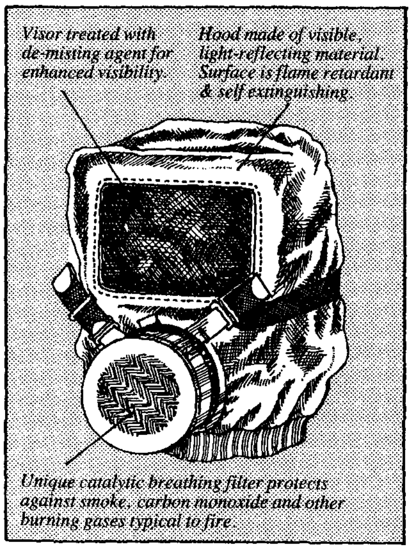
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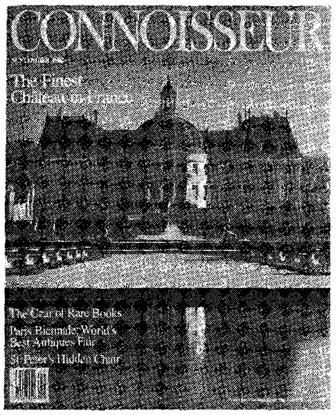

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WLNY

discontinuity, in contrast to a Western preference for solidity. His own style, concise but crowded with implications, shares something of Japanese succinctness and understatement.

FREEDOM: A DOCUMENTARY HISTORY OF EMANCIPATION, 1861-1867; SERIES II—THE BLACK MILITARY EXPERIENCE, edited by Ira Berlin (Cambridge; $37.50). This huge volume offers a selection of documents from the National Archives concerning the black men who served in the Union forces during the Civil War. Quite a few of the papers come, perforce, from whites—for instance, those in which white officers and officials discuss whether blacks can or should fight, and whether they are capable of command. Both questions were decided in the affirmative, and we hear from the black soldiers themselves in camp and in action. A nightmare section deals with the abuse—on some occasions running to massacre—of black prisoners of war. The range of expression is wide: while the archives reflect the reality that much of the black population at that time was illiterate, free blacks (mostly from the North) often attain eloquence.

BRECHT IN EXILE, by Bruce Cook (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $17.95). A hardheaded, intelligent account of Bertolt Brecht's life and works after he fled the Nazis, in 1933. (He lived in Europe and the United States. In 1949, he returned to East Berlin; he died there in 1956.) Mr. Cook offers vivid testimony from people who knew and worked with Brecht; his portrait of the Hollywood refugee colony is especially incisive. The man who emerges from these pages is a sort of left-wing Céline—ferocious in words, cowardly in deeds, disingenuous, exploitative, and diverting. Mr. Cook feels that, whether Brecht is regarded as a rebel or as a classic, his literary stature will remain difficult to assess as long as his work is seen in the light of topical political preoccupations.

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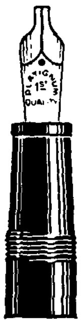

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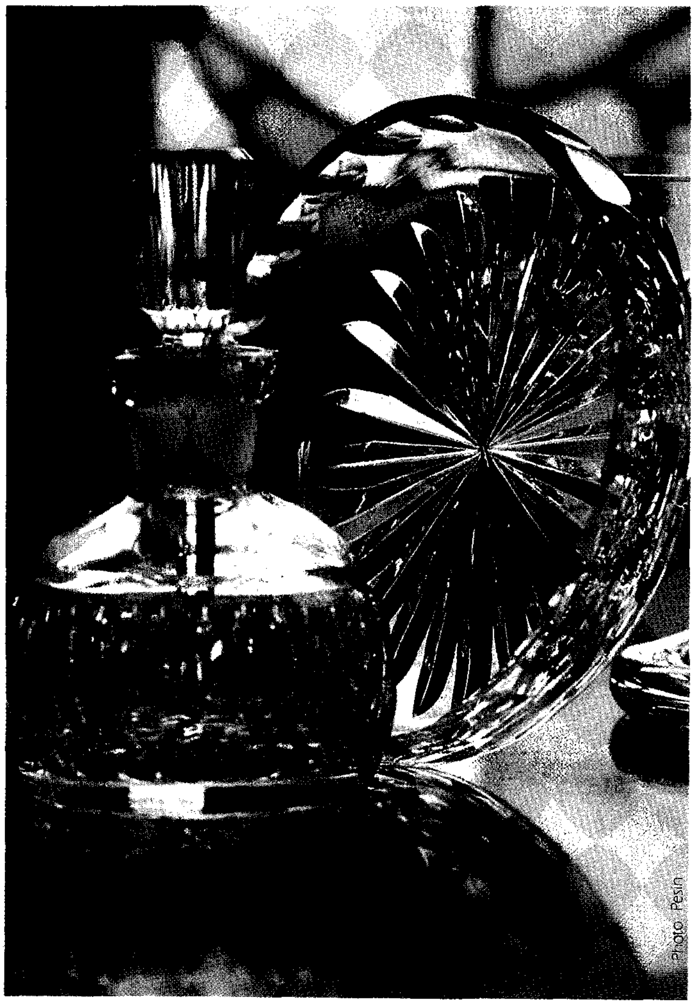

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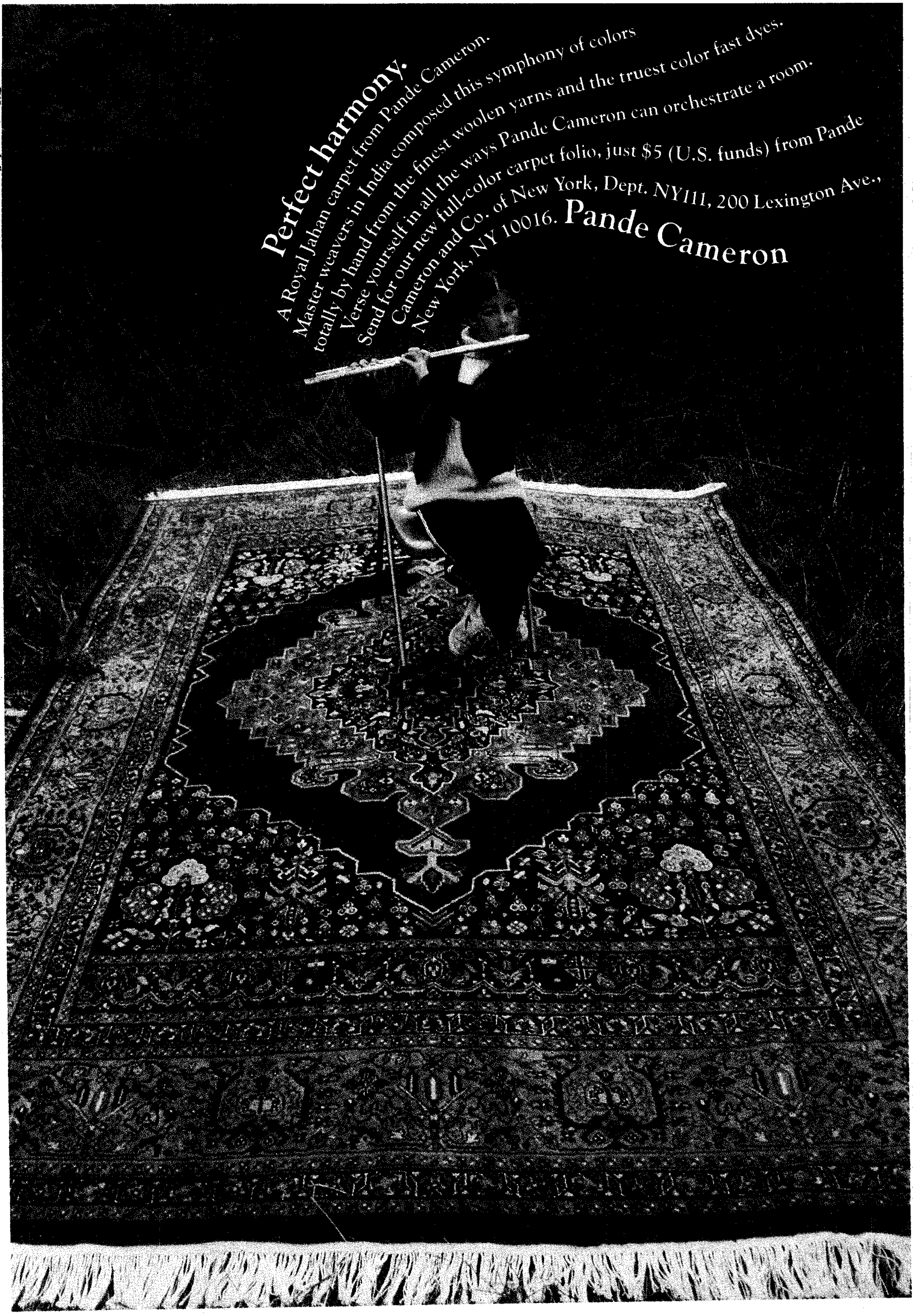

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